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INTRODUCTION

Preliminary

THE first definite action looking to a celebration, at Wesleyan University,[1] of the Bicentennial Anniversary of the Birth of John Wesley was taken by a committee which was appointed at the annual meeting of the Alumni of Wesleyan University, held June 25, 1901. This committee, known as the Wesleyan Alumni Endowment Fund Committee, and composed of David G. Downey, William V. Kelley, F. Mason North, Frank D. Beattys, and George W. Davison, was appointed to secure from the Alumni an increase of the funds of the University.

At a meeting of the committee, held November 1, 1901, all the above-named members were present, and, by invitation, Professor E. B. Rosa of the University. At this meeting the suggestion of a Wesley Bicentennial Celebration was presented and discussed, and resolutions were adopted favoring such a celebration by Wesleyan University in 1903, and asking the Trustees of the University to approve such celebration and to appoint from their number a committee who should form part of a joint committee of Trustees, Faculty, and Alumni, to whom should be entrusted the responsibility of carrying out plans for the proposed celebration.

The proposal of the Alumni Endowment Fund Committee having been approved by President Bradford P. Raymond of the University and Hon. George G. Reynolds, President of the Board of Trustees, the Academic Council of the University voted, on November 19, 1901, expressing themselves in favor of the proposed celebration and offering to appoint a committee to coöperate with that already appointed by the Alumni and with a committee of the Trustees, if they should see fit to adopt the plan proposed, and should appoint a committee to carry it out.

Finally, at a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Wesleyan University, held November 25, 1901, at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, President Raymond presented recommendations favoring a Bicentennial Celebration of the Birth of John Wesley by

[1] Probably the first suggestion of the propriety of holding, at Wesleyan University, a Bicentennial Celebration of the Birth of John Wesley was that contained in a communication of Rev. Arthur Copeland, of Syracuse, N. Y., in the "Christian Advocate" of June 6, 1901.

Wesleyan University, and it was voted to adopt the recommendations and to appoint a committee to act with the committee already appointed by the Alumni, and with that to be appointed by the Academic Council; the joint committee thus constituted being authorized to make and carry out all necessary plans for the proposed celebration, subject to the approval of the General Executive Committee. The joint committee, as finally appointed, consisted of the following persons:

G. G. REYNOLDS,
B. P. RAYMOND,
H. C. M. INGRAHAM,
W. E. SESSIONS,
J. H. COLEMAN,
} *for the Trustees.*

W. N. RICE,
W. O. ATWATER,
C. T. WINCHESTER,
M. B. CRAWFORD,
H. W. CONN,
} *for the Academic Council.*

D. G. DOWNEY,
W. V. KELLEY,
F. M. NORTH,
F. D. BEATTYS,
G. W. DAVISON,
} *for the Alumni.*

The programme of the celebration, as ultimately adopted, is contained in the Programme of Commencement Week, given below. Invitations were sent to a large number of institutions, requesting them to send representatives, and likewise to many individuals prominent as educators, clergymen, or statesmen, as well as to the alumni of Wesleyan and others specially related to the University. The forms of invitations so used, with the lists of guests of the University present in Middletown during the celebration, will be found in the Appendix.

Programme of Commencement Week, 1903.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25.

8:00 P. M. Prize Declamations.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26.

4:00 P. M. Championship Baseball Game: Williams vs. Wesleyan.

8:00 P. M. Rich Prize Contest.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27.

2:30 P. M. Championship Baseball Game: Williams vs. Wesleyan.

5:00 P. M. Preliminary Meeting of Phi Beta Kappa.

8:00 P. M. Glee Club Concert.

SUNDAY, JUNE 28.

10:30 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon, by President Bradford Paul Raymond, D.D., LL.D.

3:00 P. M. Address, "The Significance of Wesley and the Methodist Movement," by William Fraser McDowell, Ph.D., S.T.D., Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Henry Anson Buttz, D.D., President of Drew Theological Seminary, presided.

7:30 P. M. Address, "The Old Methodism and the New," by George Jackson, B.A., Superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission in Edinburgh.

Cyrus David Foss, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, presided.

MONDAY, JUNE 29.

9:00 A. M. Annual Meeting of Phi Beta Kappa.

11:00 A. M. Announcement of award of prizes and preliminary honors.

2:00 P. M. Class Day.

4:00 P. M. Laying of the corner-stone of the John Bell Scott Memorial.

4:30 P. M. Baseball Game: 'Varsity vs. Alumni.

7.30 P. M. Meeting of the Board of Trustees.

8:00 P. M. Address, "John Wesley, the Man," by Professor Caleb Thomas Winchester, L.H.D.

Poem, "John Wesley," by Richard Watson Gilder, L.H.D., LL.D., Editor of "The Century Magazine."

William Valentine Kelley, D.D., L.H.D., Editor of "The Methodist Review," presided.

10:00 P. M. Campus Rally.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30.

9:30 A. M. Business Meeting of the Alumni Association, followed by reunions of all classes.

2:00 P. M. Luncheon for Alumni and Guests of the University.

Toast-master, Stephen Henry Olin, LL.D.

4:30 P. M. Receptions by the College Fraternities.

8:00 P. M. Address, "John Wesley's Place in History," by Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D., President of Princeton University.

His Excellency Abiram Chamberlain, Governor of Connecticut, presided.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1.

10:30 A. M. Commencement. Addresses by Chauncey Bunce Brewster, D.D., Bishop of the Diocese of Connecticut, Protestant Episcopal Church; Edward Gayer Andrews, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and William Jewett Tucker, D.D., LL.D., President of Dartmouth College.

8:00 P. M. President's Reception.

The Celebration

It was evident from the number of replies to the invitations issued that the exercises of the week would be very largely attended; and the resources of the Committee on Entertainment would have been severely taxed had not the citizens of Middletown so generously opened their houses to the Alumni and guests of the University. By the afternoon of Saturday, June 27th, many visitors were already in the city, and the annual Glee Club concert that evening was attended by an audience that filled the spacious Middlesex Opera House.

The exercises more immediately connected with the Wesley Bicentennial began on Sunday morning with the Baccalaureate sermon by President Raymond. All the exercises of Sunday were held in the Methodist Church. At 10:30 A. M. the Trustees, Faculty, representatives of other colleges, and other specially invited guests entered the church in procession; the Faculty and other college representatives in academic costume. The platform was occupied by the Faculty of the University, the speakers of the day, and a few other prominent guests. Music was furnished throughout the day by the Wesleyan Glee Club, the organist in the morning and afternoon being Mr. W. B. Davis, organist of Holy Trinity Church, Middletown, in the evening Professor Karl P. Harrington of the University of Maine. The opening hymn, number 136 of the Methodist Hymnal,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,

was sung by the choir and congregation, after which prayer was offered by the Rev. John W. Lindsay, D.D., of the class of '40. West's anthem, "The Lord is exalted," was then sung by the Glee Club, and after the reading of the Scriptures a second hymn, number 608, Faber's

Faith of our fathers, living still,

was sung by the congregation. This hymn has been so frequently used in the College chapel and on public anniversary occasions that it has come to be considered at Wesleyan as almost a special University hymn. The Baccalaureate sermon followed. This sermon, with all the addresses of the week, is printed at length in

the second section of this volume. The closing hymn was number 528,

God of all power and truth and grace,

and the benediction was pronounced by Bishop Foss.

In the introductory services of the afternoon two of John Wesley's hymns were sung, numbers 127 and 474; the first,

Thine, Lord, is wisdom, Thine alone,

being one of his translations from Ernest Lange, and the other,

O God, what offering shall I give,

from Joachim Lange; and both brilliant examples of Wesley's skill and spirit as a translator. The Scriptures were read and the prayer was offered by Professor Ammi B. Hyde, '46, of the University of Denver. The presiding officer of the afternoon, President Buttz of Drew Theological Seminary, with a few remarks upon the significance and appropriateness of this celebration of the birth of Wesley, introduced the principal speaker of the afternoon, the Rev. William F. McDowell. Dr. McDowell spoke at length upon "John Wesley, as Saint, Prophet, and Evangelist." At the close of his address choir and congregation sang the hymn of Bishop Coxe,

O where are kings and empires now?

Despite the heat of the day, and the number and length of the preceding services, the church was again crowded in the evening. The presiding officer of the evening was Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, for five years, 1875 to 1880, president of the University, who is always welcomed in Middletown with love and honor. The hymns sung were all three characteristic hymns of John Wesley, — number 139,

Father of all, whose powerful voice,

perhaps his noblest original hymn; number 496,

O Thou to whose all searching sight,

one of his own favorite translations from Tersteegen; and number 814,

Saviour of men, thy searching eye,

a translation from Winkler that well expresses Wesley's heroic faith under trial and persecution. The Glee Club sang the anthem

God, that madest earth and heaven,

WILLBUR FISK HALL

JOHN BELL SCOTT MEMORIAL

set to an old Welsh melody. The Rev. George Jackson of Edinburgh, the speaker of the evening, is one of the most able and scholarly young preachers of the English Wesleyan body; his address on "Differences between Methodism in Great Britain at the Close of the Eighteenth and the Beginning of the Twentieth Century" was listened to with close attention, and is a contribution of much value to the history of religious thought and life in England.

On Monday forenoon of Commencement week, at eleven o'clock, is always held the last morning College chapel service of the year, followed by the public award of prizes, and a brief address upon the year's work and history, this year given by the President. This address was made especially memorable by the tribute of President Raymond to the senior member of the Faculty, Professor John M. Van Vleck, who was appointed Adjunct Professor of Mathematics in Wesleyan University just fifty years ago. The respect and love in which Professor Van Vleck is held by the hosts of his old pupils, and, indeed, by all who have ever known him, was attested by the fact that at mention of his long and honorable service the audience that crowded the chapel to the doors spontaneously rose to their feet and broke into long-continued applause.

The Commencement season this year was rendered especially interesting to all alumni, not only by the Wesley Bicentennial, but by the erection of two new College buildings costing about $100,000 each, larger and more imposing than any built by the College for the last thirty years. One of these buildings is situated on the corner of College and High streets. It is of the Portland brownstone, like all the older College buildings, is three stories in height above a high basement story, and is a dignified and imposing academic building. It is intended for the use of the departments of literature, philosophy, history, and economics; and it will bear the honored name of the first president of the University, Willbur Fisk. This building was nearly ready for the roof at Commencement time.

The other new building, the John Bell Scott Memorial, a physical laboratory, is the gift of Charles Scott and Charles Scott, Jr., of Philadelphia, the former for many years a Trustee of the College, the latter a member of the Class of '86. It commemorates John Bell Scott, '81, who died of disease contracted while serving as chaplain of the U. S. Cruiser *St. Paul* during the recent war with Spain. The building stands on Cross Street, nearly op-

posite Judd Hall. The basement is of granite, the upper stories of Harvard brick and Indiana limestone. In architectural appearance and in interior equipment it is thought it will be one of the most satisfactory buildings of its class in the country. Work on this building had been well begun, and it was planned to lay the corner-stone at four o'clock on Monday afternoon, immediately after the close of the Class Day exercises. The afternoon, however, was showery, and the Class Day songs and speeches, and the exercises which were to attend the laying of the corner-stone, all had to be given in the College chapel instead of in the open air. The programme of exercises for the laying of the corner-stone was carried out, save that the stone itself was not actually laid until the next day. President Raymond presided; prayer was offered by Bishop Foss; an address was given by Henry C. M. Ingraham, '64; and the audience joined in singing the hymn number 866,

The Lord our God alone is strong,

a hymn originally written by Professor Winchester for the dedication of Judd Hall in 1871. The next day, Tuesday, at noon, the stone was actually laid, with appropriate remarks by Mr. Charles Scott, Jr., and prayer by Bishop Andrews.

The exercises of the Wesley Commemoration were continued on Monday evening. The evening was very rainy, but the Methodist Church was crowded with an audience that not only filled every seat, but occupied every inch of standing-room. The presiding officer was the Rev. William V. Kelley, D.D., editor of "The Methodist Review," who introduced the speakers with some graceful words of appreciation and compliment. Professor Winchester spoke for an hour upon the "Personal Characteristics of John Wesley as a Man," and Richard Watson Gilder, editor of "The Century," read a poem upon Wesley. This poem, the voluntary contribution of Mr. Gilder to the Wesley Commemoration, was one of the most noteworthy features of the week; of sustained energy and beauty throughout, it was especially moving in the passage referring to his own father, once a student in Wesleyan, and it closed with a noble appeal for a revival of the spirit of Wesley in family, state, and church. The illumination of the College buildings and the "campus rally," which were to have followed the exercises in the church, were postponed, on account of the severe storm, until the following evening.

Tuesday morning dawned clear, and the weather throughout that and the following day was all that could be desired — bright

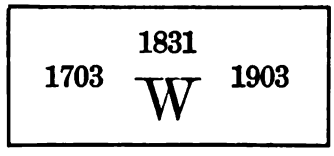
and sunny, but not unpleasantly warm. Tuesday was Alumni Day. It is certain that a larger number of Alumni were present than on any previous occasion in the history of the College. Nearly five hundred registered in the library, and there were doubtless many who neglected to do so. The many friends of the Alumni, with the specially invited guests of the University, swelled the whole number of visitors in the city by Tuesday noon to considerably more than one thousand. The campus was covered throughout the morning by groups of Alumni renewing the memories of college days, and many classes held reunions at noon; but the whole body of Alumni, with the guests of the University, were brought together at the luncheon in the afternoon. This was held in the College gymnasium, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion with flags and bunting in the College colors of cardinal and black. Tables were set both in the basement and upon the main floor. The caterer was T. D. Cook, of Boston, and covers were laid for eight hundred. Music was furnished by Beeman and Hatch's Orchestra of Hartford. After the luncheon had been served the members of the more recent classes, who had been seated in the basement room, came upstairs and took seats reserved for them in the gallery, thus bringing the whole company together before the speaking began. The toast-master of the occasion was Stephen Henry Olin, '66, of New York City, and the list of toasts and speakers was as follows:

THE TRUSTEES of WESLEYAN,	Hon. George G. Reynolds, LL.D. '41
THE RELIGIOUS PRESS AND HIGHER EDUCATION,	Rev. James M. Buckley, D.D.
THE CATHOLICITY OF CULTURE,	Rev. Bishop Eugene R. Hendrix, D.D., LL.D., '67
THE ALUMNI OF WESLEYAN,	William D. Leonard, '78
THE SISTERHOOD OF AMERICAN COLLEGES,	President Charles W. Eliot, LL.D.
THE INFLUENCE OF JOHN WESLEY'S WORK IN BRINGING ABOUT THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION,	Hon. Carroll D. Wright

The Hon. Carroll D. Wright was detained by illness and unable to be present; the addresses of all the other speakers will be found in their place in the later pages of this volume.

On the evening of Tuesday a very large audience gathered, this time in the North Congregational Church, kindly tendered for the occasion by the officers of that society, to listen to the address of President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University. The presiding officer of the evening was His Excellency Abiram Chamberlain, Governor of Connecticut, and about him on the platform were seated Governor Bates of Massachusetts, Hon. Martin A. Knapp, '68, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, President Buckham of the University of Vermont, President Tucker of Dartmouth College, President Remsen of Johns Hopkins University, President Eliot of Harvard University, Bishop E. R. Hendrix, '67, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and other gentlemen prominent in school or church or state. President Wilson, who for two years occupied the chair of history in Wesleyan, has a host of friends among the Alumni of the College and the citizens of Middletown; and the interest which his admirable address on "John Wesley's Place in History" commanded was heightened, in many of his hearers, by their warm personal regard for the speaker.

At the conclusion of President Wilson's address, the audience, with a throng of others, passed up the hill to see the illumination of the College buildings and grounds. For an hour the whole campus shone like fairyland. Every window, almost every pane, in old North and South College, was lighted, and the other buildings were hardly less brilliant. A thousand Japanese lanterns swayed festooned from tree to tree, all over the campus, in front of the president's house, and in the grounds of Webb Hall; a rope of light climbed clear to the peak of the chapel, while in front of the chapel and over the entrance blazed the electric device—



Here the crowd gathered, and for a half-hour made the air ring with the songs, old and new, sentimental or nonsensical, but all loyal, in which are enshrined the memories of college days. Then the undergraduates, with the younger alumni, formed in line for a "walk-around," passing from the chapel through the old North

MEMORIAL CHAPEL

CAMPUS
LIBRARY

SOUTH COLLEGE

College, around behind the whole College row and back to the starting-point in front of the chapel, where an immense ring was formed, more songs were sung, and as the company broke up the Wesleyan cheer was given seven times over.

The programme of the week culminated fitly in the exercises of Wednesday, Commencement Day. These exercises were held, not as in previous years in the Methodist Church, but in the Middlesex Opera House. The speeches by members of the graduating class in competition for the Rich Prize, which are usually given on Commencement Day, were this year omitted — or, rather, they had been delivered on Friday evening of the previous week — to make room for three more addresses in harmony with the theme of the week. At 9:30 in the morning, in accordance with the notice of the marshal, the Trustees, Faculty, representatives of other colleges, and other invited guests assembled in the College library; the Alumni in the lower chapel; and the graduating class in South College. At a little past ten the procession, numbering about six hundred, headed by Hatch's Band of Hartford, moved from the College campus down College Street to the Middlesex in the following order:

GRADUATING CLASS.
ALUMNI.
INVITED GUESTS, NOT REPRESENTING OTHER UNIVERSITIES, COLLEGES, OR PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS.
REPRESENTATIVES OF OTHER UNIVERSITIES, COLLEGES, AND PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS.
FACULTY OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, PRESENT AND FORMER MEMBERS.
TRUSTEES OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.
SPEAKERS OF THE DAY.
GUESTS SPECIALLY DESIGNATED.
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.
PRESIDENT OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

At the Opera House the Alumnæ and the women of the graduating class, who were in waiting there, joined the procession and entered with it. Upon the spacious stage, which accommodated about three hundred, were seated the President of the University, the speakers of the day, specially invited guests, the Trustees and Faculty of the University, with representatives of other institutions, and in the rear seats the alumni of the earlier classes. The

rest of the procession occupied the entire floor of the house. The boxes and most of the balcony were reserved for the families and friends of the Faculty, of the Alumni, and of invited guests. On this occasion, as at the Baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, academic costume was worn by the Faculty and the representatives of other colleges. Music was furnished by the Beeman and Hatch Orchestra of Hartford. The opening prayer was offered by the Rev. James W. Bashford, D.D., President of Ohio Wesleyan University. Then followed the three addresses of the morning: the first by Bishop Brewster, representing the parent English Church, of which John Wesley lived and died a member; the second by Bishop Andrews, representing the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was of John Wesley's planting; and the third by President Tucker, representing that higher education in which Wesley was so genuinely interested. It is noteworthy that these three speakers, though following a long series of addresses throughout the preceding days, on the same general theme, repeated nothing that had been already said, but gave each, from his own point of view, a fresh and original contribution to the volume of discussion called out by the Wesley Commemoration.

After these addresses the Bachelor's and Master's degrees in course were conferred after the usual formula, and President Raymond then proceeded to confer the honorary degrees of Doctor of Divinity and Doctor of Laws. The candidates for these degrees were introduced to the President individually,—those for the degree of Doctor of Divinity by Professor A. C. Armstrong, those for the degree of Doctor of Laws by Professor C. T. Winchester; and on investing them with the appropriate insignia of the degree, the President addressed each as follows:

William Edwards Huntington. Because of your appreciation of the living questions in theology, which we debated in our theological school-days, and because of that fine sensitiveness of spirit which has made you interested in all that is human, and because of the success that has crowned your work as Dean of the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Henry Anson Buttz. In recognition of your contributions to theological scholarship as teacher of New Testament Greek, and of your services to the Church as President of Drew Theological Seminary, which has grown into fame during your administration, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

JOHN BINNEY. In recognition of your work as a teacher of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature, and also of that which you represent as Dean of Berkeley Divinity School, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

FRANK KNIGHT SANDERS. Because of your devotion to the study of Biblical literature, and of the enthusiasm with which you have cultivated the study of the English Bible among students, and in recognition of your position as Professor of Biblical History and Archæology and Dean of the Divinity School of Yale University, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

WILLIAM FRASER MCDOWELL. Because of your honorable work as Chancellor of Denver University, and because of the ability with which you have administered the office to which the Church has called you, and because of your advocacy of the cause of Christian learning throughout the Church, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

EUGENE RUSSELL HENDRIX. Because of the catholicity of your spirit,—a catholicity which springs from the instruction of the intellect, the culture of the heart, and the discipline of the will,—and because of your advocacy of every good cause in the office of Bishop, to which your Church has called you, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

CHAUNCEY BUNCE BREWSTER. Because of the insight and ability with which you have treated some of the great themes of theology in your book entitled "Aspects of Revelation," as well as because of the fine qualities which have made you a worthy successor of the man whom we need not name in this presence, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

HENRY CRUISE MURPHY INGRAHAM. Because of the reputation which you enjoy in your profession for sound learning in the principles of the law, for well balanced judgment in the interpretation of the same, and also because of the high qualities which have marked your practice of the law, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Laws.

DAVID ALLISON. Your name has been conspicuous among the educators of Canada for many years. In recognition of the distinction which you have won both in your Church and in the work of education to which the government has called you, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Laws.

JAMES WHITFORD BASHFORD. Because of your interest in the philosophy of the state, an interest dating as far back as your theological school-days, and because of the lofty ideals of which you have been the powerful advocate in the State of Ohio during the past decade, and because of your success as President of Ohio Wesleyan University, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Laws.

WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER. You have shown to the world your insight into the forces that make and unmake men, in your book "The Making and Unmaking of the Preacher." In recognition of your work as a scholar and also of your work as an administrator of the great college which is famous for the men it has made, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Laws.

HENRY VAN DYKE. You have passed on in these recent years from the pulpit to the professor's chair, but you have continued to teach the same old verities that men were wont to hear from the pulpit of the old Brick Church in the years 1883–1900. "The Reality of Religion" and "The Toiling of Felix" are refreshing draughts from the same fountain, though they come from quite different periods of your life. Because of your fine sensitiveness to whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are of good report, and your genial advocacy of these noble ideals, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Laws.

WILLIAM HENRY BREWER. The age in which you have wrought as a teacher of youth has witnessed a development of science that one can hardly expect to see paralleled in the next generation. Because of your contribution to this advancement as a teacher of Geology, as Professor of Chemistry, and since 1864 as Professor of Agriculture in Sheffield Scientific School, as well as because of the nobility of your character, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Laws.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER. Because of your earlier work as managing editor of "Scribner's Monthly," and later, as editor-in-chief of "The Century," and because you have found time for the sanctum of the street, and have given service for the betterment of the neglected classes, as well as because of the songs which you have sung with "celestial passion," I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Laws.

JOHN LEWIS BATES. Because of the fidelity, sagacity, tact, and ability which have brought to you the highest honors in the gift of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and because of the courage and consistency with which you have administered this great office in the interest of the people and not in the interest of any class, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Laws.

LESLIE MORTIER SHAW. The people of the great State of Iowa have twice honored you with an election to the governorship of that State and your Church has four times elected you as a representative to her highest councils. The government, with well-justified confidence in your theoretical and practical knowledge of finance, has put into your hands the key to her vaults. It is in recognition of the distinction with which you have met these responsibilities that I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Laws.

ABIRAM CHAMBERLAIN. The people of the State of Connecticut have honored you with the highest honors that they can bestow. With these honors has gone commensurate responsibility. In recognition of the fidelity, the promptness in emergencies, and the ability with which you have discharged the duties of your office, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Laws.

At the close of this ceremony the audience rose and were dismissed with the benediction by Bishop Hendrix.

On Wednesday evening President Raymond and Mrs. Raymond tendered a reception to all Alumni and guests of the University with their friends; and with this very pleasant social event the festivities of the week came to a close.

It was the universal verdict that the number of distinguished guests that were present, the enthusiasm and loyalty of the visiting Alumni, the dignity and propriety of all formal exercises, and the variety, interest, and quality of the large number of special addresses, made this Commencement the most memorable in the history of Wesleyan University.

ADDRESSES

SUNDAY MORNING,

JUNE 28

BRADFORD PAUL RAYMOND

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

President Bradford Paul Raymond

"But when it pleased God . . . . to reveal his Son in me, ... immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood, ... but I went into Arabia and returned again unto Damascus. —Gal. 1, 15-17.

ONE of the first things that attracts my attention in this context is the independent authority which Paul claims for his apostolate. We do not know how much he knew of the facts of the Lord's life as they are revealed in the synoptic gospels. We know that he stood almost within pistol shot of the actors in the great drama, and that what he knew made him a violent persecutor. Only four years after the crucifixion we find him a sympathetic observer, an active participant with the ecclesiastical gang that followed Stephen to his death. He consented to the death of the men and women who were witnesses for the Lord Jesus, and in his wrathful consent there was much of the Red Indian.

The events, however, which were genetically connected with this revelation of which he speaks, constitute for him an independent claim. He says: "I certify you brethren that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man, for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ. . . . Neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before me."

When Agrippa challenges him to speak for himself, he gives an account of his life as a Pharisee, and of his zeal as a persecutor. He says: "And many of the saints did I shut up in prison . . . and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them . . . and I punished them oft in every synagogue . . . I persecuted them even unto strange cities." And he adds: "At midday, O king"—and here we come upon the dynamic facts which are always alive in Paul's blood and always eloquent upon his lips—

"at midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven . . . I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, . . . and I said, Who art thou, Lord?" The fact that stands out in the foreground here is a fact that has a voice, and speaks Hebrew, a fact that is transmuted then and there into a revelation of the Son of God. No one who has followed Paul as he masses the witnesses in the XVth chapter of first Corinthians, where he says that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve, then of five hundred brethren at once, then of James, then of all the apostles, "and last of all he was seen of me"—needs to hesitate as to the dominant note in the revelation of which Paul speaks in this chapter.

Of the immediate significance of the revelation to Paul one may be quite certain. He immediately took the oath of allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ. He cried out: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Perhaps I may illuminate my text and make the movement of my thought more intelligible by a parable.

During the eighteenth century of our history there was a man sent from God whose name was Benjamin Franklin. He was a philosopher, an author, a statesman, and a scientist. He is probably remembered by the most of us by his experiment with the kite. Electrical phenomena had been observed for ages and by multitudes. But the genesis of a revelation is conditioned upon the warmth given the dead facts by a brooding mind.

The dead facts known to every observer were warmed to life in Franklin's mind and became a revelation. Other minds brooded —the Faradays, the Brewsters, and the Edisons—and the revelation grew, and like all revelations began to make a place for itself in the world. This spirit was seen to be swift, expert, deft, and withal eager for service. It is light and heat and power or anything else you like. It turns the old horse out to pasture and runs the car. It wheels the old stage-coach under the shed at the country tavern and leaves it to rot, while the barefoot farmer's boy plays mimic stage-driver on the box. It is a business messenger between our cities, and a diplomat between the continents. The Franklins continue to brood and the revelation from the clouds to spread and to make a place for itself in the world, and as the imagination kindles, we become aware that although we have only tapped the frayed edges of the cloud, we have learned of exhaustless resources of power in hiding and waiting for service.

All this my friends, is a parable. It is a parable of the method of revelation. All the world, indeed, is a parable. Jesus said the kingdom of heaven is like leaven, is like a grain of mustard seed. Were he here this morning he might say the kingdom of heaven is like electricity.

There are three points of contact between this parable and the text. The first is the dead facts and the genesis of the revelation; the second is the theoretical adjustment of the revelation; and the third the revelation, making a place for itself in the affairs of men. In the light of this suggestion let us hear the text again. Paul says: "*When it pleased God . . . to reveal His Son in me, . . . immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood, . . . but I went into Arabia, and returned to Damascus.*"

But if we are to follow the method of the parable we need to remember that no external fact conceived in its external isolation constitutes a revelation. It may be the raw material out of which a revelation is to be made. But the genesis of the revelation itself is an inner matter.

This experience must have thrown the facts of the whole Messianic history as Saul had known those facts into utter chaos, a chaos from which they could be saved only by bringing them into rational relations to the new revelation. That adjustment and reorganization could not be done in a day. But of the immediate result we may be quite certain. In that impassioned cry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" we have the red blood of all the great creeds, we have a risen Christ, a present Saviour, and the Messiah enthroned. In that utterance Paul puts the scepter of David into the bleeding hand and a regal crown upon the bleeding brow. In this dramatic confession lie concealed the principles which are yet to organize anew the whole Messianic history. And just here I find the "far-flung battle line" of Paul's whole militant career.

But this process of adjustment Paul has yet to make, and it is for this I am quite sure he went into Arabia. We know nothing of his life there, but we know that he carried with him into Arabia a new sense of values, and that he brought back to Damascus a new perspective of history. There is no doubt about this question of values. He deals with it in this epistle. He writes to these Galatians: "And because ye are sons, God sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." The object of redemption from the law was this: "that upon the Gentiles might come the blessing of Abraham in Christ Jesus;

that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith." Here is a new standard of values. He who carries this song in the heart has a test for every kind of coin that is current in the world's market. As during that period of retirement, he repeated to himself the great revelation, and, as he sang the new song, morning, noon, and night, I think he must have felt that the roll of Isaiah's prophecy, stirred by a kindred strain, trembled with sympathetic response. And did he unroll it and read: "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? . . . I am full of the burnt offerings of rams. . . . Bring no more vain oblations. . . . When ye spread forth your hands I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers I will not hear: your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean. . . . Cease to do evil: learn to do well." Yes, he braced his spirit as he carried the new standard back into the prophetic rolls, with the comforting thought that Isaiah was with him. It furnished him a principle for the criticism of life. And does he not shout for joy as he turns to Amos and hears his tremulous challenge: "Come to Bethel, and transgress; to Gilgal, and multiply transgression; and bring your sacrifices every morning, and your tithes every three days; and offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving of that which is leavened, and proclaim freewill offerings and publish them; for this liketh you, O ye children of Israel, saith the Lord." He is pale to the lips as he reads: I have given you cleanness of teeth, and want of bread, and scant harvests, and repeated drouth. Woe unto you! For you hate judgment, you trample upon the poor, you afflict the just, you take bribes. But "seek ye me and ye shall live, saith the Lord."

Religion is a social force, which displays itself in bringing men out of the relations that are, into those that ought to be. He senses the meaning of the suffering servant of Jehovah, where God's own chosen one is put under the law of the universe, the law of sacrifice, to bleed and die that man might live. He finds that his standard works and the oracles of his fathers are astir with a strange, new life.

And now how about tithes and offerings? They are good if they minister to the spirit. But with this thought their tyranny is broken. "Neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature." Even the law has a subordinate purpose. It plays the part of a pedagogue. The spiritual discernment implicit in this new revelation frees him from the expectation of an external and scenic coming of the kingdom. He

knows that although Jerusalem were built in all her ancient splendor, though her conquering armies were marching victorious to the four quarters of the Roman empire, though cringing captives were crowding to Mount Zion, and the hills of Judea were covered with camels in multitudes, with dromedaries from Midian and Ephah, there would be in all this no evidence of the coming of the kingdom. Christ reigns only where "love and joy and peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness and faith" reign. Guided by the new standard of values, and backed by his readjustment of the old Messianic history, Paul addresses himself to the task of making a place for the new revelation in the thought and conduct of his time.

I think that this experience of the apostle rings the most characteristic note of Methodism. What is the meaning of that experience which came to Wesley on the 24th of May, 1738, and which he described in language now become classic among us? "I felt my heart strangely warmed, I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me, that he had taken away my sin, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death."

Sometimes a bit of historical setting may vivify our realization of a great truth. A few years ago in a book store in Leipzig I came upon a history of the Moravians. In that history I found the correspondence that passed between Peter Boehler and Count Zinzendorf. That correspondence deals explicitly with the Wesleys and with their religious experience. On the 2d of March, 1738, Boehler writes as follows: "On the 28th of February, I travelled with John and Charles Wesley from Oxford to London. The elder, John, is a benevolent man; he perceives that he does not yet rightly know the Saviour and says so. . . . His brother with whom you often spoke while in London, is very much disturbed in mind, but does not understand how he shall begin to learn to know the Saviour. Our art of learning to believe in the Saviour is indeed too easy for the Englishman. He is unable to reconcile himself to it. If it were only a little more clever he would the sooner find his way into it." Boehler watched with Charles Wesley when he was sick; he walked with John while they conversed about his spiritual condition. During one of these walks John said: "Often I am entirely certain and often very fearful. I can say nothing more than this: if that is true that stands in the Bible, then I am saved." He writes on the 4th of May as follows: "I heard John Wesley preach. I could then understand everything. It was not as I

wished." Boehler gives an account of a meeting in which several of the Moravians related their experience. He says: "John Wesley and the others with him were astonished at these testimonies. I asked Wesley what he thought of them? He replied: 'Four examples do not make out the case.' I replied, saying I would bring him eight others here in London. After a little he rose and said: 'We will sing the hymn:

Here lay I my sins before thee down.'

During the singing he frequently wiped the tears from his eyes, and immediately took me into his room and said he was convinced of what I had said concerning faith."

These letters show the intimacy that existed between the Moravians and the Wesleys and show also how God made them instrumental in leading the Wesleys to the simplicity of the faith and into the way of life.

Just here do we find the most distinctive characteristic of the Wesleyan movement. Wesleyanism is a life, but that is not all; it is a life of faith, but that is yet incomplete; its genesis is dependent upon the creative energy of the Holy Spirit, who works wherever faith works, but this is not yet adequate. Let us underscore that bit of history given us in Boehler's letters: "*He [Wesley] often said I am entirely certain, but often very fearful. I can say no more than this. If that is true that stands in the Bible, then I am saved.*" But that is not the simple way of the Moravians. That is to put the faith of the millions to utter confusion. Is each one to work out the truth or the falsity of the Bible in order to find the certitude of faith? Is each to prove or disprove miracles, or the Divinity of Christ, or the resurrection of Jesus, or has the life of faith a self-verifying power? Does the song,

My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,

carry intellectual implications which no logical processes have yet verified? Here, as I see it, we come upon the profound deeps of the Wesleyan movement; deeps of which John Wesley himself was not fully aware; intellectual implications which we have not yet consistently and exhaustively worked out. Wesley makes much of the believer's assurance. But no more, I think, than does Paul, only with Paul it is always a kind of sacred lyric. It breaks out in the stately flow of his argument like a spring from hidden streams. You feel it in his practical exhortations

and in his apology for his apostolate. In the deep diapason of his cosmic philosophy you may hear this recurrent note of assurance, clear, sweet, and strong, like the voice of an angel singing: "And because ye are sons, God sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." It is worthy of note that genuine religious emotion runs spontaneously into song. On the farther shore of the Red Sea, Moses and the children of Israel sang: "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song and he is become my salvation." And Charles Wesley was raised up to write the lyrics of the new religious life. The millions of Christians that have lived since his time have been made his debtors. He sang for them and has enabled them to sing for themselves; for it is often the case that fitting utterance helps faith to birth.

There is a sound philosophy in the use of our hymns. Let the hunted soul sing with the Psalmist: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." It has been the refuge of more beleaguered spirits than all the philosophies. Teach the enquiring soul to sing:

> My God is reconciled,
> His pardoning voice I hear,

and he will learn to listen and to hear. We must never surrender the truth that our faith is a faith that can be sung, and, indeed, must be sung.

But did the Wesleys make a place for this new revelation of the Son of God in their country and age? You may go to Green for an account of the religious condition of the time. Quoting Montesquieu, he writes, "Every one laughs if one talks of religion." He continues to comment on the times as follows: "Of the prominent statesmen of the time, the greater part were unbelievers in Christianity and distinguished for the grossness and immorality of their lives. Drunkenness and foul talk were thought no discredit to Walpole. . . . Purity and fidelity to the marriage vow were sneered out of fashion. . . . At the other end of the social scale lay the masses of the poor. They were ignorant and brutal to a degree which it is hard to conceive. . . . The rural peasantry, who were fast being reduced to pauperism . . . were left without moral or religious training of any sort. . . . Within the towns things were worse. There was no effective police; and in great outbreaks the mob of London and Birmingham burned houses, flung open prisons, and sacked and pillaged at their will."

It was a capital crime to cut down a cherry tree. Twenty young thieves of a morning were strung up at Newgate. "In the streets of London gin-shops invited every passer-by to get drunk for a penny, or dead drunk for two-pence."

This account of England when Wesley appeared reminds me of St. Paul's account of Rome as given in the first chapter of Romans; of Gibbon's account of Rome, when the rotten moral foundations were giving way; of the days that could produce and enthrone a Nero; it reminds one of the days of the Reformation, when the priest laughed in the face of his fellow priest as he met him at the altar; when Christianity was a pretence and the celibate priest was a celibate debauchee; when the man behind the desk was disgracefully ignorant and the multitude besotted and brutal to the last degree. No doubt the Thirty Years' War, with its wide desolation, lies under the cover of this darkness.

It was due to the Puritans and John Wesley that England did not repeat the experience of France. Green says: "England remained at heart religious." "Religion carried to the heart of the poor a fresh spirit of moral zeal, while it purified our literature and our manners. A new philanthropy reformed our prisons, infused clemency and wisdom into our penal laws, abolished the slave trade, and gave the first impulse to popular education."

Then Green goes on to characterize the men who played the chief parts in this movement. They were Whitefield, the eloquent preacher; Charles Wesley, the sweet singer; and John Wesley, the great ecclesiastical statesman.

They made a place for the new revelation by putting it into systematic giving in the weekly class, into schools, into reforms, and into philanthropies. Hear Green again:

"But the Methodists themselves were the least result of the Methodist revival. . . . In the nation at large appeared a new moral enthusiasm . . . whose power was seen in the disappearance of the profligacy which had disgraced the upper classes and the foulness which had infested literature ever since the Restoration. But the noblest result of the religious revival was the steady attempt, which has never ceased from that day to this, to remedy the guilt, the ignorance, the physical suffering, the social degradation of the profligate and the poor. It was not till the Wesleyan movement had done its work that the great philanthropic movement began. . . . The passionate impulse of human sympathy with the wronged and afflicted raised hospitals, endowed charities, built churches, sent missionaries to the heathen, supported Burke in his plea for

the Hindoo, and Clarkson and Wilberforce in their crusade against the iniquity of the slave trade. . . . The sympathy which all were feeling for the sufferings of mankind, he [John Howard] felt for the sufferings of the worst and most helpless of men. With wonderful ardor and perseverance he devoted himself to the cause of the debtor, the felon, and the murderer."

For the theoretical adjustment of this revelation we must go to the writings of Richard Watson, Adam Clarke, and John Fletcher. And for the place which Wesley made for this new song we may go to the History of England. One might say, travel any of the great highways of England during the last half of the eighteenth century and miss John Wesley if you can; or, during the nineteenth century, and you cannot fail to feel his presence. He is still in the saddle, a herald of the same old message.

This age greatly needs to be made sensitive to Paul's standard of value. All revelations have a hard time of it, and the bearers of them a bitter experience. And this because they set a standard of life beyond their time, and because it is the business of the bearer of them to get them into life. A disembodied revelation is a spectral thing. You would not care to meet one at night. And this revelation which deals for the most part with life as it is is in ugly contrast with life as it ought to be; this revelation makes religion an individual experience, and then always a social force, and it is quite likely to encounter like hardness of heart and like opposition.

The revelation is in our time. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that everybody agrees that Jesus Christ, both in his teaching and his life, is a revelation of an ideal order. It is a great gain as I see it, to get that acknowledgment, even though it be theoretical, to get that vision packed away below the threshold of consciousness, so that when the impulse for action emerges, it shall meet the challenge: "Is this according to the standard of Christ?" But more than this: this revelation is to-day a haunting presence in all the upper ranges of life. It is in municipal reform, in industrial discontent, in national and international politics. It is a quickening spirit whose subtle influence is felt, wherever the greed of gold is seen yielding to regard for man. And that is great gain. Regard for man is both the cause and effect of the Lutheran Reformation. It was regard for man that beheaded Charles I. and established the English Constitution. A great principle in a savage age works in a savage way. Samuel was not over nice in the method of his warfare against Agag and

for Jehovah. It was for the rights of man that we fought for independence, for the right to be a nation, and again in '61–'65 for the right to continue to be a nation. A quickening spirit has gone forth into the world from the revelation of the Son of God, whose imperious presence demands opportunity for the last man of the age. The stress of that demand is nowhere more evident than in the United States. It was John Quincy Adams who said that "the highest glory of the American Revolution was this: it connected in an indissoluble bond the principles of civil government with the principles of Christianity." Perhaps the stress of the demand for regard for man is due to this "indissoluble bond." This field is too tempting. The revelation is evident in our age as an ideal order, and as a stress upon all men and in all our institutions; for "there is just as much of Christ in the age as there is of the spirit of Christ."

Moreover, there is a spiritual energy in that ideal which undergirds our whole life, an energy that is ever carrying spiritual impulse and spiritual elevation into the deeps of man's moral nature. It is not known by a physical stress; it is not an arc light, not an audible voice, but a spiritual impulse that breaks in the consciousness of man, in "love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Hear Paul's philosophy of this order and this energy: "For by Him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, . . . all things were created by him . . . by him all things consist." He is their final cause. "Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, . . . that in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ," that he might be "head over all to the church." In the eighth of Romans Paul conceives of the whole universe as taken into this movement: the world goes groaning on and up, to his time; the spirit breathes the unutterable longings of the creature; all things are dominated by a central purpose, and that a purpose to work together for the good of them that love God.

Paul assumes, and Wesley testifies to, a miniature duplicate of this kingdom in the soul of man; to the Day Star already risen; to a rift of sunshine that explains the meaning of that day and state that has no need of the sun or moon. Conscience with its imperious "you ought" carries us to the border land of that great day, and may not the spirit of the living God carry us into it?

But our age shies at this teaching of the revelation. And why,

may I ask? Is it because of the dominance of a false view of life? Has that false view obscured some things that are very real? Why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the spiritually dead and quicken them to a new life? Many an age has been impoverished by the dominance of some false theory. The Almighty had to destroy Jerusalem in order to free the Israelitish mind from its vitiating dominance. It came to this pass: either the kingdom of God must be set up there, or not set up at all. There was no revelation from the Almighty that could get itself expressed except as it was mediated by that view. Now when that view obtains in any city where you hold real estate, you had better put it up for sale. That perverted notion still holds in some quarters. Luther's age was wasted by the false dominance of ecclesiastical authority. Ecclesiasticism has its value, but when a German emperor has to make his way in penitent garb over the Alps, and stand three days bare-footed outside the castle of Canossa to get an audience with Pope Gregory, there is something wrong in the emphasis of things. The vitiating influence of that ecclesiastical dogma made its way into every detail of life, from the life of the crowned emperor to that of the street mendicant. When you make the tithing of mint of transcendent import, you can't make the faith that binds to God and works by love much more important. You have exhausted your adjectives and you are obliged to teach, whatever you may say, that faith is about an equally important matter. I do not wonder that the great German chancellor, in his quarrel with the church of Rome, on the educational question, was led to say: "We are not going to Canossa."

The false dominance of the trivial may waste the blood of an age like a fever. Paul saw that, and his new standard saved him from it, as is apparent in his letters to Timothy. He writes: "Refuse profane and old wives' fables." . . . "Shun profane and vain babblings. . . . But foolish and unlearned questions avoid, knowing that they do gender strifes." In contrast to the trivial he exalts the great verities. "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life . . . I give thee charge in the sight of God, . . . that thou keep this commandment without spot, unrebukeable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ: which in his times he shall show, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords: who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto."

Is there a perverted view of things in our time, a view that

makes against the ideal and the unseen, and so against this revelation of the Son of God to our time? The most noteworthy achievements of our time have been in the field of science. Marvels are so common that I know of none that is startling enough to lead one to cross the street. But can one realize what it means to stand at a telephone, and, speaking in an ordinary tone of voice, make himself distinctly heard a thousand miles away? Do we know that we live in the day of wireless telegraphy? That two instruments can be set up five hundred miles apart, and, like two tuning forks, the second one will take up the vibrations set in motion by the first, and turn them into hieroglyphics which the instructed man can read? Says Professor John A. Fleming, of London: "When it is realized that these visible dots and dashes are the result of a train of intermingled electric waves rushing with the speed of light across an intervening space of thirty miles, caught on one and the same aërial wire, and disentangled and sorted out automatically by the two machines into intelligible messages in different languages—English and French—the wonder of it all cannot but strike the mind."

When I follow the lead of the scientist up along these same waves to the limit of my power of hearing, and know that they reach on and up toward the music of the morning stars, I feel as though we might begin to listen for the heart-beat of the Almighty, and when I am told that the spectrum extends far and beyond the colors we see, that if our sense of sight were more keen, the invisible would be made visible in every direction, I begin to feel as though I might meet the Lord walking among the trees of the garden. When I consider that along any of the lines of scientific investigation one is led on into the great mystery—for mystery enwraps us on every side—I feel that science ought to be the handmaid of religion. But I find in some quarters the presence of a spirit that makes against the ideal and the spiritual, and therefore against the conditions under which the Son of God is to be revealed in our time. The mastery which science has given us over the resources of nature has contributed to an inordinate greed of gain. It has imperiled the gospel order, that is, the divine order. It puts gain against man. Man can never be made a means to an end. He is an end in and of himself. It has fostered an exaggerated estimate of mere matter of fact. You cannot put a chapter of names in the Book of Chronicles along with the twenty-third Psalm, even though they may

give you matters of fact. Is there not a call for a standard of value here? It has resulted in an exaggerated view of the scientific method. As an instrument of knowledge that method has its place, but it cannot exhaust all that is to be known. The modern version of the old poem hits it off pretty well. It runs now:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
I do not wonder what you are;
What you are I know quite well,
And your component parts can tell.

What a fine caricature Browning has of that vanity in his old dog Tray. Tray had plunged into the water to rescue a beggar child, and then plunged in again to rescue the doll of the child, and Browning sings:

And so amid the laughter gay,
Trotted my hero off — old Tray,
Till somebody prerogatived
With reason reasoned: Why he dived,
His brain would show us I should say.
John, go and catch — or if needs be,
Purchase that animal for me!
By vivisection, at expense
Of half an hour and eighteen pence,
How brain secretes dog's soul, we 'll see.

There is an exaggerated confidence in classification, tabulation, and the contents of a pigeon hole. Every step in the way of classification is a step away from reality.

The truth I am after is this: Neither science nor the scientific method opens or can open all the approaches to reality.

Wordsworth felt the truth of some things that do not submit themselves to the scientific method. "He has perceived how nature not merely works delight in the blood, but flashes illumination on the soul."

For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In Nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Does not Wordsworth's vision count?

Browning makes tremulous the deeps of every soul when he teaches:

All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
That I was worth to God.

Has Tennyson's message no meaning when he writes:

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"
. . . . . .
A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And, like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered, "I have felt."

This is on Paul's line. You need not surrender your hope. You may trust the universe. A recent writer[1] has put it forcibly when he says:

The spirit of the age is saying to its children: Have faith. Make yourself at home. This is your own house. The laws were made for you, gravitation and the chemical affinities, not you for them. No one can put you out of the house. Stand up; the ceiling is high. . . . If you should act with simplicity and boldness, do you think that you would have to stand alone and take the consequences? Have you no idea that God would back you up?

We have to adjust this revelation to an entirely new group of questions. What is the relation of this revelation to nature and the stubborn mechanism by which nature is ruled? Has any one traced the process all the way through from molecule to man? Are there no breaks in the continuity? Are we yet at home with the doctrine of evolution? Paul found a standard of value for tithes and offerings, sacrifice and ritual. Has his experience any

[1] Charles Ferguson, "The Religion of Democracy," p. 7.

bearing upon the record of revelation as that record has come to us, and upon the urgent Biblical problems of our day?

The debate, with reference to nature and man, has gone on throughout the ages, for the most part under the dominance of the law of causality. It will never be closed along that line. We cannot get through from nature to man on any line of causality. Science informs us that when we see the colors of the rainbow it is because ethereal wavelets come beating upon the delicate retina of the eye, at the rate of millions per second. "The color red is produced by 474 trillions vibrations per second, while violet is nearly an octave higher, 699 trillions." But ride never so swiftly, horsed on the wings of light, when these lazy steeds cease to be vibrations and become sensation, you have leaped a chasm that was not bridged. That is true of every sensation and true of the returning movement of thought and volition. But nature with her vast mechanism grows luminous in the light of the doctrine of values.

From the growing wheat field to the shining stars, every bit of nature stands up to witness to the unity and service which no theory can exhaust, no poet can describe. And as to evolution, we have to ask, does this philosophy minister to the uses of the spirit? A plastic world, a world yet in the making, a cosmos of powers in motion and going somewhere under the dominance of a righteous will, would seem to be as serviceable to the life of the spirit as a universe struck into complete form by a creative fiat and then struck out by an omnipotent arm. And then as to the Book of Revelation we may say, that when the work of criticism is complete, there will be many gradations of value, but the projected historical perspective will show that the sceptre is in the bleeding hand and the crown upon a wounded brow. We have no occasion to fear the theoretical adjustment that is going on in our time, because every accredited result is a testimony to the reality of an underlying structural moral order, and when that order is reached, you are already on the line of the great prophets toward the Christ.

This is a revelation which is yet to be made, to our age. The Christian employer must abide by its spirit, and find ways to make it work. That is not an easy task. There are difficulties which no theorist can appreciate. I do not assume that the Lord Jesus Christ undertook an easy task when he undertook the salvation of this old world. But he gave himself to it with a splendor of self-abnegation that draws the whole world toward him. I know of no more difficult task in the evolution of the kingdom

of God on the earth than that of lifting this industrial age to the level of the new revelation. And it is just as difficult a task for the employer as for the employee. Do not both put money first and manhood second? That gradation of values will have to be changed. That gradation does not conform to the revelation of the Son of God in man. That gradation is not in harmony with the structural order of the universe. Man is first and all else is instrumental. Ceremony and sacrifice, circumcision and the law were all made instrumental by St. Paul, that the new man might be made final. Wesley valued the lay preacher, the class organization, out-of-door preaching, the work of women, the organization of Sunday-schools, and all other agencies as means to an end. The end of the gospel is sonship. Manhood can never be made a means to an end. The industrial unrest of our time makes conspicuous the need of the new standard. Neither does the new standard need the justification of a working theory. It is creative and recreative in its own right and will make and unmake working theories to fit the actual situation. Only let it have its way. Enthrone him whose bleeding hand sways the sceptre of righteousness. That will cure the greed of money. For it is always true that five millions has an insatiable hunger to become ten. That will kill the beast in the labor unions, and give right of way to the reason and the moral purpose that are latent and potent in those unions. My friends, it is a long road. Of that you may be very sure. Beware of the man who thinks the goal can be reached one week from to-day. But the task is upon us, the way of advance has been blazed. Confident as I am that Jesus Christ's programme stands for the ideal order underlying the ages, just as confident I am that it works as a social force in the institutions of our time, while the age goes groaning on toward the day of the manifestation of the sons of God.

If the Son of God be revealed in us and in our time, we shall continue to work at the readjustment which that revelation always demands, and we shall find in it the only evangel that can cure the soul, or right the wrongs of this or any other time.

ADDRESS TO THE CLASS

MY young friends and fellow-workers in the world's work: I bring you again to-day the old, old story. There is nothing new under the sun. The order underlying the world is as old as

the world itself. The constitutive structure of the soul is as old as the soul. Society follows those fundamental laws that were ordained for Adam. And yet the old order is capable of and demands ever new applications. As you go out to play your part in the re-creation of the age, in the making of the new civilization, you may well remember that nothing can take the place of the old verities and the old virtues. The essential religious verities have never changed. They are determined by the nature of man and the nature of God. While they remain unchanged, the essential truths will remain unchanged. Jesus Christ has expressed them in their ideal form. Neither can there be any substitute for the old-fashioned virtues. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Deeper than thought is right feeling. Sympathy with your fellow-men has its genesis here. If you are touched by their woes and stirred by wrongs done to them, you can help them. If you are not, you will count for little in the re-creative process that is going on in the world. I wish, therefore, to commend to you once more that faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, which carries implicit in it right thought about God, and right feeling toward man, and which fosters the cultivation of the spirit of the good Samaritan in the service of your fellow-men

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

By President Henry Anson Buttz

WE are met to-day, under the auspices of the earliest established university of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to do honor to the memory of the man, who, under God, was the founder of the people called Methodists. Two hundred years have passed since John Wesley was born, but he lives on in the marvellous influence of his life and achievements. It is eminently fitting that an event which calls to mind a life largely moulded in a university should be celebrated by another university. Wesleyan University, in the fulness of its vigor and success at the opening of the twentieth century greets Oxford at the opening of the eighteenth century, in recognition of her illustrious son. Wesleyan and Oxford, in the name of John Wesley join hands to-day across the chasm of two centuries.

Certainly the celebration, at this time and place, is an eminently proper one, and may fittingly be designated as a great celebration. It is great in the subject it commemorates. John Wesley, by the consent of Protestant Christendom is in the foremost rank among the great men of any age. He lives in history by the side of Chrysostom and Augustine, Luther and Calvin, Francis of Assisi, Francis Xavier, and the reformers of the world. Viewed in any aspect, his services to mankind have won world-wide recognition.

It is a celebration great in its constituents. Wesleyan University in itself is a constituency in this celebration well worthy of the occasion. The first of our universities bearing the name of Wesley, she is the mother of a multitude of other institutions bearing a similar name. Her representatives are found doing loyal service in every clime and in every position—in the pulpit, in the press, in the professor's chair, in the headship of societies and institutions, in literature, in science, and in art. Everywhere her influence has permeated; and wherever her children are found to-day they join hearts and hands in spirit and interest in celebrating the Bicentennial of John Wesley.

It is a fitting celebration, also, in those who have been called to represent it. She has summoned, not only those in the church which Wesley founded, but representatives of other branches of the Christian family, who willingly pay their tribute to our illustrious founder. Thus this occasion rises above a mere Methodist celebration, and assumes the broad position of Christian. The honored names of those who have come to address us afford a worthy setting for this historic event.

The connection of a great university with what was originally purely a religious movement is apparent. True religion has ever been associated with high scholarship. The happy combination of deep piety and sound learning in the Founder of Methodism is the inheritance of John Wesley's descendants, and is happily illustrated on this occasion.

The speaker, at this time, is the honored Secretary of the Board of Education of the church which John Wesley founded in this country, and combines, in his relation to our whole educational work and in his personal position as a scholar and theologian, the qualities which fit him so eminently to speak on the topic which has been assigned to him for this hour. I have now the honor to present the Rev. William Fraser McDowell, Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Sacred Theology, Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who will address us on "The Significance of Wesley and the Methodist Movement."

ADDRESS BY

The Reverend William Fraser McDowell

The Significance of Wesley and the Methodist Movement

EMERSON does not include John Wesley in his list of "Representative Men." Carlyle does not worship him in the volume on "Heroes." Nevertheless, many excellent people in both England and America now "seek to resuscitate an ancient heroism" by the study of his life, the analysis of his character, the

WILLIAM FRASER MCDOWELL

portrayal of his achievements, and the interpretation of his significance.

We take our anniversaries rather gaily, as a rule, but I think we are disposed to take this one with commendable seriousness. We seek to interpret the man and the movement as we would interpret any noble history, life or literature, in order that life itself may be increased in nobility thereby. We do not forget that

> They who on glorious ancestry enlarge,
> Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

It is a solemn thing to be a Methodist in this year of our Lord.

The significance of the man is not quite the same as the significance of the movement. Historic Methodism on both sides of the sea is like historic Christianity, the resultant of many forces. Every such movement adds to and takes from its founder's contribution. Except in the case of Christianity, the movement is usually better and worse than the primitive thing. It is easy and common to read into the Christianity of Christ its later accretions, and to attribute to Him what we think vital and precious. We are prone to identify our Methodism with Mr. Wesley's. Every wildest vagary either in doctrine or form seeks to approve itself by assuming to be the only pure and primitive thing. The Christianity most marked by unreason and excess most loudly claims to be the Christianity of Christ. Every reform assumes to be a return, and every departure a restoration. The most wild-eyed and unhistoric manifestations in our Methodist history have most zealously used the name of our founder. One is almost warranted in suspecting any brand either of Methodism or Christianity making special pretension to represent exclusively the mind either of Wesley or of Christ. All of which makes it necessary to understand the man and the movement. He is not a pillar of stone to which a church is to be tied while it marks time; but a pillar of fire and of cloud to guide a church forever on the march. Zion has only occasional use for an anchor. We look backward to-day that we may go forward to-morrow.

Methodism has had its largest, I will not say its best development, on this side of the Atlantic. The political and religious children of those two villages, Scrooby and Epworth, in adjoining shires, are far more numerous in the new world than in the old. It is fair to test the tree both by the quality and the amount of its fruit. The Puritan descendants of Elder William Brewster

and the Methodist descendants of John Wesley must bear this double test. I think they can. It is worth something to the world that the Puritan spirit is both good and widespread, and that the Methodist spirit is both wholesome and abundant. I cannot help being glad that we are as big as we are, and thankful that with all our faults we are as good as we are. The value of love depends both upon its size and its kind.

In that very fruitful little book, "What Shall We Think of Christianity?" the author says that Jesus left three things: "A people, a teaching, and a power." So he did, but he left chiefly a Person. The people gathered about him, the teaching centred in him, the power came from him. The understanding of Christianity begins with an understanding of Jesus Christ. The understanding of the Reformation begins with an understanding of the Reformers; of the Republic, with a knowledge of the Fathers; and of Methodism, with an understanding of the man born two hundred years ago in that English rectory.

It is easy to misunderstand him. One could make a very humorous sketch of John Wesley, or exhibit his weaknesses and foibles in such fashion as to make a fine foil for his virtues. It is not necessary. They said that Mr. Lincoln had big hands, made jokes, did not know how to bow, and that his clothes did not fit him,—and all that was true; but, measured by his character and his achievements, he was one of the tallest white angels seen in civil life in a thousand years. It is said of Mr. Wesley that he was credulous, superstitious, and inconsistent; that his science, his medicine, and his politics all went often astray; and many a merry jibe is made against his matrimonial bungling. It is all true; but measured by his character, his purposes, his activities and his achievements, I believe he was the most apostolic man seen on our planet since St. Paul.

I may be permitted to speak of him especially for the student life of the Church and thus interpret his significance for that life to which he is peculiarly related, under the three vast terms, saint, prophet, and evangelist.

1. John Wesley the Saint.

Macaulay said Wesley had a genius for government, which was true. Matthew Arnold said he had a genius for godliness, which is doubtful. It is our easy fashion to credit certain men with extraordinary capacity for saintliness, enlarging the allow-

ance to nature, reducing the demand upon grace. But if we analyze Mr. Wesley's saintliness, we shall find present every element to be found in the life of every other religious man. He was good ground, but that he became a saint was not due to his natural goodness or virtue, but to the work of God in him. This is our joy, that he was no angel, but a true man. This is our shame, that with like nature and the same Spirit the saint is now so rare, though perhaps not so rare as he seems. For the true saint is a living man on the highways, not a dead one in the grave nor an angel on the heights. Whatever Mr. Wesley seemed, he was a saint in the midst of his contemporaries.

Right interesting is the history of it, and very instructive. Thomas à Kempis, Jeremy Taylor, and William Law early came into his life. Under their influence he made high and suggestive resolutions. It thrills the heart of a young collegian or recent graduate to see this son of Christ Church solemnly writing these words: "I saw that simplicity of intention and purity of affection, one design in all we speak and do, and one desire ruling all our tempers, are indeed the wings of the soul without which she cannot ascend to God. I sought after this from that hour." And again: "In reading several parts of the 'Holy Living and Dying' I was exceedingly affected. I resolved to dedicate all my life to God—all my thoughts and words and actions—being thoroughly conscious that there was no medium, but that every part of my life, not some only, must either be a sacrifice to God or myself—that is in effect the Devil." The way before him is a long and weary way yet; it is a far cry from this affecting moment of this young man's consecration to that jubilant hour thirteen years later when a man of thirty-five felt his "heart strangely warmed" within him. More than sixty years stretch out before that youth turning his back upon himself, but an unbroken line runs straight through his ever enlarging life. In youth he chose God and rejected self, and God gave him rich reward. It is to such that God so gives himself in life that in death they can cry out, "The best of all is, God is with us." His heart was set upon God, and, in consequence, God was set within his heart. Trained in a mechanical philosophy and surrounded by a hard theology, he leaped the bounds of both. It was the fashion of his times, and at first it was his fashion, to measure life by logic or in terms of weights and measures; but John Wesley, the teacher of logic, put life into logic, exalted life

above logic and threw syllogism to the winds while he went out like Bunyan's man, crying "Life, life, life!" He lived in the face of the most logical system of theology ever wrought out, but rose mightily over it and victoriously rode it down, being filled with an experience of the direct life of God in his soul and a belief in that direct life for all souls. He found the wine-skins of religion beautifully arranged in perfect order, and men so taken up with the wine-skins that they had lost the taste of the wine. But this Oxford scholar one night, May 24th, 1738, got a taste of the new wine of religious life. He liked it. He became as a giant refreshed. Life looked better than form. He left us no worn-out wine-skins, but from his day we have known where to find the true wine of the Kingdom.

The age was mechanical and indifferent. It is not necessary to characterize it again. The two most familiar texts were: "Let your moderation be known unto all men," and "Be not righteous overmuch." The age was taking many of its greatest questions in a shallow and half-hearted spirit. Hume and Sam Johnson in England, and Voltaire in France were apostles and expressions of the age. Carlyle called Hume and Johnson "the half men of their time." Wesley created an atmosphere in which the age had to take its questions seriously. Leslie Stephen says that "Warburton trimmed Hume's jacket for not believing in the miracles, and belabored Wesley for believing that they were not extinct. He denounced Wesley for his folly and impiety in believing that God might do in the eighteenth century what He had done in the first. And Wesley succeeded where Warburton failed just because his God—whether a true God or not—was at least a living God, whereas Warburton's had sunk into a mere heap of verbal formularies."

In this barren age suddenly a new voice was heard because a new experience had come. A saint got loose in England. He did not hie to a cave to become a hermit, nor to a cell to become a monk so as to nurture his sainthood. In Lincoln College cloven tongues like as of fire were seen upon scholars. In Aldersgate Street there was the sound of a rushing mighty wind. The supernatural got on foot; it descended to the upper room and from the upper room it walked abroad into prisons, lanes and mines. Once more young men at the opening of their careers said reverently: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon *me!*"

Many a wrinkle Mr. Wesley shook out of his views in sixty years; many an inch he grew; many an opinion he left far behind.

Under the influence of the new life he threw off the philosophical method and spirit of his time with its mechanisms, its measuring rods and its almanacs. Trees bloomed and bore fruit in season, out of season. All seasons and all soils became theirs. If Methodism had not struck the note of the witness of the Spirit, "the unchanging and unwasting miracle reaching from Pentecost to the backwoods"; if it had not proclaimed the fact of the living God and the glorious gospel of a perfect Saviour with a full and universal salvation; if it had not declared sainthood for every man through Jesus Christ — it would never have conquered a human soul. It will not conquer another soul except where it strikes these notes again and again. This was the issue once, it is the issue still.

I have referred more than once to Mr. Wesley's mighty utterance, "The Character of a Methodist." No more significant, no more autobiographical utterance was ever made by him. In calling Mr. Wesley a saint, I have had this document in mind. It seems to describe him. It is a noble plea for freedom and tolerance because only in this atmosphere is sainthood possible. Mr. Wesley was such a tolerant man because he was such a large man. But this noble document is one of the wisest and strongest ever penned in our history. It is a plea for liberty, but it is far more. It is a magnificent statement of the rights of thought, but it is vastly more. It is the charter of our best intellectual freedom, but it is much more. Its great notes strike again those immortal tones which ring in the words of Jesus and Saint John and Saint Paul. It is not an academic treatise on religious liberty, but an apostolic call for freedom, Christlikeness and social service. It is not the calm utterance of one calmly announcing the conceded truth of theory. It is the burning utterance of one who has breathed the upper air in Christ's presence, who seeks to incarnate Christ's spirit and to make Christ's truth of immediate account. There is in this rare document such reliance upon God, such communion with him, such joy in the Holy Ghost, and such an atmosphere of prayer, purity and obedience; there are such love and strength and thanksgiving, such holy conformity to fundamental Christianity, to the mind and method of Jesus; such high union with all who love our Lord in sincerity and truth, such comfort of love and fellowship of the Spirit; there are at last such Biblical conceptions of the Christian's privilege, life and duty, such devotion to the will of God in personal and social redemption, such visions of righteousness, joy and peace,

such confidence in one God and Father of all, as makes this document an immortal and imperial document upon which the people called Methodists could joyfully unite while they go forward, not in strife, but in unity for the conquest of the world for Christ. Liberty of opinion, but not liberty to destroy the root of Christianity; liberty in which to live, but not license in which to ruin; liberty that one may develop the Christlike character and render the Christlike service—this is what Mr. Wesley claimed for himself and secured for us. Without freedom we cannot be saints. The end of freedom is the saintly life and the saintly service. Freedom, tolerance, largeness, Christlikeness in life and devotion—these are the marks our Saint John bore. It was not monastic nor ascetic, but living and vital in itself and toward others.

Dean Stanley said: "I asked an old man who showed the cemetery at City Road Chapel, 'By whom was this cemetery consecrated?' And he answered: 'It was consecrated by the bones of that holy man, that holy servant of God, John Wesley.'" But he has done far more and better than that. It is the province of a saint not chiefly to consecrate the yards where dead men are buried, but the towns and cities where living men live. This man who dwelt in God, and in whom God dwelt, this man whom I have called a saint this day, has made the streets of a thousand cities and towns safer for tempted men and women, and for little children. His sainthood has sanctified death, but it has chiefly sanctified life. He might have been a Hellenist, creating for us a new Renaissance, but in a country full of old and stately cathedrals, crowned with venerable and noble universities, he did become a living temple of the Holy Ghost. He went up the rugged steeps while his countrymen stayed below, and he saw again God face to face. When he came down he knew not that the skin of his own face shone. But under him religion ceased to be a thing of indifference and became an intense passion; it ceased to be a merely personal matter and became an intense social force. He restored pure and saving belief in Christ. He made it a great emotion and a vital force in the life of the world.

A youth of twenty-two wearing an Oxford gown, bending low over his desk, solemnly and irrevocably dedicates himself to the perfect service of Almighty God, as Charles Kingsley at Cambridge did long afterward. A man of thirty-five, a scholar and teacher, listens in lowly chapel to the words of the great Protestant Reformer on the words of the Apostle to the Gentiles, and feels his heart strangely warmed; then for more than half a century this

scholar, become a saint, exemplifies and declares God's grace in the most apostolic career ever seen in England. A white-haired man nearly ninety years of age is surrounded by friends and helpers, to whom he whispers and shouts: "The best of all is, God is with us." It makes the heart beat fast just to say these words. May the ever-living Spirit of the ever-living God fall upon us in youth, in manhood and in age, making us saints in ourselves, saints among men, and saints toward God forever.

2. John Wesley as a Prophet.

He is dead, and the use of this word will not spoil or kill him. It has seemed rather a dangerous thing to call living men prophets in modern times. The term has turned the heads of many. We have not many larger words to apply to men, nor many which we do apply more loosely. Nevertheless, this suits my purpose in the attempt to discover and interpret Wesley and his movement to our own age.

This being a prophet is partly a thing of knowledge and partly a thing of temper. The prophet brings not necessarily a new message, only necessarily a true and living one; not necessarily an accurate prediction of the future, but necessarily a true knowledge of the present. People perish not because they have lost the vision of the future, but because they have lost the vision of God and reality. The prophet must meet his own age with an accurate knowledge and a prophetic temper. He must interpret it to itself and interpret God to it. He must rescue it from unreality and fill it with the real. He must make God real and living to a time that has forgotten him. It is only to such true and timely men as Isaiah that God gives any visions of the future. Mr. Wesley had the prophetic knowledge and the prophetic temper.

In a brief introduction to the "Character of a Methodist" these words occur:

> A truly prophetic utterance contains a living message for its own times and for all times; it possesses both timeliness and permanence. These two qualities belong to all great literature, whether in the Bible or out of it. Religious classics like "The Pilgrim's Progress" have these characteristics. Such an utterance, this paper, written at a critical time by the human founder of Methodism, will be seen to be. To the men and women of the eighteenth century it came as from a true prophet of the Most High. To the men and women of the twentieth century it will sound as "one clear call" summoning

"the people called Methodists" to a larger life of freedom, wisdom, and power, spirituality, devotion, and service. It is an inspiration, a rebuke and a comfort. It is so sane, so Biblical, so Christlike; it is in such touch with the times and with the eternities; it has such "length and breadth and height" that upon it we can all unite as we gratefully pass out of one century and joyfully enter another in faith and love for holy living and holy service to God and mankind.

Timeliness and permanence,—a man of the age and a man of the ages,—there are other terms necessary but surely these are correct. Mr. Wesley was a man of his own age and not another. It is our easy and careless fashion to say that men of note are a hundred years ahead of their times. But such men are as useless to their times as though they were a hundred years behind. The prophets were first of all prophets to their own contemporaries. The more useful they were to their own times, the less they would bear transplanting to another time. We speak not wisely, however poetically, in saying:

Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour.

There is a fulness of times into which men come. The eighteenth century was such a time for John Wesley. I think he would not fit so well in ours. Soberly, with chastened resignation, but not mournfully, I observed with you a dozen years ago the hundredth anniversary of his death.

He has become a man of all times partly because he was such a man to his own. How well he understood it, and how true he was to it! His science was the science of a progressive man of his day. His notions of government were the notions of his day with a note of sincerity, righteousness and progress added. He knew his England in its weakness and wickedness; he knew it in its strength and goodness. He had visions and was no visionary; he dreamed dreams and was no dreamer. Like the old prophets, the most useful men in Israel, "he walked in the highway of history and the main traveled road of common life." Like them, "the common life was to him the main staple of all life. Their race was run in the dust and the heat of the common day." Like them he brought high things down to men and set the highest truth about God and man on foot among the men he knew. His knowledge of his times alone would not have made him a prophet, but without it he would not have been one.

How sane he was! He never forced providence nor took the government of the world into his hands. His credulity is

charming, his *naïveté* refreshing, but his sterling sense is as bracing as a mountain breeze. It has been pointed out that he did not originate the Holy Club; his brother Charles did that. He did not inaugurate prison visitation; he followed Morgan in that. He did not discover the doctrine of assurance; he learned that from Spangenberg. He did not begin lay preaching; Thomas Maxfield taught him that. He learned field preaching from Whitefield, and got his ideas of band meetings from the Moravians. He did not originate the Arminian theology. But this true prophet, with an eye to what was timely, met these simple ideas and agencies on the highway and made them vital, organic, current, and useful. He knew his England. He had felt the touch of mysticism and of asceticism, but no more practical man walked or rode between his island's green hedgerows for a hundred years than this man. He had strength because of his likeness as well as his unlikeness to his times.

He was a man of all ages. Joseph Parker called Jesus "the contemporary of all ages." It is given to other men to be characteristic, it is given only to Him to be universal. But your true prophet is more than a man of his own times. England was full of such, and the eighteenth century was desolate enough. Mr. Wesley did not see the end from the beginning, but he laid hold of those truths for man and society which are eternal. England suddenly awoke to hear what she needed to hear, and hear then, but the message was timely because it was eternal. It contained no echoes from an older world nor the unknown accents of a world not yet come. Your prophet is no echo. Your prophet is no sibyl. These are the very tones of Isaiah and Micah, Jeremiah and John Baptist, Jesus and St. Paul. In these tones timeless men speak to their times and to all times. Hearing them, men understand that a thousand years are as one day. Hearing them, to-day is suddenly flooded with might from yesterday and with radiance from to-morrow. Hearing such men, colliers and prisoners become citizens of a kingdom without beginning or end. Hearing these tones, the high and the low cry out with Browning:

> What's time? Leave now for dogs and apes,—
> Man has forever.

Hearing them, common men gird themselves as with the power of an endless life, and understand how "the feeling of immortality depends not upon an argument for it concluded, but upon a sense of it begotten." These prophets, men of their age, men of the

ages, bring not simply a new voice crying in the wilderness, they bring a new humanity clothed with salvation and light to people the streets. For these men of the age and of the ages are men of the Spirit with the power to make things real.

Not everything of Mr. Wesley's will stand being lifted into a gospel. He did not think it would. It would be easy and hard to classify him as a conservative or as a radical. I think he was neither and both, and better than either. He made an atmosphere in which conservative and radical could live together the life of the Spirit. Startling sentences can be gathered from his writings. It would not be easy to find in his writings a philosophy of history or criticism or a science of social redemption, but it would be hard not to find in this prophetic man's life and work an atmosphere in which every missionary in the slums and every devout scholar in the college may dwell. This is what comes of his living the life of the Spirit. He was more than a student of his times, more than a student of history, more than a pious recluse, as the true prophet is always more than these.

It is said of John Wycliffe that in translating the English Bible "he lifted the roofs of the lowly English cottages and made them take in heights beyond the stars." This prophet of ours did that again. Remember that for more than fifty years England heard a living voice and saw a living, passionate presence. He spoke to uncounted thousands. They saw the flash of his eye and heard his tones and words. They saw a living definition of prophet and apostle, while this man burned himself out pleading for a holy manhood and a righteous nation. And the living voice and presence did what no printed page could have done. The preacher still has a place which cannot be taken by the editor or the pamphleteer. His world was like ours. Men were interested in religion as a topic; he made it live. Men patronized Christianity as a cult and a doctrine; he proclaimed it as an evangel. Nobody was saying anything great, or had anything very great to say, when upon the fat hearts and dull ears of England he spoke like a Hebrew prophet or a Christian apostle, come to life. The churches were all odious with formularies and smooth words, when suddenly this prophet so set religious reality loose in England, on foot and on horseback, that it has girdled the world. A material age got for fifty years a vision of what the supernatural could do with a consecrated scholar. Unspoiled by self-consciousness, unhindered by selfishness or laziness, this prophet brought religion off the shelves, out of the cloisters and out of

the skies, and set the common men walking in the ways of the Great Companion. A saint by God's grace, he became the prophet of personal and social sainthood to mankind.

3. John Wesley as an Evangelist.

It is a noble word much abused. Still, let us use it, trying to recover its apostolic sense. A saint, a prophet, an evangelist: these three great terms can be applied to only a few men in human history. Sainthood, leadership, gospel — all these marks are in the Methodist movement. They include its rhapsody, its experience, its teaching, its people, its machinery, and its power.

One cannot help comparing him with Saint Paul. One born in the Jewish Church, loved it; the other born in the English Church, loved it. To one came a blinding light and a divine voice; to the other that strange warming of the heart. Each thought tenderly of and would have saved the church in which he was born. One was driven to the Gentiles; the other founded the Methodists. Neither saw the end from the beginning, or chose it. Each was driven to it by divine compulsion. The new wine required new wine-skins for Saint Paul as for Wesley. Each hesitated and tried to shift the weight of logic without denying the truth. Each was a chosen and willing vessel at last for larger things than he dreamed. It is God's way with men whom he chooses. Neither figures large in his own thought of the future. Each becomes larger with every passing year. Each was a true evangelist in his spirit.

"If kings were philosophers or if philosophers were kings, we should have an ideal state," says Plato. If scholars were evangelists or if evangelists were scholars, we should have a more nearly ideal church. These terms have been regarded as mutually exclusive, to the great loss of the Kingdom. But here was a scholar with the missionary temper; a philosopher who became a philanthropist, a man of thought who became a man of action, a man of devotion who became a man of deeds. The competent became the zealot, the master of high thought the lord of high deeds. His breadth was also deep, and passionate with ethical and practical earnestness. Adjectives are not needed. They would be an impertinence here as in Saint Paul's autobiography. One day Wesley wrote: "Leisure and I have taken leave of each other." Then Sam Johnson said: "Wesley's conversation is good, but he

is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have his talk out, as I do." But Johnson was a half man and did not understand, any more than Pilate understood the moral earnestness of Jesus. "Wesley knew the dark places of England. They were on his mind and conscience. He could not sit, even in high talk with Johnson, while men and women must be saved." He was said to be deficient in speculative insight, but not in the power to stir the stagnating currents of human life. It has remained to us to be more philosophical and less moving. The cure is not less philosophy but more motion. Life lacks projective force. He never caught up with his own plans nor overtook his own horizon nor lost the motive or projective force out of his life. At twenty-two life looked large, at eighty-eight it looked majestic. For the boy Jesus, the interview with the doctors in the temple must have been thrilling; but for Jesus, ascending the low hill with the cross must have been far more thrilling. The rapture of the recruit is great, the rapture of the veteran intense.

Where got Mr. Wesley this abiding and expanding motive power which enabled him to see that ever larger things were coming to pass? I answer: "God's greatness flowed round his incompleteness." It surrounded him as an atmosphere; it bore him up as the ocean sustains the ship or the solid earth an army; it filled him with perpetual and unwasting vitality. He waited on the Lord and for him the ancient promise was both literally and abundantly fulfilled.

Mr. Wesley's evangelism was direct and immediate. It puts to shame much of that in vogue this day. He tackled the hard jobs. He faced mobs so often that he finally adopted a principle for their control. He saw the spiritual deadness and the theological unsoundness about him. He saw a godless population. He might have gathered some nice people about him and told them to be nicer; he might have told them how to get others—wicked men, jailbirds and some harlots—converted. He might have made the Holy Club like some modern meetings for the promotion of spirituality. God be thanked, he did nothing of the kind. He did not try to promote revival indirectly and spirituality directly. He tried to bring bad men and the good God together in such way as to make bad men good. He grappled directly with the worst cases. None were too desperate. Never had a man a clearer view of the facts about man; never any man

a clearer view of the goodness and sufficiency of Christ and his work. He hated both heresies, "that which as liberalism denied the deity of Christ's person, and that which as hard orthodoxy asserted the deity of his person and denied the deity of his work and achievement." It was a thrilling moment, for his men and for us, when he asked his Conference that searching question: "Do we not lean too much to Calvinism?"

This celebration ought to bring us face to face with our historic position and recover for us our priceless heritage. Men's need challenged him. Christ's power made him imperial. In the strength of Christ he grappled directly with wicked men in a wicked society, and lo, there arose such a tide of spiritual power as flooded a world, sweeping a doctrinal lie, a mechanical philosophy, and an indifferent spirit off the earth. We shall not see anything finer than this saint, prophet, evangelist, wrestling at close range with publicans, sinners, thieves, murderers, all the long day, until the night; and all the long night, until the morning flung shining bars of golden light against prison windows, while men went free. Out of this same stock came Arthur Wellesley, who conquered Napoleon at Waterloo.

Step by step two men walked through the century together; Voltaire the French skeptic, John Wesley the English believer. One a critic, the other a constructor; one wearing a perpetual sneer, the other making everlasting affirmation. "Under one, Deism became Atheism; under the other, it went to death in the vision of Christ. The watchword of the one was honor; the watchword of the other was holiness. Voltaire said: 'We have never pretended to enlighten shoemakers and servants.' John Wesley in Christ's name made kings of miners and cobblers and plowboys." In the year 1778, in a most theatric fashion, crowned with laurel and praise, Voltaire died. That very year John Wesley opened City Road Chapel.

This evangelist never tried to establish a philosophical or speculative basis of union. He was always after a working basis. "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that we be in no wise divided among ourselves. Is thy heart right, as my heart is right with thine? Do you love what I love and desire what I desire? I ask no farther question. If it be, give me thy hand. Let us do something. For opinions, or terms, let us not destroy the *work* of God. Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

These, it seems to me, are the meanings of Mr. Wesley and

his movement. I repeat the three kingly words: Saint, prophet, evangelist, and reverently declare that the man who worthily bore them has created for us a home of devotion, of freedom, of progress, of activity, of holiness and of service in which it is well to dwell.

I cannot forget in this closing moment that one August day in 1856 those gathered in this Wesleyan town, as you are to-day, heard these words: "I would gladly speak to you of the charms of pure scholarship; of the dignity and worth of the scholar; of the abstract relation of the scholar to the state. The sweet air we breathe and the repose of midsummer invite a calm ethical or intellectual discourse. But would you have counted him a friend of Greece, who quietly discussed the abstract nature of patriotism, on that Greek summer day through whose hopeless and immortal hours Leonidas and his three hundred stood at Thermopylæ for liberty? And to-day, as the scholar meditates that deed, the air that steals in at his window darkens his study and suffocates him as he reads. Drifting across a continent, and blighting the harvests that gild it with plenty from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, a black cloud obscures the page that records an old crime, and compels him to know that freedom always has its Thermopylæ and that his Thermopylæ is called Kansas." "Brothers! the call has come to us," he concluded: "I bring it to you in these calm retreats. I summon you to the great fight of Freedom. Here are our Marathon and Lexington. Here are our heroic fields. The hearts of good men beat with us. The fight is fierce; the issue is with God, but God is good."[1]

There in England were the conditions under which educated men easily justify themselves for leaving the Church and forsaking Christianity. The Church was spiritually dead, morally depraved and theologically bad. They could have cursed it and left it. Or they could, as many have done, have rejected the Christ because some follower had gone wrong. It is the peril of educated men. But it is the proud privilege of such men to see in the ruin the rich materials for a new creation. It is theirs, above all, to see the form of one like unto the Son of Man, and to feel the thrill of the omnipotence of God in a perfectly obedient life.

To those Oxford scholars the moral condition of England made conquering appeal. They were young, they were trained, they were ambitious. They were England's best. And England met

[1] George William Curtis.

them in that Holy Club and summoned them to be not her critics but her saviours. Like true men they answered. Some one asked where Italy was six centuries ago, and the reply was: "Under the hood of Dante." Better England was once under the cap of Wesley. The world's need is ever looking under the cap of the Christian scholar. This quiet day, when we have been looking at this ancient heroism, God has been flinging into the face and heart of graduate and undergraduate our unfinished tasks, the saloon, the city, the South, the Republic, and the mission fields of the earth. The Oxford gown was once the royal robe of a new Christian knighthood. Sin fled in its presence. The collieries, the jails, and the highways were made glad by the sight of these Oxford men. So may it be again.

God of our Fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet!

SUNDAY EVENING

OPENING ADDRESS

By Bishop Cyrus David Foss

THIS is a unique and profoundly interesting occasion. We meet to celebrate the bicentenary of the birth of one of the most notable men commemorated in the history of the world—a man sure to be admired and revered by multiplying millions of Christians in all lands and to be remembered as long as Paul and Luther are remembered—because he took up and carried forward their work as no other man has ever done.

This unprecedented commemoration continues through four successive days of the Commencement Exercises of the oldest of the more than two hundred universities, colleges, and seminaries under the auspices of the largest branch of Protestantism in this country.

The movement set on foot by John Wesley was entitled by its chief historian, Abel Stevens, "The Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century called Methodism." No doubt that designation impressed many readers as a piece of arrant boasting, but thoughtful students of history have since come to think it an under-statement, and to declare Methodism the most influential evangelical movement of all the centuries, in respect both to the thought forces which it set in motion and to the number of its adherents. The Methodist family is the most numerous body of Protestant Christians on earth, and Dean Stanley declared that "Methodism changed the religious thinking of the Protestant English-speaking world."

Of the immense social influence of the Wesleyan revival one of the best secular papers of this country recently gave, in its leading editorial, the following striking characterization:

> Wesley's work in England is not to be described merely as a tremendously religious one—in point of fact, it attained the proportions of a social revolution. England of the early eighteenth century was a land benighted and besotted beyond easy realization to-day; John Wesley and his band of traveling preachers were like visitors from another world, and as everywhere they

spoke to hungry souls from the coal pits and the paganized fields, England awoke to another existence. It is an assertion acquiesced in by thoughtful students of history that, but for John Wesley, England's awakening would have been in such a revolution as drenched France in its own best blood.

As to the man who projected into the world such an amazing force I present some terse non-Methodistic testimony. Lord Macaulay said Wesley's "genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu." The recent brilliant English essayist, Augustine Birrell, declares Wesley's life "the most amazing record of human exertion ever penned or endured," and adds, "no man lived nearer the centre than John Wesley; not Clive, nor Pitt, nor Mansfield, nor Johnson. You cannot cut him out of our national life. No single figure influenced so many minds, no single voice touched so many hearts, no other man did such a life's work for England."

One word from this side of the ocean. A Boston Congregational pastor, Dr. S. E. Herrick, thus writes: "He is, I think, the finest illustration of consecrated, unselfish, whole-hearted devotion for fifty years of this old world's dark history that the Church of Christ has ever offered to the vision of men."

Vast, however, as was the effect of Wesley's work on the moral and national life of England, his chief influence on the world was distinctly religious.

It is a very striking fact that when God gets ready to give some great and important truth new and larger currency in the world, he is quite accustomed to accomplish this end by hiding that truth in the capacious soul of some divinely endowed and chosen man, and setting it on fire there by the Holy Spirit. Some truths clearly stated on the pages of the Bible have got very little hold upon the thought and heart of the world, until they have had this special Divine treatment. We have long believed, and of late the Christian world has come to believe, that God raised up John Wesley for such a special purpose, and that the truth which he wished through him to make more effective was the great and vital truth of personal religious experience witnessed to the individual by the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

For fifteen years, from the age of twenty to thirty-five, Wesley was as strenuous a *servant* of God as ever afterwards. Then he became consciously a *son* of God, and was able, with the holy egotism of Paul, to say "*My* Gospel," and to believe that "Christ loved *me* and gave himself for me." That day Methodism was

GEORGE JACKSON

born. It was Wesley's chief function to translate the Gospel into the vernacular of each individual sinner, and to put it into the present tense, first person, and singular number.

Such is the peerless man and such the mightily influential movement we are met to commemorate.

We are highly favored at this hour in that we are to be inspired by an appreciation of some of the chief aspects of the Wesleyan movement by a genuine son of Wesley representing the Mother Church beyond the sea; a brother greatly beloved throughout the British Isles, whose notably successful labors have been devoted chiefly to city evangelization in Edinburgh. He doubtless recalls Mr. Wesley's frank confession about Scotland, given in his "Journal": "I know not why any should complain of the shyness of Scots toward strangers. All I spoke with were as free and open with me as the people of Bristol; nor did any person move any dispute. . . . I preached on 'Seek ye the Lord.' . . . I used great plainness of speech; and they all received it in love; so that the prejudice which the devil had been several years planting was torn up by the roots in one hour."

We have no such prejudice, my dear brother; but hail with gladness all genuine Britons, especially British Christians, preeminently British Methodists. Welcome, thrice welcome, worthy son of the fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, who founded Methodism, to this American Wesleyan Oxford.

I have peculiar pleasure in presenting to this audience the Reverend George Jackson, A.B., who will address you on "The Old Methodism and the New."

ADDRESS

By the Reverend George Jackson

The Old Methodism and the New

MY purpose in this address is to institute a comparison between the Methodism of the end of the eighteenth century as it was left by John Wesley and Methodism as it exists to-day at the beginning of the twentieth century. It will be understood, of course, that I speak only of English Methodism, and, in

the main, of English *Wesleyan* Methodism. Inasmuch, however, as the Methodists of England, despite the unhappy household jars which have led to the establishment of some half-dozen Methodist Churches or Societies, with their varying forms of organized church life, still remain, in all essential things, one people, revealing in their common likeness their common origin, I trust I may be permitted, without impertinence, to drop the distinguishing adjective and speak of the Methodism of England as of a single, homogeneous whole. Where my conclusions are at fault the error will be due rather to a misreading of the general facts of Methodist history than to the unsoundness of this particular premiss.

The field before us, then, is a very wide one, and any such survey of it as it is possible to attempt within the limits of a single address will necessarily be very incomplete. Subjects which might reasonably be expected to find a place must be altogether ignored or but touched on in passing; and even where some little discussion is possible the qualifications and exceptions necessary to a full statement of the case must needs be omitted. Further, though my aim is to register facts rather than to pronounce opinions, it will be impossible wholly to eliminate the personal equation. It will reveal itself alike in the selection of the facts, in the grouping of them, and in the conclusions which they are used to support. I must do my best under the inevitable limitations which the circumstances impose, and you will receive my words, not in any sense as an authoritative judgment on the matters with which they deal, but simply as an honest attempt on the part of one member of the Mother Church of Methodism to set forth its past and its present in some of their mutual relations. I propose, therefore, to ask what changes the years since Wesley's death have wrought: first, in our ecclesiastical, and, second, in our doctrinal position, and, finally, how far the spirit which was characteristic of early Methodism still remains among us who are the heirs and trustees of its great traditions.

The Ecclesiastical Position of Methodism

IN speaking of the ecclesiastical position of Methodism I must pass over in silence the long series of modifications and readjustments by which, through successive generations, the organization of our Church has been adapted to the great ends for

which it exists. Suffice it to say that the law of its development has been the same throughout. What was true of Methodism in its embryonic stage is not less true of it now: the thing to be done determined the way of doing it. We are not to-day, and never have been, the victims of any theory of Church government. That is for us ideally the best which proves itself to be actually the best. We hold ourselves free, absolutely regardless of a petty self-consistency, to avail ourselves of any and every method which will enable us more effectively to fulfil our great mission. And hence it comes to pass that the church polity of Methodism, so far from being a clever contrivance of ecclesiastical foresight, is rather a long chapter of happy accidents—or, as I should prefer to say, of Divine providences—the result of "a judicious and a deft adjustment of organism to the moulding pressure of a changing environment."[1] On this point, however, I may not dwell; what I wish specially to refer to under this division of my subject is the present as compared with the past position of Methodism in relation to the other Christian churches of England.

At the time of Wesley's death the Methodists occupied a place apart both from the Anglican Church on the one hand and the older Noncomformist Churches on the other. But while toward Anglicanism they had many leanings, toward Dissent they had none. It has been stated by Canon Overton[2] (though I have not been able to verify the statement) that when the British and Foreign Bible Society was founded in 1804, and each denomination was invited to appoint a representative, the Wesleyans declined the invitation on the ground that they were already represented by the Bishops of the Mother Church; and, as late as 1821, we find Richard Watson writing, "Though Methodism stands now in a different relation to the Establishment than in the days of Mr. Wesley, Dissent has never been professed by the body. To leave that Communion (the Church of England) is not in any sense a condition of membership with us." This feeling toward the Anglican Church needs neither explanation nor apology; it is a part of the family history of Methodism and is involved in the circumstances of its origin. Equally explicable is the ancient antagonism toward Dissent. Wesley's own prejudices were very strong, and he did not fail to express them with corresponding strength. Here are two extracts from his

[1] The phrase is Dr. Benjamin Gregory's.
[2] In a paper read before the Church Congress in October, 1899.

"Journal," dated respectively 1777 and 1780: "Peeltown, Isle of Man. A more loving, simple-hearted people than this I never saw; and no wonder, for they have but six Papists and no Dissenters in the island." "Trowbridge. As most of the hearers were Dissenters I did not expect to do much good." Charles Wesley was even more offensive. A correspondent of Doddridge, writing to him in 1749, complains of him for calling dissenting ministers "a tribe of priests, unholy and unsent."[1] After this it does not much surprise us to find Chatham Methodists petitioning Parliament against a bill for the relief of Dissenters from submission to the Articles.[2] Equally unsympathetic was the attitude of the Dissenters to the Methodists. For a time even Doddridge himself stood aloof from the movement, and when at last he laid aside his scruples so far as to allow Whitefield to preach in his pulpit, the good Dr. Watts was moved to remonstrate with him on the ground that he was compromising his respectability! Nor was this the only difficulty. As Dr. Dale has pointed out, the Arminianism of Wesley filled the Dissenters of that day with alarm. Nor was their alarm without reason. The decline of Calvinism, which had been going on during the previous thirty years, had been followed by the surrender of the great and characteristic doctrines of the Christian faith. Nearly all the fire and depth of religious life that remained among the Dissenters were found among those who held fast to Calvinism. It was, therefore, natural that when Wesley began his vehement attacks upon predestination the really devoted and earnest men among the Nonconformists regarded him with distrust and hostility.[3] They had not then discovered that, as Dr. Dorner has pointed out,[4] the Arminianism of Wesley was really, as far as saving doctrines were concerned, nearer to the old Reformed system to which they clung than to the Arminianism which not without reason they both feared and hated.

Such, then, was the position of Methodism among the various religious communities of England at the end of the eighteenth century. But during the last hundred years a change, at first so

[1] "Philip Doddridge," by C. Stanford, p. 93.

[2] "Burke," by John Morley ("English Men of Letters Series"), p. 71.

[3] See Dr. Dale's sermon, "The Theology of John Wesley" ("Fellowship with Christ," pp. 216-245), and especially his sermon on Calvinism in the "British Weekly," August 15, 1895. I make no apology for the frequency with which the name of Dr. Dale appears in these pages. But for what I have learned from him they could never have been written. His books contain the truest and most sympathetic criticism of the Evangelical Movement that we possess.

[4] "History of Protestant Theology," vol. ii., p. 92.

slow as to be almost imperceptible, but within recent years so rapid as to be marked by all, has taken place, which has almost revolutionized the ecclesiastical relations of Methodism. On the one hand, the gulf between the Anglican Church and Methodism has gradually widened and deepened, until now no English Methodist looks for reunion with the Church of which Wesley was a minister. And this, be it remembered, is not a result which Methodists have sought; it is one to which by Anglican intolerance they have been driven. When even so liberal a churchman as Bishop Gore declares that there are but three divisions of the Church of Christ—the Anglican, the Roman, and the Greek—and that for all others there can only be toleration more or less complete, but no communion; when the ministers of Methodism are branded as unauthorized intruders, and its children made the subject of incredibly mean and petty persecutions; when, in the very county in which Wesley won his greatest triumphs, and which remains until this day one of the chief Methodist strongholds, an Anglican Bishopric is set up, not so much for the salvation of the lost and degraded, as for the establishment of Anglican supremacy, what answer can self-respecting men give to those who speak to them of "reunion"? They have seen these things more in sorrow than in anger, but they have seen them, and their resolve has been taken: Dissenters they may be; Anglicans, while things remain as they are, they can never be. And Dissenters to all intents and purposes the Methodists of England have now become, or are fast becoming. For as, on the one hand, the ties which once bound them to the Established Church have been strained to the breaking point, on the other hand, those which link them with the great Congregational and Baptist Churches have become stronger and stronger. Through the operation of causes too numerous and complex to narrate here, and of recent years through the remarkable influence of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches, the old mutual distrust has gone, the old dividing walls are fast going. A great leader in the Wesleyan Methodist Church of a generation ago used to speak, I am told, of "Anglicans, Dissenters, and Wesleyan Methodists"; and there are probably a few still who would maintain and glory in the threefold classification; but to the overwhelming majority of younger Methodists it is an anachronism: we are Methodists and we are Dissenters. Just as the men who came out of the Church of Scotland at the great Disruption of 1843 had no thought of uniting themselves with the earlier Seceders, whose views they did not share, and yet, as the

years went by, felt themselves constrained by the logic of circumstances and of their own position to cultivate a fellowship which has now been happily consummated in union, so are the Methodists of England abandoning the "splendid isolation" in which once they gloried, and are finding in the children of the Puritans their true friends and yoke-fellows.

Before passing from this part of my subject one word must be added on the relation of the various sections of English Methodists to each other. When Wesley died Methodism in England was one; to-day it is sixfold. From the point of view of a Wesleyan Methodist the story of our divisions is the most painful in our history, and I only touch upon it in order to express the hope and the belief that it is speedily to be closed. The divisive tendency seems at last to have spent itself, and with the gradual liberalizing of Wesleyan Methodism, and the dying down of the fires of enmity in the minds of those who in anger—and not always in unrighteous anger—went out from us, the causes for continued separation would seem to be rapidly disappearing. Thus far, however, very little has been done to give practical effect to the growing desire for union. An attempt made quite recently to bring together the Primitive Methodists and the Bible Christians came to nought. At the present moment, it is understood, negotiations are in progress between the Methodist New Connection, the United Methodist Free Church, and the Bible Christians. This is so far well. Indeed, almost any proposal is to be welcomed which will keep the question of union to the front, and disturb the peace of those who suppose that as things are so they always must be. At the same time it is the strong conviction of at least one man that, if we are to have a united Methodism, the movement for union must begin from the centre. If the minor bodies are left to unite among themselves there is always the peril—conspicuously illustrated in the negotiations between the Primitive Methodists and the Bible Christians—that some concessions may be made on one side or the other which would eventually bar the way to the larger union. The key of the situation is held by the Wesleyan Methodists, and it is to them their fellow Methodists rightly look to make the first advance. The Wesleyan Methodists, on their part, may reasonably require that the concessions to be made shall not be in inverse ratio to the benefits to be derived, and that those who under any scheme of union stand to gain most shall be ready to concede most. Meanwhile, however, the Wesleyans give no sign. Many of them, it is

to be feared, doubt not merely the possibility but the desirability of union. That they are not yet prepared for it is no reproach to them; it is a reproach, if one of themselves may say so, that they are not more earnestly preparing. At the same time there is no reason for despondency. The flowing tide is with the friends of union. They know what has happened in Canada, and Australia, and among the Free Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, and they are confident the turn of English Methodism cannot long be delayed. The scandal of our divisions is fast becoming intolerable. That, so long as human nature remains what it is, different types of Church life corresponding to those which we now know under the names of Episcopal, Congregational, and Methodist, will continue to exist, may be granted; but six sorts of Methodists, with their six separate organizations, constitute a condition of things which earnest men find more and more difficult to justify in the presence of their Lord. Not much longer, even by silence, will they consent to endure it.

The Doctrines of Methodism

I TURN now to the second and more difficult part of my task—the doctrines of Methodism. Speaking generally, the doctrines of the Evangelical Revival were those of the Reformed Church of England. The leaders of the movement emphatically denied that they had any new gospel to preach. They were not theologians but evangelists. Their aim was not the reconstruction of a system of religious thought, but the reawakening of England's slumbering religious life. And for their purpose the theology of the Church of which they were ministers left nothing to be desired. With all their hearts they both received and proclaimed it. They did not even seek to recast it in the light of the new and wider spiritual experiences which came to them; they simply took, as a recent writer has said, "the higher theological conceptions current in their time as they found them, though filling them with a new evangelical meaning and warmth."[1] Wesley's own declarations on the matter are as explicit as usual. Thus, *e.g.*, he writes in his "Journal," under September 13, 1739: "A serious Clergyman desired to know, in what points we differed from the Church of England. I answered, 'To the best of my knowledge, in none. The doctrines we preach are the doctrines of the Church of England; indeed, the fundamental doctrines of

[1] "The Fatherhood of God," by J. Scott Lidgett, M.A., p. 145.

the Church, clearly laid down, both in her Prayers, Articles, and Homilies.'" Again, on October 15 of the same year, we have this entry: "From Acts xxviii., 22, I simply described the plain, old religion of the Church of England, which is now almost everywhere spoken against, under the new name of Methodism." But if the Methodist doctrine was really so "old," how did it come to pass that by so many it was looked upon as new and strange? What gave to the movement the distinguishing doctrinal characteristics which undoubtedly belonged to it? The explanation is to be found, first, in the long silence which had fallen on the Anglican pulpit concerning the doctrines of vital personal religion;[1] and, secondly, in the new and startling emphasis with which certain of these doctrines were now proclaimed to the world by the preachers of Methodism.

When from the past we turn to the present, and ask how far modern Methodism remains true to the faith of Wesley, it is at once easy and difficult to answer. We may reply that certain of Wesley's sermons, together with his Notes on the New Testament, still remain the theological standards of the Church; that every candidate for its ministry is required, before ordination, publicly to declare his belief that the "system of doctrine therein contained is in accordance with the Holy Scriptures"; and, further, that not at ordination only, but again through each succeeding year of his ministry every Methodist preacher is called on, in the presence of his brethren, to say whether or not he does still "believe and preach our doctrines." This is the easy answer, and besides being easy, it is true; but it is not the whole truth; and it is in the attempt to state the necessary qualifications and additions that our difficulties begin. All, I think, will agree that, whatever modifications of our theology have taken place, the pith and substance of the Methodist gospel remain unchanged. There have been developments—fewer indeed than there might profitably have been[2]—but at no point has there been any violent break

[1] The secret of the success of Methodism, says Lecky, "was merely that it satisfied some of the strongest and most enduring wants of our nature which found no gratification in the popular theology, that it revived a large class of religious doctrines which had been long almost wholly neglected. The utter depravity of human nature, the lost condition of every man who is born into the world, the vicarious atonement of Christ, the necessity to salvation of a new birth, of faith, of the constant and sustaining action of the Divine Spirit upon the believer's soul, are doctrines which, in the eyes of the modern evangelical, constitute at once the most vital and the most influential portions of Christianity, but they are doctrines which, during the greater part of the eighteenth century, were seldom heard from a Church of England pulpit." ("History of England in the Eighteenth Century," vol. iii., p. 81.)

[2] "There was one doctrine of John Wesley's—the doctrine of perfect sanctifica-

with the past. It is a remarkable fact that, with all its unhappy tendencies to division, Methodism has never known one serious secession on doctrinal grounds. At the same time, though for various reasons our Church has been less powerfully affected than many of our sister Churches by the great intellectual movements of the last century, it would be folly to pretend that it has been wholly untouched by them. We do "believe and preach our doctrines," but with a difference—a difference of place, a difference of proportion, a difference of emphasis. The things we take for granted are not just what they were. The motives to which we appeal, and by which we ourselves are prompted, belong to another order. General statements like these, however, are liable to mislead, and it may be safer, therefore, to explain my meaning by brief references to one or two particular doctrines.

(1) In a short paper on "the people called Methodists," written in 1786, Wesley asks, "What was their fundamental doctrine?" and his answer is, "That the Bible is the whole and sole rule both of Christian faith and practice." This is a statement to which every Methodist with whom I have any acquaintance would subscribe as heartily and unreservedly as Wesley himself. At the same time, it leaves us, as do all our theological standards, with no rigidly defined and fettering theory of Inspiration. We to-day are as sure that the Bible is the Word of God as were the first Methodists; but we state our reasons very differently. Some of us might say with Robertson Smith, "If I am asked why I receive Scripture as the Word of God, and as the only perfect rule of faith and life, I answer with all the fathers of the Protestant Church, 'because the Bible is the only record of the redeeming love of God; because in the Bible alone I find God drawing near to man in Christ Jesus, and declaring to us, in him, his will for our salvation.'"[1] And it is this uniqueness which constitutes for us what we call the Inspiration of the Bible, and by virtue of which it exercises authority over us. Now, admittedly, this is not exactly how the early Methodists would have explained what

tion—which ought to have led to a great and original ethical development; but the doctrine has not grown; it seems to remain just where John Wesley left it. There has been a want of the genius or the courage to attempt the solution of the immense practical questions which the doctrine suggests. The questions have not been raised, much less solved. To have raised them effectively, indeed, would have been to originate an ethical revolution which would have had a far deeper effect on the thought and life—first of England and then of the rest of Christendom—than was produced by the Reformation of the sixteenth century." ("The Evangelical Revival and other Sermons," by R. W. Dale, p. 39.)

1 "Answer to the form of Libel," p. 41.

they meant by inspiration. But that does not matter. They were not under the necessity which is laid upon us to find room for the assured results of Biblical scholarship. We must have a doctrine of Scripture which is not at the mercy of the latest "find" in the East, or the most recent theory of the composition of the Pentateuch. And in the direction suggested by Robertson Smith's words such a doctrine is, I believe, to be found. Abiding firmly by such a faith we can await without concern the results of the present critical investigation of our sacred books. The Bible is what it is, however it came to be what it is. Whether the early chapters of Genesis are, in the strict sense of the word, historical, whether David actually wrote any of the Psalms, whether the book of Jonah is history or allegory—these and other similar questions must be determined, if they can be determined at all, by the ordinary methods of literary criticism. Whichever way the final decision goes, the authority of Scripture will remain wholly unimpaired. It is in this spirit, I believe, that Methodism in England is preparing itself to meet the difficulties of the new situation thrust upon it by modern Biblical scholarship; a spirit of cautious liberalism, neither recklessly abandoning the old because it is old, nor yet fearfully rejecting the new because it is new; keeping always an open mind, still, as at the beginning, agreeing to think and let think, and through all strong and unshaken in its ancient confidence that the Bible is the Word of God which liveth and abideth forever.

(2) From the doctrine of Scripture I turn to the more distinctively Methodist doctrine of Conversion. "The theological characteristic of Methodism," says Dr. Dale, "is, perhaps, the emphasis with which it has insisted on the necessity and the instantaneousness of the new birth."[1] This is undoubtedly true of the Methodism of Wesley's day; it is true still, but again with a difference. We also believe in the need of conversion and the possibility of instantaneous conversion, but we do not now lay the same emphasis as did many of our fathers upon the definite moment of our transition from death to life. The great and remarkable experience of salvation in which the life-work of Wesley had its root, reinforced by the influence of his powerful personality, impressed itself on the lives of his immediate fellow-workers. They in their turn saw that impression reproduced in the experiences of thousands to whom they preached, till multi-

[1] "Essays and Addresses," p. 261.

tudes throughout the whole land could sing as their deepest, gladdest certainty—

> O happy day that fixed my choice
> On Thee, my Saviour and my God!

And when these signs fail us Methodism will have ceased to be itself. Nevertheless it is not for us—and this is the point at which the doctrine in its earlier form was often open to criticism—to insist on any particular type of conversion as the sole passport into the Kingdom of God, or to assume that the highest kind of religious experience must always be able to date its beginning by the clock. I say these things with the greater emphasis just now because of certain statements recently made on this subject in my own city[1] by one of America's most distinguished scholars, Professor William James of Harvard University. "For Methodists," he says, "unless there have been a crisis of this sort (*i.e.*, 'an acute crisis of self-despair and surrender followed by relief') salvation is only offered, not effectively received, and Christ's sacrifice in so far forth is incomplete. . . . Revivalism has always assumed that only its own type of religious experience can be perfect; you must first be nailed on the cross of natural despair and agony, and then in the twinkling of an eye be miraculously released."[2] If this were meant as a criticism of Evangelicalism in the eighteenth century it might, perhaps, be allowed to pass; as a judgment on Methodist teaching to-day it is altogether wide of the mark. We believe not in the necessity but the possibility of sudden conversion, not that men must but that men may in "the twinkling of an eye" be miraculously delivered from the guilt and bondage of sin. With some the change is swift, startling, dramatic; the tide of the new life comes in like the waters of the Solway, with a rush and a roar carrying all before it in one mighty sweep. With others the change is long and slow, so long and slow that they are never able to date it, or to speak of it as a single, definite act. Sometimes the light breaks as in our land comes the dawn, soft and gray, and with long twilight; sometimes as in eastern climes, where day leaps on the earth full born. But there is no need to argue about these things; they are matters of every-day experience; and a full recognition of them is one of the commonplaces of every evangelical pulpit.

[1] Edinburgh. [2] "The Varieties of Religious Experience," pp. 227-8.

(3) Closely linked with the doctrine of Conversion is Wesley's doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit. Wesley taught not only that all men may be saved, but that all men may know they are saved. When the Great Revival began, writes Dr. Dale, "the religious life of England—its best religious life—was wanting in buoyancy, courage, vigor, adventure, and even among devout men that joy of the Holy Ghost which can never be known apart from the certainty of personal salvation was not general. But Wesley knew that he himself had received from God the direct assurance of the forgiveness of sins and of his Divine sonship. He refused to believe that this was an exceptional privilege, inaccessible to other men. What *he* had received, every man that believed in Christ might receive, for the glorious blessings which God has given to men in Christ are the common inheritance of all believers. From the very first, therefore, he insisted that no man should rest until the same Divinely authenticated certainty came to him."[1] And the preaching of that rediscovered truth was like the ringing of innumerable bells which for generations had hung silent and joyless in dark, forsaken towers. The early Methodists set their faith to music, and the music breaks out continually in their glorious hymnology—

My God, the spring of all my joys,
  The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
  And comfort of my nights.

And again—

Happy the souls to Jesus joined
  And saved by grace alone,
Walking in all His ways they find
  Their heaven on earth begun.

They did not know—the men who sang these hymns—the sunless gulfs of doubt; they trod the sunlit heights of faith. They could not sing the sad litanies of sorrow; they shouted the jubilant Te Deums of triumph and of gladness.

My soul looks back to see
  The burden Thou didst bear
When hanging on the accursed tree,
  And hopes her guilt was there—

so wrote Isaac Watts, the sweet singer of English Nonconformity. "Nay," cried the Methodist, "And *knows* her guilt was there";

[1] "Fellowship with Christ," p. 238.

and so to this day the hymn stands in every Methodist hymn book. And not in our hymn book only, but so is it written in every Methodist heart. There is no part of the great tradition committed to our trust that we prize more than this, or that we guard with a more jealous care. Our people are not, as a rule, quickly sensitive to differing shades of theological thought, and on some subjects it might be possible for a preacher to teach questionable doctrine without exciting any general alarm among his hearers; but a false note in the pulpit on this subject would be detected and resented at once. The joyful assurance of the favor of God is one of the chief marks of a Methodist. But for this, as Dr. Dale has said, Methodism would never have had its great army of lay preachers and class leaders. And still more this is the doctrine which belongs in a peculiar sense to the common people of Methodism. Give them this in reality and in power, and they will not complain, though you give them little else. But withhold this, and though you give them all else, they will still feel as men who have been robbed of their spiritual birthright.[1]

(4) I close these brief notes on Methodist doctrine with a reference to the dark and awful problem of Future Retribution. In Dr. Dale's summary of the characteristic doctrines of the Evangelical Revival, "those which its preachers were constantly reiterating and on which they insisted most vehemently," he names as the fourth and last, "the eternal suffering to which they believed that those are destined who have heard the Christian Gospel in this life and rejected it."[2] He then goes on to point out, in words which I could wish to transfer bodily to my own pages, the great change which the belief of large numbers of persons now belonging to Evangelical Churches has undergone in relation to this subject. There are some—their number is probably small—who have accepted what is commonly known as the theory of Universal Restoration, who believe, *i.e.*, that all men will certainly at last reach the blessedness and glory of eternal union with God. Others again there are—and it is well known that Dale himself was one of them—whose study of the New Testament has led them to the conclusion that men possess immortality only in Christ, and that consequently those in this world who have rejected Him are destined to eternal destruction, to a second death from which there is no resurrection. Others again can reach no definite and positive position; they find in the

[1] A few sentences in this section are taken from my little volume "Memoranda Paulina."

[2] "The Old Evangelicalism and the New," p. 37.

words of Christ and His Apostles apparently conflicting teaching. Such, according to Dale, is the present position of the doctrine in our Evangelical Churches. How far are his words true of Methodism? That we have been greatly influenced by the general modification of belief it is impossible to deny, though how far the change has gone it is not easy to say. So far as I am able to judge, dogmatic Universalism finds no place amongst us at all. A few, perhaps, especially since the publication of Dr. Joseph Agar Beet's work on the "Last Things," have been looking toward the doctrine of Conditional Immortality for relief from the agonizing burden of the old belief. But the overwhelming majority of those to whom a restatement of their faith has become a necessity, would probably prefer to class themselves among those who can reach no definite and positive conclusion. I am told, on the highest authority, that the late Dr. Moulton, who held an unrivalled position in Wesleyan Methodism as a saintly scholar, was wont, in private, to describe his own attitude as one of "reverent agnosticism." The phrase not inaptly describes the state of mind of multitudes of his younger brethren to-day. On the one hand they can receive neither Universal Restoration nor Conditional Immortality, for they are resolved to be loyal to the New Testament, and they do not find either of these doctrines there. On the other hand, they dare not speak as did many of their fathers of the doom of the lost, for neither can they find warrant for this in the words either of Christ or His Apostles. Therefore they are agnostics. Yet this does not mean that they doubt the reality of future penalty, or are silent concerning it. Again I say, their aim is to be loyal to Christ; and since He warned men of the consequences of sin, they dare not cease to warn them too, "The words of Christ," they believe with Dr. Dale, "however indefinite they may be with regard to the kind of penalty which is to come upon those who live and die in revolt against God, and however indefinite they may be with regard to the duration of the penalty, are words which shake the heart with fear." Of this they are sure; beyond this they know nothing, and can say nothing.[1]

[1] In a letter dated September 2, 1881, Dr. Alexander Maclaren writes: "I do not believe that the New Testament shuts us up to the Eternal Punishment theory. There seem to me to be two streams of representation in it, one of which, if taken in all its width of possible meaning, seems to assert it, *e.g.*, 'These shall go away,' etc., and the parallel passages; the other, which, taken in all *its* width of possible meaning, seems to assert universal restoration, *e.g.*, the great passage in Ephesians i. and its parallels. Whichever theory is taken, one set of Scripture passages must be somewhat strained to cover it. I therefore believe that it is intended to

The Characteristic Spirit of Methodism

OF the last division of my subject—the characteristic spirit of Methodism—I have left myself but little time to speak. What was it for which the early Methodists cared supremely? The answer, I think, is not difficult to give. Let me state it negatively first. They were not, as has already been said, great students of theology. It interested them, but rather for their work's sake than for its own sake. Indeed, the whole movement can hardly be said to have produced any really great theologian, or left behind it any permanent literary memorial. The Calvinistic controversy, which raged with such sound and fury during many years of Wesley's life, yielded an immense crop of books and pamphlets, but very little which, for the credit of the controversialists themselves, one would not rather forget. Mr. Lecky, it is true, thinks that the literature of the moment has scarcely obtained adequate recognition in literary history,[1] but nothing that he says makes necessary any modification of the statement which has just been made. One has only to glance at such a summary of the literature of the Revival as is given in Canon Overton's little volume,[2] to see how small was the contribution which eighteenth-century Methodism made to the permanent stores of English theology. Neither was it greatly concerned with the disciplining and moral perfecting of those whom it had rescued from sin and brought to God. That a great moral reformation followed the preaching of the Gospel goes without saying. There is justice, nevertheless, in the criticism that the movement as a whole lacked "ethical originality"; it too often failed "to afford to those whom it had restored to God a lofty ideal of practical righteousness and a healthy, vigorous, moral training." And if Methodism thought too little of ethics, and still less of theology, least of all did it care about politics. The idea which of late years has laid hold of our minds with such strength, that the State no less than the Church is a Divine institution, and

reserve the question of the eternal condition of rebellious wills, hidden beneath a veil of solemn mystery. . . . So, on the whole, I leave the fate of these unbelieving souls in the solemn darkness where, I think, the Bible leaves it, assured that each will go to '*his own* place' for which he is fitted by character, and believing that, without any theory on the duration, there is enough in the fact of future retribution to make the Gospel precious as a means of escape from it as well as for higher reasons."

[1] "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," vol. iii., p. 120.

[2] "The Evangelical Revival in the Eighteenth Century" ("Epochs of Church History Series"), ch. vii.

that it is every man's duty before God to see that his country is well governed, had little or no place in the minds of the early Methodists. "You have nothing to do," Wesley told his Helpers, "but to save souls." The two hymns most frequently sung, it is said, during the first century and a quarter of our history were—

> A charge to keep I have,

and

> Be it my only wisdom here
> To serve the Lord with filial fear.

Even to this day the *bête noir* of many excellent members of our Church is what is sometimes termed the "political Dissenter." No, it was not to the reconstruction of theology, nor yet to the application of the law of Christ to the whole life of man in the manifold relations of modern civilization, that the Methodism of the first days gave its best strength. It was not for these things that it cared supremely, but, as Dale says again, "for men, for living men who were to be saved or lost, on whom it had to press, with tears and agony and prayers, the Gospel of Christ in order to save them."[1] The birth-throes of early Methodism were its passion to win men for God; let this be done, they said, and all will be well. This was the spirit of the Methodism of our fathers. Is it ours to-day?

We may justly claim, I think, to have done something to remedy some of the defects of which I have spoken in the old Evangelical ideal. Our preaching to-day takes without doubt a wider ethical range. Ruskin's words, that if Christianity is good for anything it is good for everything, have become one of the stock commonplaces of our pulpits. All the Lord's prophets now must needs prophesy concerning what are called the "questions of the hour." Moreover, though we should resent as strongly as ever any attempt to make our Church the ally of any political party, we no longer believe that politics are of the devil. Our people have learned that if the will of God is to be done on earth, Christian men must take their share of public burdens; they must be ready to serve him on Boards of Health, in Town Councils, and in the House of Commons no less than as leaders and office-bearers of the Church. In a word, Methodism has to-day what for so long it lacked—a civic conscience.

Of our attitude toward the problems of theology it is not possible, I fear, to speak with the same satisfaction. Theology as yet has not come to its own among us. We have suffered, as

[1] "The Old Evangelicalism and the New," p. 21.

all the Churches have suffered, from the popular but unspeakably foolish depreciation of this, the loftiest form of intellectual activity. Of fervent evangelists and earnest, practical workers, of wise and far-seeing statesmen we have no serious lack; but the great Christian thinker is wanting. It is not altogether to our credit that, with one or two exceptions, the most influential teachers of Methodism during the last quarter of a century have not themselves been Methodists. Paradox though it may sound, the chief Methodist theologian of recent years has been Robert William Dale, the Congregationalist. The situation, as any thoughtful person must realize, is full of peril. At any moment some great question may be sprung upon us for which, through lack of competent leadership, we are wholly unprepared; a panic may ensue and, as has more than once happened in circumstances of this kind, the controversy may be closed not by answering the question but by ejecting the questioner.[1]

And yet, important as this matter is — far more important probably than most of us suppose — it can never be for us the primary matter. We Methodists ought to care for Christian ethics; we ought to care much more than we do for Christian theology; but it is for men, for dying men who need the gospel of the grace of God, for whom we must care supremely. From the very beginning we have had our place among the Churches of Christendom, not by reason of the breadth of our social sympathies, or the greatness of our intellectual service, but because of our "brave and fervent spirit of aggressive evangelism." If we let that go we have torn up our charter, we have forfeited our right to be. We may still go on discussing "questions of the hour," and feeding the souls of the hungry with little, half-baked expositions of great social problems, but our work will be done, and it will not be long before the savorless salt cast forth of God is trodden under foot of men. It was, I repeat, the passion to win men for God which first made of us a people; and when that holy fire burns no more upon our altars, Methodism will have become what your great New England poet has described — a

> Ruined shrine
> Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;
> The bat and owl inhabit here,
> The snake nests in the altar stone,
> The sacred vessels moulder near,
> The image of the God is gone.

[1] See "The Present Desiderata of Theology," by Dr. J. Stalker. ("Expositor," fourth series, vol. i., p. 241.)

But, brethren, we are persuaded better things of you, and we bid you to believe better things of us. We are not recreant to our fathers' faith; we are not traitors to their solemn trust. Our work — ours and yours — is not done; the best is yet to be. This is not the time, it never is the time, for noisy self-congratulations or unhallowed boastings, but I should fail in a plain duty if I did not bring to you from across the sea a word of encouragement and hope. A breath from the upper heavens has fallen again upon our English Methodism. A new spirit is stirring within her, or rather the old spirit is awake once more, that "brave and fervent spirit of aggressive evangelism," which was her chiefest glory in her greatest days. God gave us Hugh Price Hughes, a leader and evangelist after Wesley's own heart, and God has taken him away, but not until through him the Church to which he gave his life had been led back to its first love and its first works. More, perhaps, than any of us yet know we owe to him the revival in our midst of the only kind of evangelism by which England can be won and held for Christ — the evangelism in which zeal and culture, religion and theology, the heart and the intellect, are yoked in one common service, the evangelism of John Wesley and the Apostle Paul. And while that spirit lives and is strong in her sons Methodism cannot die, her work is not done.

MONDAY AFTERNOON

JUNE 29

ADDRESS

By Henry Cruise Murphy Ingraham

At the Laying of the Corner-Stone of the John Bell Scott Memorial

WE are met in conformity with an ancient and honored custom. These noble buildings about us have had *their* gatherings to celebrate the laying of *their* corner-stones. Many of the churches and cathedrals throughout our land rest upon corner-stones laid with the prayers of the clergy and the blessings of God. Far back through the ages the custom has been revered. That venerable society which looks to Solomon as its founder cherishes the tradition that he, in all his glory, laid the foundation of that temple in Jerusalem whose fame can never perish from the earth; and far back of Solomon's time we hear the voice of the Lord inquiring of Job, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth . . . or who laid the *corner-stone* thereof, when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

This building is to be the John Bell Scott Memorial, a Laboratory of Physical Science; and is the munificent gift of Mr. Charles Scott of Philadelphia, who, for twenty-four continuous years has been conspicuous for his faithfulness and usefulness in the Board of Trustees of Wesleyan University, and of his son, Mr. Charles Scott, Jr., who was graduated from this University in 1886.

These two men, with a generosity more easy for us to admire than to imitate, but which it would be delightful to have imitated, have appropriated over $100,000 for its erection. Such a benefaction fills our hearts with gratitude.

It is a matter of heartfelt regret that the ill health of Mr. Charles Scott, Sr., deprives us of his presence on this occasion. It is a great delight, however, that Mr. Charles Scott, Jr., is

present, and will lay the corner-stone of this Memorial; and it is meet and proper that we should rejoice with prayer and hymn and ceremony over the inception of this building, conceived, as it has been, in wisdom, and made possible by the love of its donors for a noble son and brother, and by their loyalty to the University and to the investigation of truth.

The poet sees that "Earth's crammed with heaven." The scientist finds that earth's crammed with truth, imperishable, unchangeable truth. And the knowledge of these truths is useful to man. Indeed, it was long ago asked, "Shall we not as well discern the riches of Nature's warehouse as the benefit of her shop? *Is truth ever barren?*"

Mr. John Bell Scott was born February 17, 1862, and was graduated from Wesleyan University in 1881. He was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. On returning home to Philadelphia, after graduation, he entered the University of Pennsylvania, and there pursued the study of medicine for two years, and then broke off to engage in business with his father. But in 1896 he returned again to his medical studies. There often comes to a noble soul in his early manhood a sense of duty to his fellow-men, and a response from within of conscious ability, and a willingness to meet the duty. The character of such a man, not infrequently, seems to be an inheritance from both his parents. And so it was that this young man suddenly awoke to find himself endowed with the resoluteness, resourcefulness, executive ability and perseverance of his father, and with the kindly, unselfish devotion to others' welfare, of that mother whose determination and faith knew no defeat, but ever converted the ideal into the real. So this young man, while pursuing his medical studies, devoted himself to the service of the young men of the University and of the City.

It was at this time that Mr. H. H. Houston erected, as a memorial to his son, the ample and costly building of the Houston Club at the University of Pennsylvania for the accommodation of the students of the University in their social and religious life. At the solicitation of Provost Harrison, Mr. Scott organized the club, and also in connection therewith conducted the Young Men's Christian Association of the University.

Mr. Scott believed in Prohibition, and I am informed that he was for some years the leader of the Prohibition party both in his city and in his State. He was not ambitious for public office. Yet he believed it to be the duty of every man to publicly avow

his convictions on civic questions, and, therefore, to this end he allowed himself to be at one time or another a candidate of that party for nearly every office of the city of Philadelphia and of the State of Pennsylvania. He was also for years the acting secretary and a manager of the Law and Order Association of his city.

He was loyal to his country. When the call of our Government was made for service in the Spanish-American War in 1898 he hastened to Washington and offered his services as an assistant surgeon in the navy. This position was denied him because he had not yet received his degree in the medical course. Resourceful and undaunted, he forthwith called upon President McKinley and, telling him that he was a licensed preacher, asked for a position as a chaplain in the navy. The President, pleased with his ingenuity and zeal, at once directed the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, to commission Mr. Scott as acting chaplain of the U. S. Cruiser *St. Paul* with the rank of lieutenant. It is believed that this is the only appointment to the position of acting chaplain ever made in the history of the navy. Lieutenant Scott immediately made himself felt not only as chaplain but as assistant to the surgeon, and quickly gained the affections of the officers and men of the cruiser. One of the officers of the *St. Paul* says that on no United States war-ship were religious exercises so well attended by officers as on the *St. Paul*, and that the officers all went to hear Lieutenant Scott because he always had something helpful to say, and said it in an attractive way.

But, alas! the excessive heat of Cuba and the ardor of his own energy in performing these double services, both to the bodies and souls of the officers and the men upon the cruiser, were more than strength could endure, and, overcome with fever, he was obliged to leave the ship on the 7th of July and return home to his wife and child and parents and brother and sisters and fellow-citizens, to die a martyr to the cause of humanity and the freedom of the Cubans. He died on July 15, 1898.

Thus closed, too soon, the work of John Bell Scott among his fellow-men. In these few years of early manhood he had made himself essential to the happiness and welfare of many. Though holding positions to which belonged salaries, he always declined such compensation, seeking no other satisfaction than the consciousness of duty performed. The students of the University of Pennsylvania placed in the main hall of the Houston Club a memorial tablet on which were engraved the most affectionate

and appreciative sentiments, prepared by Professor Josiah H. Penniman, Dean of the University.

Since preparing this address I have received a letter from Provost Harrison from which I would like to read. He says:

> DEAR SIR: Mr. John Bell Scott was a well-beloved student of the University of Pennsylvania, and President of the Houston Club at the time of his death. I knew him very well, and he was a young man of the highest character and of the highest purpose. . . . His name and influence will not be forgotten at the University of Pennsylvania.
>
> Very sincerely yours,
> C. C. HARRISON.

The Young Men's Christian Association also spread upon their minutes a brief account of his life, concluding with these words:

> Attractive in appearance, unusually bright in mind, a ready speaker, full of enthusiasm and energy, and of a kind heart and of a generous spirit, he was peculiarly fitted to lead and help young men. For more than ten years, when health permitted, he labored unceasingly in connection with this organization. The intelligence of his death was received with profound sorrow by the members of the Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia, and by hundreds of others who have been helped from time to time by his sympathetic Christian service.

How wise is the conception of this gift and the selection of the location for this Memorial! It is not to be situated away from mankind, but it is to stand among the friends of Mr. Scott, where the eyes that shall look upon it will be loving eyes. It is not to be in some overcrowded city, but in this charming New England town amidst groves and hills and streams of living waters, and in an atmosphere vibrant with the songs of birds. Mr. Scott spent most of his manhood, and did most of his work, in a university, and it seems peculiarly fitting that this Memorial should stand not in some mart of trade, or some hidden churchyard, but surrounded by the atmosphere and associations of a university.

And the *very spot* on which it is to stand seems to me, at least, most appropriate. When some beautiful spire rises above a grand cathedral, is it not so that the cathedral gives grandeur to the spire? And will not this spot, so elevated, so conspicuous, with such favorable outlook upon the college grounds and buildings and upon the town, be made more attractive by this building, and, in kindly response, make more impressive the beauty of the Memorial?

Is it not wise also, that this building, while it shall be a Memorial, shall *not* be a Memorial to the exclusion of all other

uses? Our cemeteries are beautiful with the monuments to their silent tenants. A grateful people often make the forms of their heroes in enduring stone or bronze or build lofty shafts to their memory. The Pharaohs builded the pyramids for their own sepulchres. Artemisia erected one of the seven wonders of the world as a tomb for her deceased husband, Mausolus. These Memorials are magnificent expressions, either of the public gratitude, or of the power of kings, or of the affection of the living for the dead.

But the building which is to arise upon this corner-stone is to be more than a tribute to the dead; it is to do something more than to awaken our admiration and amazement. It is to make the University more attractive, and more useful in the future, than ever it has been in the past; it is to be a temple dedicated to the investigation and discovery of those truths which God has concealed in Nature, and which it is the province and the glory of man to reveal; it is to be a laboratory wherein the energies of inanimate matter shall be made subservient to the uses of man.

As unnumbered youths shall throng these grounds in the coming years, this laboratory will help them to find here that ideal University, in which, Mr. Huxley says, "a man should be able to obtain instruction in all forms of knowledge, and discipline in the use of all the methods by which knowledge is obtained . . . and the very air he breathes should be charged with that enthusiasm for truth, that fanaticism of veracity, which is a greater possession than much learning, a nobler gift than the power of increasing knowledge; by as much greater and nobler than these, as the moral nature of man is greater than the intellectual."

After the conquest of Jerusalem by Pompey the Great, it is said that he went, with the manner and spirit of a Roman conqueror, to the temple, and with profane hands thrust aside the curtain to the Holy of Holies and entered into the presence of the Shekinah. But he saw no light. His curiosity was unhallowed. He was one of those whom Christ characterized by this question to his disciples: "Having eyes, see ye not?"

May the students that enter this temple in their search for knowledge, come, not with prejudices and antagonism and unwillingness to accept the truth, but may they remember the saying of Lord Bacon in regard to the study of Nature: "It is a point fit and necessary in the front and beginning of this work,

without hesitation or reservation, to be professed, that it is no less true in this human kingdom of knowledge than in God's kingdom of heaven, that no man shall enter into it except he become first as a little child."

May the students of coming generations as they use this gift ever emulate that nobility of character which this building is intended to commemorate.

At the actual laying of the corner-stone, on Tuesday, the following remarks were made by

CHARLES SCOTT, JR.

FRIENDS, permit me in the name of my father and myself to thank you sincerely for the honor and respect you have shown the memory of my brother by your attendance at these exercises, and also for the many loving words you have spoken of him.

I now declare laid the corner-stone of the John Bell Scott Memorial, Laboratory of Physical Science. When this building shall have been erected and dedicated to its intended use, may those who occupy it for years to come ever hold in loving remembrance him whose name it bears, and in whose memory, and to the Glory of God, it is given.

THE BOX DEPOSITED IN THE CORNER-STONE CONTAINED THE FOLLOWING PAPERS AND PHOTOGRAPHS:

Charter and By-laws of Wesleyan University.
Supplement to the "Alumni Record" of Wesleyan University, 5th edition.
Annual Catalogue of Wesleyan University, 1902–1903.
Wesleyan University Regulations, 1902.
Rules of Wesleyan University governing Eligibility to Athletic Teams.
Wesleyan University Bulletins, Nos. 31 and 32.

Photographs of Wesleyan University Grounds and Buildings, viz.:

The Campus.	The Library.
College Row.	Judd Hall.
North College.	Observatory Hall.
South College.	The Electrical Laboratory.
Memorial Chapel.	Fayerweather Gymnasium.

Various Circulars concerning Wesleyan University, viz.:

Wesleyan University and the Wesley Bicentennial.
Celebration of the Wesley Bicentennial by Wesleyan University.
Programme of Commencement Week, 1903.
Undergraduate Life at Wesleyan.
Wesleyan, Her Record and Her Needs.
Shall I go to College?
Shall I go to Wesleyan?
Expenses at Wesleyan.
Opportunities for Self-help at Wesleyan.

Photograph of John Bell Scott.
"Wesleyan Argus," of October 12, 1898, containing notice of the death of John Bell Scott.
Copy of the Address of Mr. Henry C. M. Ingraham at the laying of this corner-stone.
Programme of the exercises of laying this corner-stone.

"Wesleyan Argus," June 10, 1903.
"Wesleyan Literary Monthly," June, 1903.
"Olla Podrida" of class of 1904.
"Christian Advocate," June 25, 1903.
"Zion's Herald," June 24, 1903.
"Middletown Tribune," June 27, 1903.
"Penny Press," June 27, 1903.
"New York Tribune," June 29, 1903.
"Boston Herald," June 29, 1903.
"Springfield Republican," June 29, 1903.
New York "Evening Post," June 27, 1903.
"Hartford Courant," June 29, 1903.

Business Card of William Mylchreest & Sons.

MONDAY EVENING

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

BY THE

REVEREND WILLIAM VALENTINE KELLEY

THAT Literature and Poetry should consent to stand together and pay tribute in the radiant light which now streams from the name and fame of John Wesley occasions no surprise. For literature and poetry played no small part in all the mighty movement of which he was the providential leader. That movement, in fact, began with literature, was born out of a Book; and a fit vignette on the title-page of its history would be the picture of a little circle of university students at Oxford, known as the Holy Club, prayerfully putting their heads and hearts together over the Greek New Testament—the most wonderful piece of literature in the world.

Macaulay said that Wesley's "eloquence and logical acuteness might have made him eminent in literature."

It is scarcely too much for us to say that they did. For he filled no small place, no mean place, in the authorship of his day. He was really a voluminous author, editing numerous books and writing not a few. As for immediate popular success in authorship, he was one of the most extensively read and largely remunerated authors of his time. How many writers were there, in all the eighteenth century, we wonder, who could make a hundred thousand dollars by their published works as he did?

And the quality of his literary product was as high as its circulation was extensive. Nothing cheap or meretricious lowered or marred the works of this classically trained Oxford scholar and highly accomplished Fellow of Lincoln. The wide popularity of his books was no more a discredit to the taste of the age than it was a damage to its morals. He had what Bushnell called the first essential to a good and great style, namely, "good and great matter." His writings are couched in what Edward FitzGerald justly and felicitously describes as "pure, unaffected, undying English." And he left some nervous and virile literature which is as indestructible as it is undu-

plicated. Not to mention anything else, there is his amazing and matchless "Journal"—as substantial and imperishable a human document as ever contained the record of a great man's life and labor; at least as real, original, unique, momentous and irremovable as Newman's "Apologia," or General Grant's "Memoirs," or—but we must beware of lowering our comparison too far. Surely it is not inappropriate for us to remark here and now at the introduction of this evening's exercises that, from the first, Literature has had intimate fellowship with, and a large place in, the wonderfully vital, expressive, and fluent life of the Wesleyan movement.

As for poetry, it was, from the beginning, as much at home in the sun-lit air of the Faith of our Fathers as a skylark is at home aloft in the morning blue, singing at Heaven's gate. If such a buoyant and victorious faith as this had been forbidden to pour out its tender and joyous passion in holy song, it would have pined away and died of love unuttered, gladness unexpressed. Tell us, O singers and judges of song, where, since "the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy," was there ever given, through any pure, melodious soul, poetry more truly inspired than are the hymns of the younger Wesley? John R. Green, the impartial historian, after speaking of the sudden illumination which the Evangelical Movement shed through England, says: "Charles Wesley came to add sweetness to this great and marvellous light."

And though Charles is the singer of Methodism, John Wesley, rigid reasoner though he was, is by no means an unpoetic soul. His corrections of his brother's exuberant verses show him to be a critic of sound judgment and good taste, while his translations of the great German hymns prove a soul of delicate poetic perception and exquisite sensibility, as well as a finished scholar and linguist.

And surely, in eminent degree, his was especially that spiritual-mindedness, that vision of things unseen, which is the prime condition of all noble poetry. His also was that fire in the bones, that high temperature of soul, that incandescence of intellect and heart, which naturally and easily flame out into poetry's lambent lines. It is true that when Dr. E. H. Chapin remarked upon "the deep and steady rapture of Wesley's heart," he discovered the dynamic centre of the great Wesleyan movement; and it is also true that from the furnace-glow, which burned in the hearts of the Wesleys and radiated through the heart of England, came the

CALEB THOMAS WINCHESTER

promise and potency of infinite poems in letters and life, in metres of earth and metres of heaven.

And now, as in the past, so here to-night, Literature and Poetry march together in the ranks of that mighty moral movement which must forever feel fresh courage and gather new inspiration whenever it takes a look at its Leader, whose bright example, swaying forward, still burns on at the front. It is meet and right, as it is our happiness, that a master of literature and a true poet, each having in the veins of his soul some impulsive ancestral strain from that apostolic ministry which runs down to our generation from Epworth rectory and the shelter of Susanna Wesley's arms, should join their voices in the tributes of this hour.

ADDRESS

By Professor Caleb Thomas Winchester

John Wesley, the Man

AT four o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, the 2d of April, 1739, in a plot of open ground just outside the city of Bristol, a preacher stood up to speak to an audience of three thousand persons crowding about him to listen. For six weeks past this audience has been hearing, in this place and in other places in the open air, the most marvellously eloquent preacher of the eighteenth century, George Whitefield; but the preacher of this afternoon they have never heard before. And he has never preached "in the fields" before, and does it now with the utmost reluctance, feeling that it is a violation of all proprieties, and almost doubting — as he said afterward — whether it were not a sin to save a soul, except it can be done in a church. No picture of the preacher of that afternoon, and no account of what he said was preserved by any of the audience;[1] they were not the kind of people who

[1] That careful student of Methodist history, Rev. W. H. Meredith, reminds me that one of Wesley's hearers, a certain William Webb, in an account of his experience given in the "Methodist Magazine" for 1807, mentions this sermon. But as Webb declares that he cannot "relate any part of the sermon, being much confused in my mind, and filled with astonishment at the minister," I leave this statement standing as substantially correct.

C. T. W.

keep journals and write letters—for the very good reason that most of them were grimy colliers who could not read or write at all. But we know the preacher was a little man, short of stature and slight of figure; his face, thin and sharply cut, is the thoughtful face of a scholar, for he is thirty-six years old, and until about a year ago he has lived the cloistered, almost ascetic, life of a Fellow of Lincoln College; his dark hair, in defiance of the fashion of that bewigged age, falls down almost upon his shoulders with just a suspicion of a curl; his faultless cassock and spotless linen, his black hose and silver shoe-buckles, betray an almost finical neatness and precision in his attire; yet he has a certain air of command, and by that steadfast level look in his eye, and the quiet, firm tone of his voice, you know before he has spoken a dozen sentences that this is one of the leaders of men. He announces as his text those words, which, as we think of him now, it hardly seems irreverent to apply to this servant of the Master who spoke them before: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor." There is no rhetoric in his sermon, no slightest attempt at oratorical effect, only a clear, simple utterance thrilling with intense, but restrained, emotion. What was the immediate result of that afternoon's sermon we do not know; but we know that in the next month John Wesley has preached again and again under the open sky till his audiences through that month, in and near Bristol, aggregate forty thousand persons. His great work has begun.

Fifty-one years after this day, one evening in the year 1790, a young Englishman—hardly more than a boy, for he was only sixteen, and an articled clerk in an attorney's office of Colchester—records that he went to hear "that veteran in the service of God," John Wesley. The preacher stood in a wide pulpit, on either side of him a minister, and the two held him up. His voice was hardly audible. "I could not make out the text," says the young hearer, "and the sermon was largely pantomime, but it went to the heart." This young attorney's clerk, Henry Crabbe Robinson, as he grew to manhood came to know and hear most of the great men of two generations in England; but he used to say that never in all his later life had he seen anything comparable to the picture of this aged preacher with the reverend countenance, the long white locks, and the gentle voice, surrounded by a vast audience of admiring and loving friends, eager to catch some words from his lips so soon to be silent. Six months later and the preacher was gone.

The half century between these two sermons, this man, John Wesley, has filled with a work such as no other Englishman of that century can begin to parallel. The record of it, merely as labor of body and mind, is astounding. In those days of slow and toilsome travelling he has travelled over 250,000 miles—the equivalent of ten times round the globe—all of it, of course, on horseback or by coach, sometimes covering from eighty to ninety miles on horseback in a single day, visiting remote fishing villages in Cornwall or mining towns in Yorkshire that the traveller to-day rarely finds. No Englishman knew the roads and bridle paths of his island from one end of it to the other half so well as he. Throughout all that fifty years, summer and winter, he has risen at four o'clock in the morning and has usually preached at five, often three or four times more in the same day. In the fifty years he estimated he had preached about thirty-five thousand times, or some twice a day for the whole half century. Nor is this all. This man is a student. Few men of his time have read more than he, albeit his reading has been mostly done on horseback. He has written, too, tracts, pamphlets, books, mostly religious of course, yet including treatises, big or little, on language, rhetoric, history, medicine, physics, so that his collected works fill thirty goodly volumes. More than all that, while his societies of plain folk, who purpose to fear God and work righteousness, have multiplied till they are found in almost every town in England and scattered over Scotland, Ireland, and America, this man has carried in his mind and on his heart the care and governance of them all; has devised rules for their discipline and guidance; slowly and half unconsciously (but with a genius for government, as Macaulay once said, not inferior to that of Richelieu) has perfected a wonderful organization to solidify and perpetuate his work; has really founded a church. And his influence has been wider even than that. He has quickened the religious life of a nation; he has almost eradicated certain forms of vice, as the smuggling on the Cornish coast; in that England of Walpole and Rigby he has trained up a class—and almost the only class—of absolutely incorruptible voters. Large results like these come, of course, from a combination of causes, and are not to be ascribed exclusively to any individual; yet to John Wesley, far more than to any other *one* man of his century, is it due that the standard of public sobriety and morals was raised all over England, and a respect for the demands and observances of religion widely diffused among the great mass of the common people, upon whom, in the last resort, depend the health and safety of the modern state.

Of this great work I am not to speak to-night. Its more distinctively religious and ecclesiastical phases were ably presented to us last evening; of its wider historical significance we shall hear from the eminent speaker of to-morrow evening. Mine is the humbler task to consider some of the characteristics of John Wesley the Man. What were his tastes, his likes and dislikes, the ruling motives of his life? How shall we picture him in the narrower relations of society and of friendship, in his habit as he lived? To answer such questions with reference to a great man is not always easy. For every leader of a great movement in society, church, or state is liable to be forgotten in the fame of his work. The man is lost in the hero or the saint. Especially if he has, as Wesley did, imposed upon the movement or the institution he originated not only his own name, but his own discipline, his own system of doctrine, his own purpose and methods, he is almost sure to become a kind of eponymous, half-mythical personage, remembered chiefly as the embodiment of his system. John Wesley was the great founder of Methodism; yes, but was he a good fellow, a genial man? What manner of man was he to talk with, work with, live with?

And it must be admitted that there are some things that make this sense of personal acquaintance specially difficult in the case of Wesley. When we would know a man intimately, we naturally and justly try to see him not merely in his public and official attitude, but in his home, in his domestic relations, and in those hours of relaxation when the natural bent of his temper asserts itself. But John Wesley had no home; and he had no hours of relaxation. Rooms were set apart for his use in the Foundry and afterward in the City Road Chapel Buildings — the London headquarters of Methodism; but he seldom occupied them more than two or three days at a time. He never had any domestic life. He was married, — after two unsuccessful attempts, — much to his misfortune; but he stipulated that he should not be expected to journey a mile the less after marriage than before. In fact, he was probably glad to travel more. He is always going somewhere — at the beginning of the month in Cornwall, at the end of it in Yorkshire. It seems a little difficult to get upon intimate terms with a man who has always preached two hours ago and is riding fifteen or twenty miles to preach again to-night. Sam Johnson, who appreciated and admired Wesley, said to Boswell once, "Mr. Wesley's conversation is very good, Sir, but he is never at leisure. He always has to go at a certain

hour; which is very disagreeable to one who loves to fold his legs and have his talk out, as I do." And Johnson was right—as usual. Wesley was never known to be in a hurry, for he was the most methodical of men—a Methodist from his cradle. He always had time, therefore, for his work; but he never had time for anything else. When a young man in college, he wrote to his father, "Leisure and I have parted company." They never met again. He would never unbend his mind in an hour of genial relaxation. In his scheme of life there was no place for such hours. When he founded a boys' school at Kingswood, his first rule was that the boys should have no time at all allowed for play. For himself, he did not believe, with Wordsworth, that we

> Can feed these minds of ours
> In a wise passiveness.

He never ruminates, never holds his mind open quietly, or waits for a mood. His whole life is a noble monotony of labor. The result is, we see the man only in activity, and see, therefore, only the public and official sides of his character. Even his "Journal," which is, on the whole, one of the three or four most interesting books of the eighteenth century, is for the most part a record of fact and not of reflection, the story of his outward life and labor. These are, I take it, the principal reasons why the life of Wesley, as some one has said, is the despair of the biographer; they explain and in part excuse the fact that the standard biography of John Wesley is a monument of dullness.

It must be admitted, further, that the character of Wesley, after you *have* become acquainted with it, presents some features more admirable than picturesque. For example, he was the most self-possessed of men. I have said he never hurried; but he never worried, either. He was never anxious. He had no moods; he was never discouraged, never elated. He never let himself go. *He* was not the man to fling his inkstand at the devil. On his eighty-fifth birthday he writes in his "Journal" that he has never lost a night's sleep, sick or well, on land or sea, since he was born; though here his memory slipped slightly,—as was natural at eighty-five,—for fifteen years before he records that, while crossing the Irish Channel, he has lain awake all night, for the first and only time in his life. The correct record seems to be, one night in eighty-five years. Now, such an equable temper is certainly a gift to be thankful for if you have it, and to be

coveted if you have it not; but it as certainly does not tend to give that light and shade which make a man's story picturesque.

Then, so far as I can see, Wesley had very little gift of humor; which is a serious privation in our dull-colored world. He was cheerful — that came of his temperament; and he had a very pretty wit, usually with a satiric edge and drawn out only in some mood of controversy. You expect wit from every man of any eminence in the eighteenth century. But of that sympathetic enjoyment of all the manifold contrasts and incongruities of life which we call humor, I think Wesley had very little. That usually implies a habit of leisurely observation, which, as I have said, was foreign to his temperament. It is a pity; for think what an opportunity there was for the exercise of that fortunate gift. The great middle class of English people, the class full of the most varied, racy, humorous life, Wesley knew, or might have known, better than all the novelists of the century put together. He lived with them for fifty years, was their friend, adviser, father confessor. But you would never guess that he saw the humors of their life. There were thousands of Mrs. Poysers among these early Methodists; there must have been or the movement wouldn't have been so healthy; but Wesley never met them. I spoke just now of the "Journal" as one of the interesting books of the century; but if Wesley could have put into it the humor of that genial old hero, his father, rector of Epworth, the "Journal" might have been, like Boswell's "Johnson," a book that no intelligent man could leave unread. But John Wesley was the child of his mother; and humor, I think, was not among the many gifts the great Susanna Wesley could bequeath to her son.

As it is, almost the only humorous pages of the "Journal" are those of which Wesley himself had no suspicion. For instance, he set down gravely these statements in the same paragraph: "Saturday, Feb. 2. Having received a full answer from Mr. P., I was clearly resolved that I ought to marry. For many years I remained single because I believed I could be more useful in a single than in a married state. I now as fully believed that in my present circumstances I might be more useful in a married state; into which I entered a few days after. Wed. Feb. 6. I met the single men, and showed them on how many accounts it was good for those who had received that gift from God to remain single for the kingdom of heaven's sake."

I don't suppose Wesley ever suspected any one might smile on reading that paragraph. On one occasion, when he was riding with a number of his friends from one preaching place to another, the party was assailed by a mob, who pelted the carriage with stones; but says Wesley, gravely, "a very large gentlewoman sat in my lap and screened me, so that nothing came near me." What special providence screened the large gentlewoman he doesn't say. First and last, there are a good many passages like these, in which, if the humor *is* intentional, it certainly is "extra dry."

Yet he must be strangely prejudiced or strangely dull who finds John Wesley an uninteresting man. If the biographies are rather lifeless, one can leave them alone, and, turning to the "Journal" and the "Letters," frame from them a picture of the man as he was. If I were to characterize this man as I understand him, I should say, first of all, that John Wesley was a gentleman. He made that impression upon every one: upon men of the world as well as upon men of religion; upon people of the highest rank and people of the lowest. When Beau Nash, the radiant dandy who assumed for a time to govern the world of fashion, vexed to find that some of his great folk in Bath were going with all the rest of the world to hear the field preacher, interrupted and attempted to forbid Wesley's preaching, he found himself no match for the dignified courtesy of the quiet preacher. The Beau lost his head after a sentence or two and began to scold. "Your preaching frightens people out of their wits." "Sir, did you ever hear me preach?" "No." "How then can you judge of what you have never heard?" "Sir, by common report." "But common report is not enough; give me leave to ask you, sir, is not your name Nash?" "My name is Nash." "Sir, I dare not judge *you* by common report; I think it is not enough to judge by!" The dandy retired, still further discomfited, as he went, by an old woman in the crowd who called out: "You take care of your body, Mr. Nash, and we take care of our souls."

Some years later that veneered old pagan, the typical Epicurean of the eighteenth century, Horace Walpole, heard Wesley at Bath after the Society had got to itself a chapel and a choir that sang the Methodist hymns, Walpole owned, very prettily. Walpole, of course, did not think very highly of the sermon or of the audience; but he was evidently impressed by the appearance and bearing of the preacher. The truth is, Wesley had by birth the instincts of a gentleman. His father and grandfather and great-

grandfather were all clergymen of the Church of England, all Oxford men, men who carried into whatever narrow or adverse circumstance of life clean tastes and gentle manners. In the outer, less important matters of attire and personal appearance Wesley himself was the most precise of mortals. The very plainness of his dress was a proof not of carelessness but of austerity of taste. In the stories of his encounters with mobs, as he tells them in the "Journal," I have noticed that no less than ten times he mentions, as if it were a physical injury, that some dirt was thrown upon his coat or hat. The one proverb of his that everybody knows is "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

It is true that he had an aversion for what called itself the fashionable society of his time, for he thought it vapid and essentially vulgar. And it was. Never before, perhaps never since, has English society been more unintelligent, more given to loud ostentation, than in the second third of the eighteenth century—the age of George II. and Queen Caroline and Prince Fred and Robert Walpole and Bubb Dodington; the age of gaming, and raffling-shops and chocolate-houses; of low morals and bad taste. Nor did Wesley think much better of this society when one or two of its fine ladies, turning devout, adopted Mr. Whitefield and made Methodism for a little time the fad of the hour. It is easy to see that he sometimes had a little difficulty in keeping his patience at Whitefield's unctuous compliments to the "elect ladies." The truth is, Whitefield could never quite forget the marvellous providence that had taken him from the tap-room of his mother's inn to be a minister of grace to duchesses. But Wesley had that best evidence of real breeding—entire unconsciousness of social differences. In whatsoever society, he took himself for granted.

But Wesley is not to be thought of as insensible to the charm of intelligent and refined society. It was not from natural inclination that he turned away from such society and gave his life largely to other classes of people. His native temperament was dignified, scholarly, exclusive. Once, and once only, in his life did he find himself placed in surroundings altogether congenial; that was while he was in residence as Fellow at Lincoln College in Oxford. The companionship of a small number of selected friends, the invitation to the life of calm study and reflection, the grave beauty of the storied academic town—they all combined to win his heart. When his aged father asked him to leave this cloistered life, come home to the rudeness of a wild northern

parish, and take the living of Epworth, it is small wonder that John Wesley found twenty-six different reasons why he should stay where he was. I think the most of them were really selfish reasons; for Wesley was not yet ready to deny himself and take up his cross—he was yet in the ascetic or monastic stage of his religious life: but they were very natural reasons. Had he followed his own preferences he would never have left Oxford at all. Those days were bright in memory all his life; and now and then he breaks out in some irrepressible longing to have them back again. At the close of a specially toilsome year he writes to his brother Charles: "I often cry out, *Redde me vitae priori*—let me be again an Oxford Methodist." I am persuaded we do not justly estimate the nobility of Wesley's work, until we realize how much sacrifice of all that was most congenial it must have cost him. Some of the incidental records in the "Journal" seem to me to have a kind of half-pathetic suggestiveness: for example, when in his eighty-first year he made a brief trip to Holland,—that he enjoyed with all the eager curiosity of a boy,—he notes in his "Journal," two or three times, that all the people he meets are delightfully refined and courteous; that one of his hosts speaks Latin very correctly, and "is of a most easy and affable bearing"; that his hostess another day receives him "with that easy openness and affability which," he says, "is almost peculiar to Christians *and persons of quality*."

Wesley's work was mostly done with and for the great English middle class, especially in towns; and that because he saw, with the sure instinct of the reformer, that here was a great section of society, rapidly increasing in numbers and influence, who were largely unchurched, and to whom the Church of England, through its regular forms of worship and service, could not—or at all events did not—minister. But he carried into his work with these people the tastes and instincts of the gentleman. He had in very eminent degree the two qualities that, by common consent, mark the gentleman, wherever he may be—courtesy and courage. His courtesy was of the finest sort, which I take to be democratic. His never thought it necessary to vulgarize his message to any audience whatsoever, or to make any concessions to coarseness. On the other hand, he never held himself above his hearers, or took any superior or distant air. He talked with a mechanic or tradesman as he talked with a lord. There was a quiet dignity in his manner that commanded respect and imitation. When, one afternoon, he was surrounded by a boisterous

crowd in Ratcliffe Square, London, after an opening word or two he said, "Friends, let every man do as he pleases; but it is my manner when I speak of the things of God, or another does, to uncover my head"— which he did; and instantly the whole crowd followed his example. "Then," says Wesley, "I exhorted them to repent and believe the Gospel." One of his preachers noticed that he was always careful to take off his hat whenever poor people thanked him for anything. The man who exerted the greatest influence upon English manners at the middle of the eighteenth century, I say, was not my Lord Chesterfield, or any of his ilk; it was John Wesley.

As for courage, John Wesley never knew what fear meant. Danger could not even quicken his pulse. He would have made the coolest of officers in action. Before the angriest mob the slight little man never lost his perfect self-possession, even his dignified courtesy. He says in the "Journal" simply that he has found it best always to face a mob. Whenever possible, he tried to single out the leaders and address them personally. At St. Ives, in Cornwall, for example, as he was preaching in the evening, the mob of the town broke into the room, roaring and striking as if possessed with devils. "I would fain have persuaded our people to stand still," says Wesley, "but the zeal of some and the fear of others had no ears. So that, finding the uproar increase, I went into the midst and brought the leader of the mob with me up to the desk. I received but one blow on the side of the head; after which we reasoned the case, till he grew milder and milder, and at length undertook to quiet his companions." A little later, in Falmouth, an angry mob assailed the house where he was staying, shouting, "Bring out the Canorum! Bring out the Canorum!" and finding the door locked proceeded to break it open. As the door fell in, Wesley stepped out and calmly said, "Good evening. Here I am. Which of you has anything to say to me? To which of you have I done any wrong? To you? To you? To you?" And so continuing speaking as he stepped forward, he reached the middle of the street, and then, addressing the crowd, said, "Neighbors, do you wish to hear me speak?" "Yes, yes!" the crowd yelled, "Let him speak; he shall speak; nobody shall hinder him!" And then he spoke. At Plymouth, after talking a quarter of an hour, and finding the violence of the rabble increasing, he walked down into the thickest of them and took the captain courteously by the hand. The fellow immediately said: "Sir, I will see you safe home. No man

shall touch you. Gentlemen, stand back; I will knock down the first man that touches him." "And so," says Wesley, "he walked to my lodgings and we parted in much love." But the crowd had followed too, and Wesley stayed in the street a half-hour and talked with them till they went away, he says, in high good humor. A British mob usually has respect for a gentleman, and it always admires pluck; in such encounters Wesley was almost uniformly master of the situation. He never resisted, of course, or lifted a hand in his own defence; but not infrequently, as in the instances just mentioned, his coolness won the admiration of the leaders of the mob, who pronounced him "game" and declared themselves ready to challenge all comers in his behalf. In a turbulent meeting in London, a big Thames bargeman lifted up his brawny front, and squaring himself to the audience called out, "What that man says is right; I say so, and not a man here shall dare to say otherwise."

Every reader of the "Journal" remembers the mobs of the adjoining Staffordshire towns of Wednesbury and Walsal. Early in the evening Wesley, with his usual nerve and tact, had succeeded in conciliating the leaders of the Wednesbury mob that threatened his life, and then all its members, till they professed themselves his friends and ready to shed their blood in his defence. Not wishing, however, to give up their night's sport altogether, they were escorting Wesley to a magistrate in Walsal, when they met a larger mob approaching from that town, and at once proceeded to shed some blood in defence of their prisoner. They were overpowered, however, and Wesley found himself in the hands of a more violent rabble, who dragged him through the streets of Walsal, frightening the magistrates who should have defended him, and howling, "Hang him! Kill him!" But again Wesley got leave to speak before they proceed to extremities. As he paused, after speaking a few moments, the leader of the mob, a burly prize-fighter, suddenly stepping out from the howling, angry crowd, said to Mr. Wesley: "Sir, keep close to me; no man shall harm a hair of your head. I will spend my life for you." And so, under this protection, forced through the shouting crowd, and carried on the shoulders of his champion across a stream to avoid a threatening rabble on the bridge, Wesley reached his lodgings in safety, having lost "a little skin from the back of my hand, and one flap of my waistcoat torn off." The big prize-fighter, five days later, was received into the Society, and was a stout and exemplary Methodist for fifty years.

But I find proof of a higher sort of courage than this in the calmness with which Wesley bore the attacks upon his character and work. Naturally conservative and order-loving, he was accused of upsetting all reverend traditions and becoming usages; clear-headed, logical, hating enthusiasm, he was accused of spreading an irrational frenzy over the country and turning the heads of the vulgar; the most frugal and the most generous of men, having no income through all the earlier years of his work but his allowance as Fellow of Lincoln College, and giving away most of that, he was accused of preaching the Gospel for gain, and grasping the scanty contributions of the poor; always loyal to his king and his church, he was accused of being a Jesuit, a Papist in disguise, and probably an emissary of the Pretender. And these accusations came not from enemies in the contemptuous world of fashion and licentiousness: they came from those who should have been his helpers and allies, and the harshest of all came from bishops of his own church. To have remained altogether silent under such charges would have been a proof, not of courage, but of cowardice; but I hold it to be a proof of the truest courage, the courage of a gentleman, that Wesley, though he was a master of controversy and had a native inclination to satire, in his replies to his accusers never lost his temper, never would be goaded into any discourtesy or bitterness, never belied the title of his famous reply, "A Calm Address to Men of Reason and Religion." Once only, so far as I can recall, when Lavington, Bishop of Exeter, assailed him with reckless slander, did Wesley allow himself to suggest, with some acerbity, that the bishop ought to learn a little English grammar and a little heathen honesty. But twenty years afterward I find this entry in the "Journal": "I was well pleased today to partake of the sacrament with my old opponent Bishop Lavington. O may we sit down together in the kingdom of our Father."

But, further — if I may divide my talk after the fashion of the preachers — I should say, in the second place, that Wesley was a man of remarkable mental endowment. I should call him a scholar. By which I do not mean, of course, a scholar in the modern, technical sense; he was not a man of profound learning, or of original research in any department of knowledge. I mean, rather, that he was what we may justly call a man of scholarly tastes, of open and active mind; a man of broad outlook and genuine culture. He could stand Macaulay's test of a scholar —

he could "read Plato with his feet on the fender." While his chief concern was given, as it ought to have been, to his distinctively religious work, it is easy to see from the "Journal" how keen was his interest in all things of the intellect and the imagination; not only in theology and philosophy, but in history, poetry, music, art. To use one of Matthew Arnold's pet phrases, he wanted to know the best that has been thought and done in the world. He was a tireless reader. Whenever he travelled, whether on horseback or by coach, a book was always open before him. Nobody could adopt more truly Cicero's famous praise of books, "*Delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*" Books were, indeed, almost his only companions in his lonely and wandering life. And his reading was of the best the world affords. In his constant and wearisome labors, performed mostly with and for people of scanty ideas and narrow horizon, he found refreshment and inspiration in the masterpieces of literature. One week, he has read over again Homer's Odyssey and breaks out in a fine burst of admiration for the charm of its imagery and the nobility of its morals; another day, while riding to Newcastle, he reads over again the tenth book of the Iliad; another time it is a book of the Æneid or the Letters of Cicero. The range of his reading, for a man so busy, is most remarkably wide. He was familiar not only with the great works of his own literature, but with those of the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, German, and he had a good reading knowledge of Spanish. Among the authors of classic rank that he mentions in the "Journal" are Homer, Plato, Xenophon, Demosthenes, Anacreon, Lucian, Virgil, Cicero, Juvenal, Horace, Ariosto, Tasso, Voltaire, Rousseau, Shakespeare, Milton, Cowley, Dryden, Locke, Pope, Swift, Prior, Young, Thomson, Gray, Sterne, Johnson, Ossian — and I am sure I don't know how many more that a careful examination of the "Journal" might reveal. For I recall these names not as an exhaustive list, but as authors mentioned, not merely by a word of quotation or incidental reference, but in a way to indicate that Wesley was actually reading them at the time or had long been familiar with them. How many of his successors of to-day, I wonder, in their travels by land and sea about the world, can show a record of reading like that.

But this love of good reading, though it always implies a certain breadth and distinction, is not necessarily a proof of any very high degree of originality or mental force. John Wesley, it goes without saying, was more than a man of culture; he was a man

of power. This means that he had clear intellectual perception of ends, prompt judgment upon the means to those ends, and, above all, strong and steady will to carry his purposes into effect. He bent circumstance to his plans; he accomplished things. His manners were gentle; his temper was conciliatory; but when he had once deliberately made up his mind, his determination was as inflexible as Gibraltar. I say when he had deliberately made up his mind; for the basis of Wesley's action was always strong, eighteenth-century common sense, well stiffened with logic. He was a logician from his cradle—there, again, his mother's own child, for Susanna Wesley had fully as much logic as the average woman has any use for. I shall not venture to quote literally in this presence old Samuel Wesley's witty statement that the first necessity of life to his boy Jack was a syllogism. Certainly the deliberative habit ripened early in the lad, and all his life long he insisted on giving logical reasons for his conduct. Mr. Lecky hardly puts it too strongly when he says that Wesley manifested at all times and on all subjects an even exaggerated passion for reasoning. He frequently expresses in his "Journal" dissatisfaction with the members of his societies, not on account of any irregularities in their conduct or any lack of pronounced emotional experiences, but because they are not able to give any reasons for the hope that is in them, because their faith is so unintelligent. Nothing could be further from the truth than the idea, still current, I think, in some quarters, that his own preaching was emotional or sensational in manner, and meagre or shallow in thought. Such a charge might perhaps be brought against the preaching of Whitefield with some justice, but not against that of Wesley. He is earnest, direct, solemn; but his sermons almost always have a clear logical framework, and his rhetorical manner is absolutely plain and simple. He had no patience with what he called the "amorous style of praying and luscious style of preaching" in which Whitefield and his imitators sometimes indulged. His own writing, it may be admitted, lacks breadth and suggestiveness; he sticks narrowly to his subject, and he has not the imagination to illumine or illustrate it; but no writing could be more plain and direct. His model was that most homely and vigorous of all English prose writers, Jonathan Swift, in whose style he says "all the properties of good writing are combined." His natural gift of argument had been disciplined in his university days by his duties as moderator or judge of the daily debates in Lincoln College; it is almost the only one of his gifts of which he speaks with complacency, per-

haps with a little pride. And, in fact, his writing is usually best when he is proving or confuting something.

I think, indeed, that Wesley was always a little too deferential to a syllogism. He forgot that our conclusions on most matters of any importance are not the result of a single line of argument but the resultant of many lines; nay, are often decided not by argument at all, but by sentiment and instinct. He sometimes seems ready to accept any conclusion supported by a clear course of reasoning, and thus misses a broader view of his subject.

And then Wesley, in his admiration for a good course of syllogism, sometimes neglects to inquire very carefully what has been put into the premises of his syllogism. I do not think he had in any very high degree the gift of scientific observation, or always reasoned from facts to laws or causes very correctly. His deduction was better than his induction. He has been frequently charged with credulity; the charge is worth a moment's notice, for it is not altogether without reason. Some of the instances, indeed, upon which such a charge has been based seem to me no proof of credulity, but rather — so far as I can see — of consistency, as when he expresses gratitude that a cloud slipped over the sun just as its rays became intolerably hot upon his bare head while he was preaching, or that the rain suddenly ceased as he was about to address a company of several thousand people in the open air. To assert dogmatically that these coincidences were proof of a special providential interposition in his behalf would, indeed, have been arrogant; but that is what Wesley never did. On the other hand, if a man really believe, as Wesley did and many of us profess to, in a universal providence in which no accidents are possible, it is as consistent to believe small matters included in that providence as great ones. Most of us act as if we thought the Almighty, like the physician in the next street, didn't bother himself about our little ailments or vexations, but might be induced to take concern in a serious case of typhoid or a critical surgical operation — which I take to be a kind of pagan notion.

> When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
> Will gravitation cease as you go by?

asks Pope with an air of triumph. Why, no; yet if gravitation be only an exercise of that omniscient will without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls, I may not irrationally hope that gravitation will wait till I am past — and be thankful.

The real proof of Wesley's credulity is to be found, I suppose, in the too easy credence he gave to stories of the preternatural, of dreams, visions, second-sight, ghosts, and witches. His life-long interest in such matters was first excited, doubtless, when he was a boy, by the "noises" in his father's rectory. Those mysterious knockings, and trampings, and liftings of latches, and movings of furniture continued for some two months, and were observed and recorded so carefully that it is impossible to doubt their reality and equally impossible to give any satisfactory explanation of them. They fixed in the mind of young Wesley an unalterable belief in unseen beings, and all his life long he showed an eager curiosity in any stories of their presence or influence. He emphatically expressed his belief in witches, and declared that to give up witchcraft was in effect to give up the Bible — a dilemma that I trust we need not accept. The "Journal" contains an admirable collection of tales of wonder, varying from simple cases of thought transference to the most delightfully creepy ghost stories. A few of them are too lurid to be convincing; but the most of them seem very plausibly attested, and were evidently believed by the people who told them. Wesley himself, though often careful to say that he does not impose his own belief on any one else, certainly did not always make a very careful scrutiny of these tales before accepting them. He gives one particularly entertaining story — ten pages long — of a young woman who was visited by the ghost of her uncle and by a considerable number of other spirits, whose chamber, indeed, seems to have been a kind of popular resort for all her departed friends; and with this story Wesley sets down a very odd series of comments, queries, and inferences of his own with reference to the behavior of the ghosts, which I think would hardly satisfy the requirements of strict scientific investigation.

Yet before we condemn Wesley in too superior fashion, we may remember that the most hard-headed philosopher of the age, Samuel Johnson, shared Wesley's belief, and could make an appointment with the Cock Lane Ghost in the crypt of St. Sepulchre's Church. And we may remember, too, that there *is* a well-attested body of occult phenomena, which it may not be worth while to investigate, but which candid men do not deny with contempt. In fact, Wesley's interest in such matters is not exactly a proof of credulity, but rather of a singular curiosity with reference to whatever lies on the borderland of experience. It was an extension beyond scientific limits of that intense interest in all

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JOHN WESLEY

From the portrait, now in Didsbury College, painted in 1741 by J. Williams

See p. 398, July, 1903, Century

physical facts which led him to read with avidity all accounts of chemical experiment and to follow eagerly the new science of electricity.

But if we admit there was a vein of credulity in Wesley with reference to the preternatural, we must insist that it did not vitiate his thinking on other matters, and that he did not allow it to sanction any vagaries of conduct either in himself or any one else. It might have been thought that such an interest in Wesley would have encouraged an element of superstition in his followers; but I don't find that it did. For I come back to my previous statement that the foundation of Wesley's nature was sound, solid common sense. In that respect, as in so many others, he was the child of his age. His genius was not speculative, but intensely practical. He brought everything to the test of life. You cannot find another religious reformer of anything like equal eminence who laid so little stress upon opinion and so much stress upon conduct. I need not remind you of his constant interest in all practical reforms and charities. Prison reform, needed changes in the law for debt, the more humane treatment of prisoners of war, public sanitation, the founding of dispensaries, changes in the treatment of the insane, the passing of laws to repress medical quackery,—these are only a few of the matters in which he was actively interested. He was one of the earliest advocates of a reform of the corrupt and unequal system of parliamentary representation, and his arguments were the same as those used when the reform was actually effected, seventy years later. When in his eighty-third year he wrote a long letter to William Pitt—then just come into power—calling attention to some much needed changes in the system of English taxation; and the very last letter he ever penned, with failing hand, six days before his death, was addressed to Wilberforce, bidding that young champion God-speed in his great work of the abolition of slavery in the British colonies.

But we need not look beyond his own system of religious organization to find proof of the intensely practical order of his genius. It is the phase of Wesley's work that has received most frequent and emphatic commendation from the historians. "A genius for government not inferior to that of Richelieu," says Macaulay. "The first of theological statesmen," is Buckle's phrase. "His talent for business and for spiritual influence command equally our wonder; no such leader of men appeared in the eighteenth century," says Leslie Stephen. "A wider constructive influence

in the sphere of practical religion than any other man who has appeared since the sixteenth century," affirms Mr. Lecky. But the interesting thing with reference to all this work of Wesley is its homely, practical, and essentially conservative character. He has nothing of the temper of the revolutionist or doctrinaire reformer. In fact, Wesley always had a natural dread of change and experiment. His whole system, with its conferences and societies and lay-preachers and class-leaders, was not carefully devised beforehand; it was not a scheme, but a growth. Wesley, as we know, hesitated at every step which involved some new departure from established order or usage; and to the last was reluctant to believe that the great organization which had almost insensibly grown up under his direction, must be quite separated from the parent church. But it is impossible, I think, to admire too much the sound practical judgment with which he met every exigency as it arose, adapted old means to new ends, kept his work in accord, wherever possible, with established methods, but when convinced that it was necessary, reluctantly, yet with quiet decision, cut whatever tie of tradition thwarted or fettered the work he felt called to do. Where else can you find a religious movement, with results so widespread and so permanent, developing a special system of organization and economy that has stood the test of a century and a half, a movement so entirely directed by one man, and bearing the impress of his personality in its doctrines, its methods, and its spirit, worked out without influential friends and in spite of formidable opposition, and yet carried through with such sagacity and with so few errors of practical judgment.

But there was in John Wesley something warmer than logic, however well sanctified; something more winning than practical statesmanship, however unselfish. I am aware that some students of Wesley's life have pronounced him cold of temperament. Nor is this strange. The circumstances of his life made it impossible that he should leave in his writings any adequate picture of his disposition on the side of the affections. He had no children, few intimate friends; his correspondence, therefore, is almost all official and pastoral. His "Journal" was written with the expectation that it would be published; it is not a *Journal Intime*. It is true, moreover, that the sympathies, which in other circumstances he might have concentrated upon a few, were largely diffused among the thousands who looked to him for counsel and inspiration. Yet he knows Wesley very imperfectly who judges his tem-

perament to have been cold. His reverent love for his mother; his life-long love for his brother Charles—one of the noblest and most beautiful fraternal friendships ever recorded; his solicitous and half playful tenderness for his nephews and niece, the children of Charles—all these are proof enough that his nature was not cold or insensitive. I should go a good deal further than that. You will probably accuse me of effort after paradox if I say that John Wesley was a sentimentalist; but it certainly is not extravagant paradox. Of course we shall not expect from his dignified self-possession any unrestrained impulse or dishevelled emotion, yet combined with this clear, practical intellect there was a strongly contrasted vein of sentiment. He was always peculiarly sensitive to the charm of youthful sentiment in others; as his favorite niece prettily put it: "My uncle John always showed peculiar sympathy to young people in love." He certainly was very susceptible to that tender passion himself, and not always wisely. Everybody knows that John Welsey was not fortunate in what the older moralists used to call "the conduct of the affections." The whole story,—which you need not fear that I am about to tell,—from the time of his early sentimental correspondence with that very polite lady of society, Mrs. Pendarves, afterward Mrs. Delany, through his attachment to Miss Sophia Hopkey, which was thwarted by the Moravian elders in Savannah, and his attachment to Mrs. Grace Murray, which was thwarted by his brother Charles, down to his hasty and ill-considered marriage with Mrs. Vazeille, which, unfortunately, was not thwarted by anybody, though it all reflects nothing but credit upon the purity of his character, certainly indicates that the practical judgment, so trustworthy in all other matters, was never proof against the invasions of sentiment. I am not sure, indeed, that Wesley's ideal of the marriage state was exactly fitted to insure happiness in that state. I remember he wrote in a late pamphlet that the duties of a wife are all comprised in two: "First, that she should recognize herself as the inferior of her husband; second, that she should behave herself as such"—a dictum that recalls the remark of Mrs. Poyser, in the novel, that "what a man mostly wants of a wife is to make sure of one fool as'll tell him he's wise." This rather mediæval opinion came from the later years of Wesley, I believe, and may have been an unwarranted generalization from his individual experience; but it must be admitted that neither of the two or three women on whom, at different times, he set his heart, nor the woman whom he finally married,—whether he ever

set his heart on her or not I don't know,—was a woman whom he would ever have thought fitted by temperament, culture, or social position to become his wife, had not his judgment been curiously overbalanced by his sentiment.

But we all know from history—if not from experience—that the most prudent man cannot lose his heart without imminent danger of losing his head also. I find a more interesting, and no less convincing, proof of this vein of sentimentality in Wesley in his literary verdicts, especially upon contemporary books. The "Journal" contains many of these; and some of them are very curious. He shared the universal and just admiration of his age for the poetry of Pope; but significantly the one poem of Pope with which he was most familiar was not pointed satire or epigrammatic philosophy, but Pope's one piece of elegant sentimentalism, the "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady"; this he quotes again and again, and remarks once that it has long been a favorite of his. It was not Pope, however, that, of all the Queen Anne men, Wesley admired most, but rather Prior. He quotes him repeatedly in the "Journal"; and when Sam Johnson, in the newly issued "Lives of the Poets," spoke in terms of depreciation both of Prior's character and of his verse, Wesley, then in his eightieth year, came to the defence of his favorite poet in a most spirited paper in the "Arminian Magazine." Prior, he declared, was not half so bad a man as he had been painted; while as to his poetry, he takes up the great doctor's strictures upon that seriatim for half-indignant reply. Prior's verse is light, airy, graceful, he says; his diction easy and elegant; and as to Johnson's charge that Prior's poems are unaffecting, "Unaffecting!" cries Wesley, "so far from it, that I know not what man with any sensibility can read them without tears." Similar expressions of preference for the sentimental and romantic elements in literature are very frequent in the "Journal." Of Thomson's poetry, for instance, he had never thought very highly till he read his romantic tragedy of "Henry and Eleanor," by which, he says, he was greatly impressed. Beattie, whose almost forgotten work is an attempt to give a romantic flavor to the warmed-over philosophy of Pope, he pronounces one of the best of poets—an opinion shared, so far as I know, only by King George III. Home's sentimental and declamatory drama of "Douglas," now remembered only by the lines,

> My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
> My father feeds his flocks,

he is astonished to find "one of the most excellent dramas I ever read"—and he had read a good many, for he was always fond of drama, and used to advise his preachers to read plays aloud to cultivate a natural method of speaking. Like so many of his contemporaries, he was captivated by the big romantico-sentimental bombast of the pseudo-Ossian. "What a poet was Ossian," he exclaims, "little inferior to Homer or Virgil, and in some respects superior to both"—a verdict which contrasts oddly with the contemptuous reply of Johnson, when Boswell asked if he did not think there were many men in England who could have written the poetry of Ossian. "Yes," snorted Johnson, "a great many men could have written it, and a great many women could have written it, and a great many children could have written it." But the sentimental vein in Sam Johnson was not very pronounced. Of contemporary fiction, I find no evidence in the "Journal" that Wesley had read Richardson or Fielding; but it is curious to notice his familiarity with the work of that eighteenth-century incarnation of sentimentality, Laurence Sterne. Of the "Sentimental Journey" he writes in his "Journal": "'Sentimental,' what is that? It is not English; he might as well say 'continental.' It is not sense. It conveys no determinate idea. Yet this nonsensical word is now become a fashionable one. However, the book agrees well with the title, for the one is as queer as the other. For oddity, uncouthness, and unlikeness to all the world beside, I suppose the writer to be without a rival"—an account so just as to make me pretty sure that he had read the book. The "Tristram Shandy," too, he must have read, for he points an argument in one of his pamphlets by a reference to it. He never wrote a novel himself; but when he was nearly eighty years old, he revised and abridged one that he greatly admired, and recommended it to Methodist readers. Henry Brooke's "Fool of Quality" would be voted rather insipid by the novel-reader of to-day, I suspect; but Wesley was fascinated by its profuse sentiment. "The greatest excellence," says he, "in this book is that it continually strikes at the heart. The strokes are so fine, so natural and affecting that I know not who can read it with tearless eyes." Most readers to-day, I think, would be able to control their emotions through the perusal; but Wesley's remark is another of the many proofs that his usual good judgment was always liable to be misled by his indulgence to sentiment.

In this respect, however, as in many others, Wesley was the

child of his age. Everybody knows that about the middle of the eighteenth century this trend to sentimentalism is to be seen not only in England but all over Europe. It accompanied the growth of democratic sentiment. The era of Pope and Voltaire was passing, the era of Rousseau was beginning. Literature everywhere was growing emotional and romantic. Perhaps one may say that this unconscious sympathy with the trend of his age was one cause of the vast influence of Wesley; he had the *Zeitgeist* on his side.

But all this, as you are saying to yourselves, does not reveal the deepest things in the character of this man John Wesley, or touch the real secret of his wonderful influence. What was the motive that brought all his powers into play? What was the force behind this life of tireless and wonderful activity? He was a gentleman, but he cared little for social recognition or influence; he was a scholar, but learning and letters he counted among the means, and not among the ends, of life; he was an ecclesiastical statesman, but he had no thirst for selfish power; he swayed more human lives than any other Englishman of his century, but his motive was never mere personal ambition. No, you do not explain or understand John Wesley till you see that the forces at the centre of his character were love of man and faith in God: that love of man without which such a life of unselfish devotion is inconceivable; that faith in God without which the love of man, even in the bravest souls, may lead, in such a world as this, to hopeless and despairing pessimism. John Wesley was preëminently a man of religion — a religious man in an irreligious age. The age of Wesley was doubtless an age of low morals; you can say a great many unhandsome things of it truly enough. But the gravest charge against that cold eighteenth century is that it was essentially irreligious; it had well-nigh lost any real love for man or faith in God. The temper of the age was one of calm, reasoned acquiescence. The world was full of evils, doubtless, men said, but the philosopher will not magnify them. No extravagant desire, no enervating sympathy; either one savors of enthusiasm. It is not exactly the best of all possible worlds, certainly; but at all events we can make the best of it.

> The world is very ill, we see;
> We do not comprehend it:
> But in one point we all agree —
> God won't, and we can't, mend it.

Being common sense, it can't be sin
To take it as I find it;
The pleasure to take pleasure in,
The pain — try not to mind it.

These lines of a modern poet might not inaccurately express the temper of thousands upon thousands of decent and virtuous folk when Wesley began his work. But not thus could Wesley look upon the sin or the sorrow of the world. He knew that God would, and that therefore man could, mend and lift up this bad and broken world. And so, not with a sudden flare of youthful enthusiasm, but with a steadfast, lifelong resolution, he gave himself to the work of winning men to righteousness, from the love of sin to the love of God. It is this high confidence in spiritual ideals that lifts him above the dull level of his time and gives to a life that otherwise might have been only coldly correct the warmer hue of heroism, the steady glow of a divine passion.

John Wesley's religious life began in the nursery; and, in spite of what some of the biographers have said, I do not find that the symmetrical development of the child into manhood was ever interrupted. There was, indeed, no precocious religiosity about him; but the clean, healthy-minded, conscientious boy who went up to the Charterhouse School at eight years grew normally into the thoughtful young man who entered Oxford at eighteen, and the serious, earnest High-Church Methodist who took orders and was elected Fellow of Lincoln College at twenty-two. Special influences, particularly that of William Law, deepened and directed his religious life at different times; but its growth was continuous and normal. Yet that religious life up to this time, and for twelve years more, was not of the sort that revolutionizes the world. John Wesley the Oxford Methodist was not John Wesley the evangelist. His life during those long and happy years as Fellow of Lincoln was devout, strict in all outward observance, full of good works; but it was the monastic or ascetic type of life. He was not interested in others; he was intent on saving his own soul. It is not strange that the little group of Oxford men who were called in derision Methodists made no converts: they were not trying to make converts. They separated themselves from the life of the university, and shut their doors against the companionship of the great body of their fellow-students. "I resolved," says Wesley, "to have only such acquaintance as could help me on my way to heaven." It took John Wesley long to learn that this is not the spirit of

Christianity — that Jesus Christ would not found a Holy Club. Even when he left Oxford and sailed for Georgia to preach to the Indians, "My chief motive in going," he says explicitly, "was to save my own soul." It was not until after his return, disappointed in his mission, dissatisfied with himself, that Wesley, taught more perfectly by the good Moravians the great Protestant doctrines of justification and assurance, passed to that higher stage of religious experience in which he could forget himself in love for his fellow-men. Everybody who knows Wesley's story remembers that evening in the Aldersgate society when he felt his "heart strangely warmed." But for weeks before that he had been preaching wherever a church was opened to him; weeks before that, he says on one evening, "My heart was so full that I could not confine myself to the forms of prayer"; and on another evening, "My heart was so enlarged to declare the love of God to all that are oppressed." This is not the language of the Oxford Methodist, the ascetic bent on saving his own soul; this is the Wesley we know, John Wesley the evangelist. I would not underestimate the significance of that hour made memorable to Wesley by a sudden access of spiritual confidence; yet the deepest proof of his religious development, of the change in his religious life in that period of transition, is not any such temporary exaltation of feeling, but the growth of that self-forgetful love for man and trust in God which have been the inspiration of great religious leaders in every age.

From this time on, the religion of Wesley was preëminently healthy, sane, and practical. Many readers of the "Journal" may be surprised to find that in all the record of the fifty years after about 1740 there is hardly any reference whatever to his own emotions, to what is commonly called personal religious experience. He tells you a good deal about the experience of others; for himself, he tells you where he went, to whom he preached, what he saw, what he did, what he read; he very seldom tells you how he felt. He was not one of the Christians who live always with an anxious finger on their spiritual pulse. After he had got out from under the more immediate influence of the Moravians, he had no patience with anything that looked like mysticism or quietism, and the one charge against which he protested most earnestly was the charge of enthusiasm. "The reproach of Christ," he says almost passionately, "I am willing to bear; but not the reproach of enthusiasm — if I can help it." In truth, despite a contrary opinion widely current then, and sometimes

heard even yet, the Wesleyan movement owed its deep and permanent influence very largely to the fact that the type of religion it fostered was so thoroughly healthy and practical. Such a movement must necessarily involve much emotional excitement. It is only by some strong compulsion of soul that men by thousands can be led to turn from long-confirmed habits of vice to a life clean, righteous, devout. Moreover, it is inevitable that such a passage from moral disease to moral health should often be accompanied by something of morbid or irregular emotion. But it may be confidently affirmed that never was a great popular religious movement, so wide-spread and so searching, more free from unwholesome teaching or unwholesome stimulus. Wesley never encouraged mere empty ardors or morbid religious melancholy. He tested the faith of his converts by its fruits in right living; he imposed upon his societies a beneficent system of practical discipline; and he impressed upon the whole movement his own sane and rational temper.

At the same time it must be emphasized — Methodists, it is to be hoped, will never forget it — that the Wesleyan movement was not merely or primarily ethical, but evangelical. It is true that Wesley was in advance of his age in his advocacy of all measures to advance the moral and physical conditions of society; it may be true, as the most brilliant of recent English historians has said, that the noblest result of the movement was "the steady attempt, which has never ceased from that day to this, to remedy the guilt, the ignorance, the physical suffering, the social degradation of the profligate and the poor." Yet, I repeat, the Wesleyan movement was distinctly a religious revival. Wesley was no believer in salvation by education and culture, still less by sanitation and fresh air. He accepted the declaration of the Master: "Ye must be born again." He knew that a genuinely religious life, though not manifesting itself in any uniform type of emotional experience, must always spring from a love to God that changes and directs all a man's desires, controls all his actions, and he knew that such a religious life is inspired and nurtured by influences supernatural and divine.

But, given the central force of a Christian life, manifesting itself in devout and beneficent activity, and Wesley was the most liberal of all religious leaders in his demands for doctrinal beliefs, and he grew more liberal every year of his life to the end. His liberality was not that of the man whose own beliefs are of the cartilaginous sort: he had a full set of definite and consistent opin-

ions; but he would not force them upon others. All those familiar with his life know how frequent and how sweeping are his expressions of tolerance. "I am sick of opinions," he says; "let my soul be with Christians wherever they are and of whatsoever opinions they be of." And again, "I desire to have a league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Christ." In a discussion of this matter in Conference he said, "I have no more right to object to a man for holding a different opinion from mine than I have to differ with a man because he wears a wig and I wear my own hair; but if he take his wig off and shake the powder in my eyes, I shall consider it my duty to get quit of him as soon as possible." Over and over again he insisted that Methodists are the most liberal of all Christians. "The Methodists alone do not insist on your holding this or that doctrine." "They do not impose any opinion whatever. They think and let think." "They ask only, 'Is thy heart as my heart?'" And he adds with just pride, "Where is there such another religious society, so truly of a catholic spirit? In Europe? In the habitable world? I know of none." His charity, indeed, extended far outside the limits of orthodoxy. He printed for Methodists a life of that good Unitarian, Thomas Firmin—a very pious man, he said. The arch-heretics of history, Montanus of the second century, Pelagius of the fifth century, Servetus of the sixteenth century—he declared that in his opinion they were all holy men, who at the last, with all the good men of the heathen world, Socrates and Plato and Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, would come from the east and the west to sit down in the kingdom of heaven. Religious history from the dawn of Christianity to the present day may be searched in vain to find another leader of equal prominence and equal positiveness of personal opinion who showed such genuine liberality as the great founder of Methodism.

In his own personal life he exemplified some of the most winning graces of the Christian character. Returning good for evil, cherishing no resentments, firm of will yet gentle in manner, genial and wise in counsel, liberal,—for he literally gave away all his living,—yet always prudent in the bestowment of his charities, with exhaustless sympathy for all the sinful and the sorrowing; and yet never downcast, but always cheerful and optimistic—his own life was the embodiment of the religion he preached. And that life grew more beautiful as it neared its term. His was

> an old age serene and bright,
> And lovely as a Lapland night.

He was free from the infirmities that often render age pitiable rather than venerable. At eighty-five he says that age seems stealing gently upon him; his sight is a little dim, and he can not run or walk quite so fast as once he could, but he thanks God he knows no weariness. His mental powers were unimpaired, and his relish of life as keen as ever. He retained his love for books, for music, and especially for natural scenery; while his conversation, they say, was even more vivacious, cheerful, and wide-ranging than in his younger days. His temper only grew mellower with the years, his charity more gentle and all-embracing.

For the last ten years of his life he was perhaps the best beloved man in England; and there were thousands of his followers and friends to whom that good gray head seemed almost to wear a halo.

He was not a perfect man, and Methodists then and since then have perhaps often idealized him. Yet among religious reformers where is there a nobler figure, a purer example of a life hospitable to all truth, fostering all culture, yet subordinating all aspiration, directing all culture, to the unselfish service of humanity? I do not ask whether he was the greatest man of his century. That were an idle question. That century was rich in names the world calls great — great generals like Marlborough, great monarchs like Frederick, great statesmen like Chatham and Burke, poets and critics like Pope and Johnson and Lessing, writers who helped revolutionize society, like Voltaire and Rousseau; but run over the whole brilliant list, and where among them all is the man whose motives were so pure, whose life was so unselfish, whose character was so spotless? Where among them all is the man whose influence, social, moral, religious, was productive of such vast good and of so little evil, as this plain man who exemplified himself, and taught thousands of his fellow-men to know, what the religion of Jesus Christ really means?

Fitly might he have been given a grave in the great abbey that holds the tombs of a score of kings and dust of better men than kings; yet still more fitting is it that he should rest, as he does, in the central roar of vast London, in the throng and surge of that mass of common men with whom and for whom he labored, beside that homely chapel which was the centre, and is still the monument, of that great religious movement into which he had poured his life!

POEM

By Richard Watson Gilder

John Wesley

IN those clear, piercing, piteous eyes behold
The very soul that over England flamed!
Deep, pure, intense; consuming shame and ill;
Convicting men of sin; making faith live;
And,—this the mightiest miracle of all,—
Creating God again in human hearts.

What courage of the flesh and of the spirit!
How grim of wit, when wit alone might serve!
What wisdom his to know the boundless might
Of banded effort in a world like ours!
How meek, how self-forgetful, courteous, calm!—
A silent figure when men idly raged
In murderous anger; calm, too, in the storm,—
Storm of the spirit, strangely imminent,
When spiritual lightnings struck men down
And brought, by violence, the sense of sin,
And violently oped the gates of peace.

O hear that voice, which rang from dawn to night,
In church and abbey whose most ancient walls
Not for a thousand years such accents knew!
On windy hilltops; by the roaring sea;
'Mid tombs, in market-places, prisons, fields;
'Mid clamor, vile attack,—or deep-awed hush,
Wherein celestial visitants drew near
And secret ministered to troubled souls!

Hear ye, O hear! that ceaseless-pleading voice,
Which storm, nor suffering, nor age could still,—

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Chief prophet-voice through nigh a century's span!
Now silvery as Zion's dove that mourns,
Now quelling as the Archangel's judgment-trump,
And ever with a sound like that of old
Which, in the desert, shook the wandering tribes,
Or, round about storied Jerusalem,
Or by Gennesaret, or Jordan, spake
The words of life.

Let not that image fade
Ever, O God! from out the minds of men,
Of him Thy messenger and stainless priest,
In a brute, sodden and unfaithful time,
Early and late, o'er land and sea, on-driven;
In youth, in eager manhood, age extreme,—
Driven on forever, back and forth the world,
By that divine, omnipotent desire—
The hunger and the passion for men's souls!

Ah, how he loved Christ's poor! No narrow thought
Dishumaned any soul from his emprise;
But his the prayer sincere that Heaven might send
Him chiefly to the humble; he would be,
Even as the Galilean, dedicate
Unto the ministry of lowliness:
That boon did Heaven mercifully grant;
And gladly was he heard; and rich the fruit;
While still the harvest ripens round the earth;
And many own the name once given in scorn;
And all revere the holy life he led,
Praise what he did for England, and the world,
And call that greatness which was once reproach.
Would we were worthy for his praise.
Dear God!
Thy servant never knew one selfish hour!
How are we shamed, who look upon a world
Ages afar from that true kingdom preached
Millenniums ago in Palestine!
Send us, again, O Spirit of all Truth!
High messengers of dauntless faith and power
Like him whose memory this day we praise,
We cherish and we praise with burning hearts.

Let kindle, as before, from his bright torch,
Myriads of messengers aflame with Thee
To darkest places bearing light divine!

As did one soul, whom here I fain would sing,
For here in youth his gentle spirit took
New fire from Wesley's glow.
How oft have I,
A little child, hearkened my father's voice
Preaching the Word in country homes remote,
Or wayside schools, where only two or three
Were gathered. Lo, again that voice I hear,
Like Wesley's, raised in those sweet, fervent hymns
Made sacred by how many saints of God
Who breathed their souls out on the well-loved tones.
Again I see those circling, eager faces;
I hear once more the solemn-urging words
That tell the things of God in simple phrase;
Again the deep-voiced, reverent prayer ascends,
Bringing to the still summer afternoon
A sense of the eternal. As he preached
He lived; unselfish, famelessly heroic.
For even in mid-career, with life still full,
His was the glorious privilege and choice
Deliberately to give that life away
In succor of the suffering; for he knew
No rule but duty, no reward but Christ.

Increase Thy prophets, Lord! give strength to smite
Shame to the heart of luxury and sloth!
Give them the yearning after human souls
That burned in Wesley's breast! Through them, Great God!
Teach poverty it may be rich in Thee;
Teach riches the true wealth of Thine own spirit.
To our loved land, Celestial Purity!
Bring back the meaning of those ancient words,—
Not lost but soiled, and darkly disesteemed,—
The ever sacred names of husband, wife,
And the great name of Love,—whereon is built
The temple of human happiness and hope!
Baptize with holy wrath Thy prophets, Lord!
By them purge from us this corruption foul

That seizes on our civic governments,
Crowns the corrupter in the sight of men,
And makes him maker of laws, and honor's source!
  Help us, in memory of the sainted dead,
Help us, O Heaven! to frame a nobler state,
In nobler lives rededicate to Thee:—
Symbol and part of the large brotherhood
Of man and nations; one in one great love,
True love of God, which is the love of man,
In sacrifice and mutual service shown.
  Let kindle, as before, O Heavenly Light!
New messengers of righteousness, and hope,
And courage, for our day! So shall the world
That ever, surely, climbs to Thy desire
Grow swifter toward Thy purpose and intent.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON,

JUNE 30

Commencement Luncheon

When the hour for speaking had arrived, President Raymond introduced as the toast-master of the occasion Mr. Stephen Henry Olin, '66. Mr. Olin was greeted with long-continued applause, and in taking charge of the exercises spoke as follows:

Stephen Henry Olin,

TOAST-MASTER

I AM obliged for this kind welcome and in need of it. It is always a serious thing to be a toast-master, but it is still more serious to be a toast-master in name only — as you might say a toast-master *in partibus abstinentium*.

These serried lines of faces are formidable indeed. You are destitute, as the New York Preachers' Meeting itself, of the charity which flows from the juice of the grape, and yet you are replete with calories,—not merely excessive according to the recent standard set up for the Yale athlete, but sufficient, even by Atwater's prodigal dietary, to benumb the brain and obscure the moral sense.

A bicentennial celebration is a fine thing. Only the most respectable institutions have them. Indeed, there is a well-known university in the city where I live which is greatly concerned about a sesquicentennial.

We are not met here in praise of any ordinary man; not one of those vague and uncertain figures in clerical garb to whom at Cambridge and New Haven they erect statues. (Laughter.) This was an English Tory, who could appropriate and subscribe Samuel Johnson's views of the American Revolution, and yet there are seven millions of Americans who are proud to call themselves his followers. He lived and died a presbyter in the Church of England, conjuring his disciples not to separate from it or from each other. Yet he is regarded as the founder of

eight English and seventeen American sects, some of them noted, even in this age of great combinations, for the efficiency of their machinery, the economy of their working, and the magnitude and uniformity of their output. He was a great man. I had not intended, even on this day of the week, to rest this proposition upon my unsupported assertion; but as I listened last night to that admirable discourse, I found that the orator had had access in some way to the very authorities consulted by me, and he quoted some of the very sentences to which I intended to refer. But, after all, it is enough to say that even so fastidious, so just, so impartial, so impassive a critic as Winchester, spoke of Mr. Wesley in terms which were, on the whole, I think I may say, favorable. (Laughter.)

There is no need to praise the college in whose honor we meet. In it we celebrate ourselves — that part of ourselves which was fashioned here, and by reason of which every day of our lives is different from what it would otherwise have been — and that part of ourselves which we left here long ago, the dreams and fancies, the ambitions and ideals over which we sentimentalize at the Commencement season.

There is, too, our corporate or vicarious interest. Some of us keep a kind of moral bank account here, against which we draw wherever we are; and there are our friends, the professors, who are engaged (except during the summer vacation and septennial trips to Europe) in the constant public practice of virtue and wisdom. We delight to come back and declare an annual dividend of these fine qualities. Some of us live on it the twelvemonth through.

But in spite of these obvious merits, our bicentenary is not perfect. There is a solution of continuity in it.

Between the death of the great man and the foundation of the beloved college there is a great gulf fixed — a period of forty years, fuller of change and of the beginnings of change than any like period since the world began.

It was the time of the French Revolution, the time of the migration across the American Continent, of the steamboat, the railroad, the telegraph, the cotton-gin, the power-press, the sewing-machine. It was the time when Darwin was born, and Huxley. No one can now live and think as people lived and thought before that time. It is perhaps not surprising that men, finding how greatly they had been misinformed about everything this side the Styx, began to question whether there might not

also be inaccuracies in some of the guide books to the Seventh Heaven and the Seventh Hell. I have even heard that there is a doubt as to the precise way in which a religious editor in another world will recognize a bishop!

Across that gulf we cannot go to Wesley, and if he should come to us he would find differences which would make demand upon his charity. Perhaps there is no man present who would quite agree with his opinions about ghosts and witches and the bad spirits who thunder in the storm and flash in the meteor. No one could possibly hold at one time all the contradictory beliefs which the logic and zeal and candor of Wesley led his active mind to accept during a long life of changing conditions. Perhaps there are some in this room who would not fully accept even that body of doctrine which he bequeathed to his flock. Dogma is a thing limited by time and space, so that if you live long enough or travel far enough you can find every formula discredited. But there are some traits of character about which it may almost be said that they are respected everywhere and always and by all: Wesley was fearless in action and in thought; he was frugal and generous; he labored for others, and through his long life every day he did the thing that his conscience told him to do. We all love and honor those our friends who, under the green elms of Middletown, are living just such lives to-day. (Applause.) Kammurrabi, forty centuries ago, gathering the wisdom of an immemorial past to found law and justice, for the good of his people, in praise of the Mighty God, Lord of Earth Spirits, Lord of Earth and of Heaven, Foreteller of the things that will be—Kammurrabi would have known how to honor such a man. And hereafter, whatever solutions may be found of the problems of existence, as long as there are any who, undaunted by darkness and undazzled by light, work righteousness while life lasts, so long will there be reverence for the Spirit which animated this man and which inspires this college. (Applause.)

If Mr. Wesley had been here to-day we should have been busy at this table giving an account of our stewardship, and justifying our use of his name. His experience with demoniacal possession would have interpreted to him the class cheers from the gallery, but it would not have been easy to explain the present state of co-education or the scores of the Base Ball Nine or the respiration calorimeter.

With what pleasure we would have turned from these and other troubles, and said, "There is a man who graduated two and sixty years ago. He became a very eminent lawyer; he remained a devout Christian. In the community where he lives and the church where he worships he has the love and respect of all. He has come back year by year to aid in our councils with his experience, his sagacity, his good-humor. We have given him such honors as we have to bestow, but they are only a weak symbol of the entire respect, the strong affection for him which fills our hearts."

How proud we should have been — how proud I am — to say: This is Judge Reynolds, who will speak for the Board of Trustees.

Judge George Greenwood Reynolds

MY text is well worn. I have heard of it before. Perhaps I may impart a little interest to it by specializing.

This is Alumni Day, but that we have so many alumni, that we have a college at all, is and has been from the first, owing largely to the labor and sacrifices of men who were not "college bred." And so I beg your indulgence for a few moments to speak more particularly of the *non-graduate trustees.* I make no apology for calling particular attention to them. I have long felt that they are entitled to our special praise for their liberality and devotion. Perhaps you think it would have been more appropriate if one of that class were to represent them. But so far as learning is concerned, tried by the present standards, I ought to be reckoned as a non-graduate myself.

The men of whom I am speaking have been generous in their gifts to bestow upon others privileges which had been denied to themselves.

Religion, I think, under all its forms and modes of operation, naturally seeks progress in knowledge. When one has any fair conception of his duties, and his relations to God and man, however deficient he may be in education, he desires a broader vision and a higher intelligence for the generation that is to come after him. As to Methodism, as Dr. Kelly showed us last night, it was born in a university. The scholarly spirit of John Wesley

abides in it yet, and the most unlettered of his followers believe in a liberal education. Ecclesiastically, it is in the blood.

So it came about, well on to a century ago, that the Methodist preachers and people determined to have a college in this part of the country; and when, providentially, this site, an ideal one for such an institution, was offered with the two original buildings, which I trust will stand here to oversee the erection of many yet to come, the foundation was laid, and Willbur Fisk, a graduate of Brown, was called to preside over its fortunes. The man and the hour had met, and had met at the right place, on the border-land between New England and the Middle States, with the commingled intellectual atmosphere of both sections, tempered albeit by elements from the ardent South and the breezy West, and not without contributions from beyond the Northern border.

Pardon me for a moment while I say, in the presence of two very eminent presidents of two very great universities, and remembering some very great men who succeeded Dr. Fisk, that I believe no greater college president than Willbur Fisk has ever lived,— that is, no man more specially adapted to just that position. This may be the partiality of an admiring student, who had just emerged from a country home, but certainly I have always counted it among my greatest privileges that the first part of my college course was passed under his administration. It was inspiration for a lifetime.

And here let me express my very great pleasure in seeing with us to-day the only surviving member of the Faculty of that day, that fine scholar and genial friend, Dr. Willard Martin Rice, who piloted the famous class of '41 through the odes of Horace and the annals of Livy, and all the other Latin classics. We all loved him then, and now that we fear him not, we love him all the more. He is true and loyal to Wesleyan, although he holds a distinguished position in a great denomination, that with its utmost faith believes in Princeton, as we all do, for why should not we believe in Princeton, when its President was formerly one of our professors and one of its honored graduates is now a member of our Faculty?

The time I have spoken of was the day of small gifts, scant equipment, small numbers, and stalwart men. Since then, larger gifts have expanded all things. Looking back over three-quarters of a century since the beginning, we can mark a steady progress, owing, in great measure, be it said, to the men who, with small advantages of education, through love of Wesleyan and the cause

it represents, placed their gifts upon this altar — an altar as sacred as any, anywhere dedicated to the service of God.

It was in the nature of things that even down to the present, comparatively few of our graduates should have become affluent in worldly goods. It has been said that colleges do not make rich men, but rich men make colleges. This is partly true, and only in part. No money can make a college in a day. It must be the growth of generations, and yet, unless the means of expansion are supplied, there cannot be much growth. While Wesleyan has not — not yet — received many of the very large gifts we so often hear of in these days (so often that it is getting monotonous to all but the recipients), it has all along its history been generously assisted, considering the ability of its founders and friends.

Let me specify a very few of those friends not numbered among its graduates — mostly, among its trustees. And first let us recall Rev. Laban Clark, who, I think, may be credited, largely at any rate, with the original conception of taking over Captain Partridge's Military Academy and founding the first Wesleyan University (the name is legion now). He was an old-fashioned, plain Methodist preacher and presiding elder, and his contribution in money was necessarily small, yet liberal for his means; but with it he gave much of his life. I see by the record he was a member of the Board of Trustees for thirty-seven years, and all that time its president. For six months of my time in college, I ate at his table, and I know that Wesleyan was in his mind and on his heart and in his prayers. This man is always worthy to be mentioned at the head of our list. Heman Bangs was with him in sympathy and in labors.

A little later, two remarkable men seem coupled in our minds — Isaac Rich and Daniel Drew. I well remember with what zest they attended our commencements and encouraged and sometimes fulfilled our hopes, and I shall never forget the note of triumph with which on one occasion President Cummings, after an afternoon's session with them, announced to an alumni gathering that the future of Wesleyan University was secure. Both of them did more in other directions, but let us never forget what they did for us. Isaac Rich knew about the treasures of the sea, but was probably not well versed in books, yet he built here his own memorial in a beautiful home for all the treasures we have and hope to have in that kind. He had evidently studied his New Testament and learned to perpetuate the miracle of plucking tribute money from the fish's mouth. As for Daniel

FAYERWEATHER GYMNASIUM

JUDD HALL

Drew, it was never said of him that much learning had made him mad, but he was said to be a Master of Arts — of arts, which, if you or I had essayed, we should have been mere children — "infants crying in the night, and with no language but a cry." Had it not been that misfortunes overtook him and another of our munificent benefactors, George I. Seney, once a student, though not a graduate here, we should have been richer than we are to-day.

Mr. Seney, besides his contributions to the endowment, established and for a time supported the prizes given in his name, designed to attract students here, and to stimulate them while here, by adding "a spur to prick the sides of their intent."

Jacob Sleeper, too, will be remembered as one who in times of stress contributed annually to the carrying on of the college. And in company with him should be mentioned Andrew V. Stout, who, besides other contributions, gave $40,000 for the endowment of the presidential chair.

Then there were those princely men, the Hoyt brothers — William, Oliver, and Mark — large-hearted and true as steel, who in the midst of large affairs carried to the end of their lives a warm affection, evinced by many bounties, for Wesleyan University. What should we have done, what could we have done without them? Remember, too, it was to their watchful care and warm interest that we owed our place in the Fayerweather will, of such very great importance to us.

Let us not forget to mention another, who was neither a graduate nor a trustee, but who studied here two years and went to Princeton to complete his course on account of certain advantages, in physical science and especially in biology, which he could enjoy there. I mean Dr. Daniel Ayres, the founder of the Ayres prize. Excuse the personality of it, but after several conversations on the subject he came into my office one day and said he considered the two years he had spent here as the foundation of whatever success he had met with in life, and was anxious that Wesleyan should be able to give to others the opportunities she could not give to him, and that she should do it while he was alive to see it; and in token thereof, in addition to considerable gifts which he had previously made, he laid down upon my desk a quarter of a million in cash and gilt-edged securities.

Time would fail me to enumerate all our worthies. Amongst the departed there are many whom you will call to mind. Two of them, Charles C. North and John H. Sessions, are perpetuated

in name and influence in our present Board. We should not forget either the names of Henry J. Baker and Joseph S. Spinney, who aided the University while alive and remembered it in their wills.

A single word outside of my particular subject. No man can stand upon the campus and look upon our beautiful buildings without a throb of love and gratitude for Orange Judd, who gave so generously of his means that he may almost be said to have given himself.

Let me single out one or two non-graduate trustees still living, of whom we are forcibly reminded by what is going on about this campus to-day. A little over a year ago there was an obstinate halt in the subscriptions for Willbur Fisk Hall, now rapidly approaching its completion. The last $50,000 was not provided for. One of our trustees stood ready to give $25,000 if any other one person would give the other $25,000. For a time nobody took up the challenge. Here was a deadlock, when along came Frank Jones with his key and opened the door to success. Neither was this his first benefaction.

The Scott Physical Laboratory, given by one of the trustees and his son, the foundation of which has just been laid, is a touching proof not only of affection for a noble son and brother, but of the breadth and generosity of that affection, which takes in the Alma Mater which conferred upon him its degree.

Lastly, let me name one worthy to be remembered this day in the honorable company I have brought before you — a man who bore a name dear to every friend and alumnus of Wesleyan University, and which has been intimately associated with it for fifty years — Joseph Van Vleck, but lately deceased. He had made provision for an observatory also much needed for our equipment — a gift that will be doubly precious to us on account of its associations. Ere the building could be erected and the instruments mounted, he has become a discoverer in heavenly things far beyond the sweep of any telescope — far beyond the ken of any earthly science.

The history of Wesleyan University has been a history of generous gifts on the part of many, perhaps of sacrifices on the part of more. To-day, as He did nineteen centuries ago, the Master "sits over against the treasury and beholds how the people cast money into the treasury," but whether the gifts be mites or millions, if they be according to the ability of the giver, His approval shall, in either case, make the deed immortal.

THE TOAST-MASTER:

The next toast is "The Religious Press and Higher Education." I should have supposed that there could be no higher education than the religious press.

Wesley, with all his preaching and disciplining of ministers and direction of conferences, found time to establish and develop, if indeed he did not invent, the religious press. It would be necessary to come down to the present time and to this room to find another who used it with so much copiousness, with such learning, with such variety, with such acceptance, *ex cathedra de omnibus rebus urbi et orbi*. If a deluge should submerge the intellectual accumulations of mankind, none of us would deem the disaster irreparable if only the receding waters should leave Dr. Buckley high and dry. (Great laughter.) There would still be all manner of ideas moving through the air and along the earth each after its kind. There would still be all manner of controversies and arguments *pro* and *con*, two and two, each after its kind,—a stock sufficient to replenish the earth.

In asking Dr. Buckley to respond to this toast I appreciate the emotions of Noah—the sense of responsibility, the awful joy, when he took off the hatches and started the procession down the slopes of Ararat. (Laughter.)

THE REVEREND JAMES MONROE BUCKLEY

After some facetious and appreciative remarks in response to compliments paid him by the toast-master, Dr. Buckley said:

FIVE years after the toast-master's renowned father, Dr. Stephen H. Olin, was graduated from Middlebury College, the second weekly Methodist paper in the world was established solely to give him, as editor, a position in which his views, already attracting great attention, could be spread before the Church. It was located in Charleston, S. C., and named the "Wesleyan Journal." Dr. Olin, however, on account of the condition of his health, was not able to accept the position, and the paper was soon purchased by the Methodist Book Concern and consolidated with the "Christian Advocate," established one year later.

The earlier colleges in this country — Harvard, Yale, Princeton — were founded without the aid of the religious press. For then there was no daily or weekly religious press known. The "Puritan Recorder" was founded in 1816 and helped to give Oliver Wendell Holmes an opportunity to satirize the location of Andover Theological Seminary. When this institution was projected there was but one Methodist religious weekly in existence. "Zion's Herald" had been founded in the City of Boston in 1823. But the "Christian Advocate" absorbed it or, at least, there was a merger (not to start a controversy upon it) of that and the Charleston paper previously referred to, and the trinity blazed out with the tremendous name of the "Christian Advocate and Journal and Zion's Herald."

Without that paper, according to Willbur Fisk, Wesleyan University would not have been founded for twenty years. The early pages of the "Christian Advocate" contain his appeals, and private letters exist in which he declared that, unless the editor of the "Christian Advocate" threw the weight of the paper in favor of the projected university,—such were the peculiar prejudices of the majority of people against higher education,—it would be impossible to establish a college then. Since then almost everything that has ever been done for Wesleyan has been first exploited in that paper and in "Zion's Herald." And well it might be. The "Christian Advocate" is seventy-seven years old, and more than half those years it has been edited by alumni of Wesleyan. Abel Stevens was an undergraduate of this institution, and Daniel Curry, who edited the paper for twelve years, was an alumnus of the class of 1837.

Boston University, by the acknowledgment of its management at the time of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of that great institution, attributed a large part of the moral and religious influence which made the institution possible to the work of "Zion's Herald." Consider its editors: the accomplished Gilbert Haven; Dr. E. O. Haven, a man of unusual talents, overshadowed by the peculiar vivacity and genius of his cousin; Nelson E. Cobleigh and Bradford K. Peirce, also alumni of Wesleyan; and Abel Stevens, one of the earlier editors of "Zion's Herald," where his gifts were so manifested as to lead to his election to the editorship of the "Christian Advocate."

There is scarcely a subject of Methodist interest worth talking about that has not depended largely or entirely (apart from the word of mouth) upon the religious press Read the history of the

establishment of Ohio Wesleyan University, together with the history of other institutions under the control of the church, and it will show the position and weight of the religious press with regard to higher education.

Milton says that greatness is to do great things; to tell how great things may be done; or to describe them worthily after they have been done.

The religious press points out what great things are needful in higher education; its editors are advised of the views of presidents and trustees. It shows what has been done and what is being done, records the gifts and labors of benefactors, and makes them the means of stimulating others to imitate or emulate their deeds. Comparatively few large endowments are the gifts of men who inherited large wealth. Whence came Carnegie, Peabody, Slater, Peter Cooper, and all the great captains of industry, commerce, and finance? A large amount of what has been given to colleges has been stimulated by the press, and especially by the religious press.

The religious press leads people to give money. I could show that one of Mr. Seney's great gifts, one of the greatest, came from a confession from an unknown man published in the "Christian Advocate"; and Mr. Seney got his idea of giving $480,000 for the Brooklyn Hospital from editorials and contributions in the "Christian Advocate."

Where but in the religious press did Judge Reynolds publish his noble appeal for Wesleyan University,—a far more impressive document than a letter from bishop, minister, or editor,—where but in the "Christian Advocate"? When the judge comes forward to do that, men say, here is a man of experience, a lawyer, a judge; and business men take his opinions and rely upon them.

It is the opinion of some that the influence of the religious press is waning. This is an error. If the religious press keeps abreast of the times in Church and State without lowering itself by coarseness, extravagance, or the ignoring of religion; advocates free speech, and furnishes a forum for it, using the editorial columns to support morality, religion, philanthropy, patriotism, and both popular and higher education, it has so great an influence as to make a conscientious editor stagger under the responsibility.

It influences the ministry, who have direct access to the people; fathers, and especially mothers, who have ideals for their children;

the connection of which with education is intimate. Thus it leads its constituency to swell endowments, contribute to improvements, and, what is equally, if not more than equally, important, to send their children to college. Besides this, it brings before young people who have to make their own way the need of and the facilities for a thorough education.

Before sitting down, Dr. Buckley gave some illustrative incidents, and pledged the support of the paper he edited to Wesleyan University in its contemplated "forward movement."

THE TOAST-MASTER:

"The young Alumni" nowadays speak for the Alumni. I do not know the exact point in time after which all who graduate are perennially "young" Alumni. Some find in the possession of a class cheer a test of youth, which accounts for the appearance a few minutes ago of the venerable class of 1863 disguised in such a cheer! Perhaps the line of cleavage was in the early seventies when John Eustis was more talked about than John Wesley! (I hope to celebrate his bicentennial, too.) That was the time when intercollegiate sports began and Wesleyan graduates, perhaps encouraged by undergraduate successes, went more and more out of the ministry and such protected callings, into occupations free to all the world. I should like to say how well in my neighborhood they have succeeded — how they make their way in the professions and in business and in the public service; but any language of mine would seem cold and colorless. The "young" Alumni are here to speak for themselves. Like Obadiah's prophets they have been fed by fifty in a cage. They have swarmed upstairs and wait impatient to hear their favorite speaker, of whose oratory they never tire.

Mr. William D. Leonard of '78 will answer for the Alumni.

WILLIAM DAY LEONARD

MR. TOAST-MASTER, has Dr. Buckley said his last word? Then let me say that I have for him a word of praise, and another which may be taken as a word of praise.

First, after suggesting to Professor Rice that all the speakers

to-day be limited to ten minutes, he spoke for only seventeen; and that I consider is doing very well,—for Dr. Buckley.

Second, he has absolutely emasculated my toast, for in an after-dinner speech last winter at our annual dinner (those of you who were present can never forget it, and those who were absent have my heartiest — I did not say congratulations — shall I say sympathy?), in a brief sixty or seventy minutes he gave an encyclopedic review of the history of every alumnus who has escaped the obscurity most of us deserve, flashing the illuminating lightning of his wit alike upon the just and unjust, "skidding" his part unblushingly, and felicitating himself upon the difference between himself and other men who read their speeches. So comprehensive was his work that he has left little indeed for me to say.

You notice that I do not venture to measure swords with your gifted toast-master. His blade is too keen, and he is too practiced a hand at the game for me; so I must submit to the "slings and arrows of outrageous" toastmastership with what philosophy I may.

I should like to dwell, for an instant, on one of Wesleyan's *great* alumni, Dr. Stephen Olin, that prince among men, a giant of the good old times; and, asking you to look "on that picture, then on this," say a few words anent modern degeneracy and the superiority of those days; but time forbids, for I am limited to ten minutes. If I use one more, may I be compelled to listen to a sophomore oration, or attend an oral examination.

You have heard something of Mr. Wesley, I take it, this past week. I count myself fortunate to have heard Professor Winchester's eloquent and suggestive oration last night. I do not call it surprising, because we always expect something fine from Professor Winchester, and are never disappointed,— but it was suggestive. You remember that the orator said that, above all things, Wesley was a gentleman. Then he told us how, on one occasion, Mr. Wesley, while travelling in a public coach, held in his lap a very large gentlewoman. That remark suggested the following query, viz.: How large a gentlewoman can a man hold in his lap in a street car to-day, and still be called a gentleman?

The orator also said that Mr. Wesley enjoyed his Plato, not only with his feet on the fender, but with his feet in the stirrups; and Dr. McDowell irreverently whispered that Mr. Wesley probably used a "pony."

John B. Wesley (nay, do not laugh, that was his name) was, colloquially yet respectfully speaking, a wise guy. He had his natal day so arranged that his bicentennial should be synchronous with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Class of '78. John B. Wesley is like our George H. Washington in his wisdom, as in other respects. Both are pictured to us with massive brows crowned by a hat of a style now happily obsolete, wearing a collar too décolleté to be quite recherché and a smile of marvellous breadth. Both succeeded admirably, at little or no expense, in self-advertisement, and in having things named after them. John had denominations, churches, hymns, and colleges. George had states, cities, and pies. Both were ubiquitous. John Wesley had the world for a parish. George Washington had a continent for a battle-ground, and every house alive in his day for a headquarters.

How different their early lives from ours at Wesleyan! At Charterhouse, whose headmaster was "passing rich" on twenty pounds a year, classes met at six in winter in a room without fires or windows; yet I fancy John Wesley's fingers were no stiffer and his lips no bluer than were mine a quarter century ago in chapel, the days Raymond overslept and the furnace fire went out. Young George Washington dropped his chain and transit to drop a redskin; and spent his vacation hunting — them. Dan Robertson and I have dropped our letters climbing from the post-office to drop a snowballing townie; and took part in hunting, though as huntees rather than hunters.

John Wesley's face appears on Epworth League leaflets and other goodly papers; George Washington's — where I'd like to lay my hands,— on nice, large, fat, green bank-notes.

But I wander. I am to speak of the Alumni. Neither of them was an alumnus of Wesleyan University. I do not cherish that against them, nor would I for that reason withhold from either the meed of praise that is his. I don't exactly know what a meed is, but whatever it is, let them have it.

Having thus briefly told you some things about some obscure people who were not alumni, let me say just a word for some who are — say for '78 — which is holding its reunion this year. It was, by universal consent, the greatest class in many respects ever graduated from Wesleyan — that year. It is now approaching middle age, and can fairly, perhaps, be taken as a type of the Alumni.

Though only twenty-five years have passed since we graduated,

a quarter of a century has rolled along, and over some. I pause to drop a tear for the few

> Whom competition has knocked off creation
> Like a gin-fountain smashed by Carrie Nation.

The prize-fight of life has proved a losing one for some. As some poet says:

> For when I pushed my opponent to the rope,
> Fate manned the ambulance and dragged him in,
> Massaged his lamps with fragrant drug store dope,
> And coughed up loops of kindergarten chin.
> She blew her whistle, piped for the patrol,
> Then threw a glance that tommyhawked my soul.

O tempora! O mores! Our very sports have changed. Omar knew it when he said:

> Think, in the Sad Four Hundred's gilded Halls,
> Whose endless Leisure e'en Themselves appalls,
> How Ping Pong raged so high, then faded out
> To those Far Suburbs that still chase its Balls.

And by the way, that tent-maker wrote for posterity for fair — for did he not have the Sage of Princeton in view when he wrote:

> In that inverted bowl which holds my brain,
> The bee, unbidden, hums his soft refrain;
> Then, tired of egotistic surfeiting,
> Sinks to innocuous desuetude again.

But I wander again.

Some of our men have achieved families, and a few, who married widows, have had families thrust upon them. Some have been willing to dispense with the necessaries of life, content if they could secure its luxuries. On the whole, we wish neither to scold Providence, nor hurl bouquets at ourselves. Few have reason to be so chesty that our shirt-studs won't hold; none of us need fear getting out of our stained-glass pose, or jostling our halos out of place; all of us, up to date, have a few holes left to be punched out of our meal tickets.

But if I don't stop, I 'll wander again.

Seriously and lastly:

Those who have left her love Wesleyan and cherish as priceless possessions the pleasures of their life here.

If we were as rich in money as in love for Wesleyan, the endowment would be completed, aye, and doubled.

If any of Wesleyan's Alumni have gained honors, fill high positions, do honest, valuable work in that sphere of life in which God has placed them — and their names are numerous and well known to you — I believe such will, with sincerity and unanimity, say they owe all they are to their dear old Alma Mater, Wesleyan.

THE TOAST-MASTER:

As a son of Wesleyan and a distinguished representative of the great Southern branch of American Methodism, Bishop Hendrix is welcome here to-day.

He will speak of The Catholicity of Culture.

BISHOP EUGENE RUSSELL HENDRIX

IT is a peculiar pleasure to be present on this bicentenary of the birth of John Wesley, so gloriously celebrated by this noble institution, and as a contribution to the joy of the occasion I have brought with me something that may interest this distinguished body of Alumni who so long have borne the name of Wesley, something that identifies him peculiarly with our American soil. It became my happy privilege some years ago, through the kind offices of the editor of the "London Quarterly," the Rev. Dr. Watkinson, to be brought into such social relations that I was able, by purchase, to secure the original manuscript diary of John Wesley, which he kept in this country in those eventful years, 1736–37. This you may have the privilege of examining at the close of the banquet. And it is that catholic-minded man that suggested to my mind the special theme of the toast, "The Catholicity of Culture." Mr. Wesley, you will remember, wrote a remarkable discourse on the catholic-minded man, that was a revelation of his own wonderful catholicity of spirit which has given type and character to Methodism the world round. We are not celebrating to-day in this country the birth of a man perhaps more gifted naturally than John Wesley, a man of a very philo-

sophical cast of mind, and a man like Wesley, of wonderful industry and of large intellectual power, Jonathan Edwards, who was born the same year. The points of differentiation are largely found in this statement which I make: The world of Edwards was a narrow one in life and in death; the wonderful catholicity of Wesley has made him the property of the world, living and dead. And it is that fact that attracts all eyes; for catholic-minded men, like perfect portraits, belong to all who look upon them, as they seem to turn with open eyes to every point of view. So it was Wesley's catholicity of mind that gave him his position at the University of Oxford, and later, when he was wont, one evening in every month, to have a meeting where was read what was done by other religious societies the world over. That led him to edit books from every source, Catholic, Quaker, Lutheran, Scotch Presbyterian, Unitarian, so that his followers might be possessed of the best. He gave his impress and stamp to universal Methodism, and we should not be worthy sons of John Wesley if we were not able to put ourselves in the place of others. That was a wonderful prayer of Paul, that we might be able to comprehend with all saints what is the length and depth and height, and to know the love of God; for he who does not comprehend with all saints does not comprehend at all.

I like another word than that word culture, a word which has enriched it. It is its old equivalent — humanity. In a conversation with the distinguished professor, Dr. Ramsey of Aberdeen, he told me that he was the professor of the chair of Humanity, and that it was the perpetuation of the old name for culture when the knowledge of human letters was distinguished from the knowledge of divine letters, and that men referred it to the life and literature and whole history of a people, particularly of the Greek and Roman peoples; and that this idea of humanity was really the original and fundamental idea of culture itself, the ability to put one's self in another's place. It is true we have somewhat departed from the use of the word humanity, and in departing from it we have forgotten the essential idea of culture, or the ability to put one's self in another man's place, to get at his point of view, and so to be brought into sympathy with his life, his history, his whole mental habit. That is what makes the cultivated man, whether or not he be a college graduate; and it has this meaning, the meaning of culture in that sense, because the cultured man is a man of humanity who has broad catholicity. Such men have made possible everything that

is great and worthy to-day in our American history as in the history of European nations.

It was my joy to hear Lord Dartmouth say that his great ancestor, the "one who wore a coronet and prayed," the colonial secretary of George the Third, retained his place in the king's cabinet in order to modify his majesty's views and actions toward the American colonies, and in order to get before his majesty another point of view. Do you wonder that when that secretary's portrait came over to this country to be presented to Dartmouth College, a nation that honored him for his catholicity asked that his portrait be left in New York city with that of Washington and Franklin in order to show their respect. When such a man is honored it is due to the fact that he had ability to look at other nations from their standpoint and even put himself in their place, without any compromise of principle.

And now as I look at our country I do not believe we should have been a nation if we had not had men at the formation of the national constitution of just such culture,— Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and the Quincys. These were the men that recognized that there could be formed no constitution hard and fast that should represent the full views of all. It was a compromise, and it took broad-minded men to effect a compromise. When certain measures were disapproved by Washington, he said, "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

It was thus that these men of broad catholicity gave us our Constitution even with a comprehensiveness which admitted of differences of construction, and so made possible a government at all at the time of our greatest national peril, when the absence of pressure from without left us without the necessary bond of cohesiveness.

Now, men who look at the matter from that historic standpoint are broad enough to see that in the endeavor to interpret the constitution, even at the point of the bayonet, there should be also this generous broad-mindedness, this ability to put one's self at another's point of view. I honor Charles Sumner, that scholarly senator of Massachusetts, for the broad views he had of other nations when he proposed to strike from our battle flags the names of those battles that would perpetuate the memory of civil

North College

strife. He found an answering voice in one who afterward became a justice of the Supreme Court, Judge Lamar, one of the most gifted men this nation ever had. Each was misunderstood by narrow-minded men in his own section, but each is better understood and honored by the whole nation to-day. It was what catholic-minded men dared do because true culture prompted that which humanity required. I mention these honored names to-day because they could look from another's standpoint.

Now, we have been searching ever since the declaration of war between Spain and America for heroes. We have been making them and unmaking them. We have seen the sawdust run out of our hand-made heroes almost before we could put it in, and some could not open their mouths without a volcanic explosion of sawdust. I will tell you who, to my mind, are the heroes of the Spanish-American war. One was brave Admiral Philip, a man whose record for courage was uniform, consistent, and who was broad-minded enough, in the midst of the victory that crowned our arms on the glorious Fourth of July at Santiago, when his marines were shouting out their joy, and catholic-minded enough to say, "Don't cheer, men; the poor devils are dying." And following that great victory with the full force of his religious nature he said, "Men, for myself I feel like uncovering and giving thanks to Almighty God, and all you who feel likewise lift your caps." And do you wonder that, following that historic prayer of thanksgiving, officers and men swung their caps in honor of their brave and humane commander? Now, on the Spanish side the hero was Admiral Cervera, the man who took by the hand the brave young man that dared to sink the *Merrimac* in the harbor, sending back tidings of his safety, and who when the war closed showed himself broad-minded, able to look from another's standpoint.

Now, my friends of this great institution, I want to tell you today from my standpoint, as the result of the broad culture that is developing all through the common country where my duties call me (for they have called me to every State and Territory except Alaska, and I have skirted that for several hours), that my impression is that this nation, as never before in its history, is one; and for this reason, because of the cultured, broad-minded men who are able to look at matters from another's standpoint. The far-off gun at Manila Bay made us again a united people. The Stars and Stripes do not belong to you north of Mason and Dixon's line; they belong to us all. And all through that great

South that I represent there are as many swords to flash as north of that line in defence of that emblem of our common freedom and reunited country. (Great applause.) We know no flag but that of our fathers, the battle flag of Saratoga and of Yorktown. Its broad folds are ample to cover the entire nation, and its glories belong alike to all. It has been borne always to victory, whether on land or sea, when a united people have upheld it. Let all memories perish save those which tell of our triumphs against a common foe. Let it be the banner of broad-minded men, full of sympathy for the degraded and benighted in every part of our great national domain, on which the sun never sets in one hemisphere before it has begun to illumine our distant islands in another hemisphere. With fully twenty million illiterates of every conceivable color the broadest Christian charity is challenged. Shall it be found wanting?

And to the alumni of an institution of higher culture, and so representing the spirit of humanity, may I make this appeal? Where is the source of all our troubles in the South, on your border, everywhere? It is where there is ignorance and prejudice and narrowness. Culture is needed in that broad, human sense of the word, to bring out in our land the ability to look upon the rights of all under the Constitution. It is ignorance that lights the torch. It is narrowness and prejudice, both fatal to our greatness as a country, that foster crime and lawlessness. Never was there a truer saying than this, "that whatever other nations may or may not be able to do without education, a republic cannot exist without it." It is absolutely essential for the government that there be men of this broad catholicity of mind which is the fruit of genuine culture.

And now, in conclusion, may I pay this word of tribute? Dining some time since with a cabinet officer thoroughly familiar with the workings of our government, the Hon. Wilson L. Wilson, who later died while president of Washington-Lee University, he said: "Do you know that Mr. Lincoln's favorite tune, which he heard during the war, was 'Dixie'? He was passionately fond of it. Again and again during the war, as he heard it on the other side, he said, 'Oh, that we had that tune! I do not wonder that the Southern people are fond of it'; and when came that eventful day at Appomattox and the tidings of Lee's surrender reached Washington, and the people gathered at the White House to serenade the great man, he came out to address them in words without bitterness, and said: 'One of the

happiest results of this war is that we have captured "Dixie," and now let us have it,' and all Washington sang it." Ah, I thought if Father Abraham Lincoln could only have then gone South and called for "Dixie," how the people would have gathered around that noble man, "the South's best friend," as General Lee called him, and have said: "Come, Father Abraham. You have long desired to be in Dixie, and now that you are here and love our song, you shall live for us as a people. We will welcome you as our President. The old flag shall be our flag, the old laws shall be our laws." Under the broad catholicity of that generous mind and heart there would have been no reconstruction days, no dark and bloody chasm. And long ere it came, as the result of another war, when men who wore the gray now wore the blue and once more fought under the old flag, we should have had what, thank God, we have now, to our great joy, a reunited nation. (Great applause.)

THE TOAST-MASTER:

The next toast is the Sisterhood of American Colleges, and it will be the last, since Mr. Carroll D. Wright is unfortunately unable to be present.

When Wesley was born, Harvard, oldest of the three American colleges, was already venerable. To-day none of her four hundred competitors is fuller of youthful vigor.

We are honored by the presence of the official representative of this dignified antiquity,— who has been a spring and origin of this continuing youth, and who is known everywhere as a type of efficient and militant scholarship,— a leader of teachers, a teacher of the leaders of men.

I ask you all to welcome President Eliot.

PRESIDENT CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

MR. TOAST-MASTER, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am charged to present to you the greetings of your sister colleges throughout our broad country. It is a large commission, but a very happy one. Those of us who can look back over the last thirty years of American education know that all the colleges and uni-

versities of our country have prospered greatly in that period. They have all grown, and become richer, stronger, and more influential. All alike, the large and the small, the rural and the urban, the denominational and the undenominational—all alike, I say, have thriven and increased in power. When one, then, is charged to salute you in their name, and bring you good wishes and brave hopes for the future, how fine the task, how welcome the commission!

What is the reason, the fundamental reason, for this increase in the wealth and influence of the institutions of higher education in the United States? I say "of higher education," recognizing the fact that all the lower grades of education take their inspiration from the higher; and believing that if we find greater power in the higher grades of education, it means that throughout the whole organization of education in the United States there is breathing a new spirit and a new life.

Judge Reynolds quoted the saying which for some minds holds the secret of this larger influence—"Rich men make colleges." That is a saying which I profoundly distrust. The experience of forty years in college administration convinces me that this saying hides a dangerous error under an apparent truth. Rich men cannot make colleges; that quite transcends their power. They can help other men to make colleges; and these other men are generally men who lead the intellectual life, have the comprehensive, catholic spirit of which Bishop Hendrix has just so forcibly spoken, practise self-denial for love's sake, and see clearly the essential moral conditions of continued life for free institutions. All of you know just what sort of man has really made Wesleyan University. John Wesley himself was of the type.

The second phrase of the quotation of which Judge Reynolds made use ran thus: "Colleges do not make rich men." This statement is completely disproved in modern experience. Colleges do make rich men, and a great many of them. It is a democratic tendency to think too much of the mercenary and materialistic side of life and of pecuniary rewards; the experience of Switzerland, England, and the United States demonstrates this tendency. We democrats are too much inclined in all walks of life to think of material success. The colleges of the United States do, as a matter of fact, train many men for success in business; but they ought to use their influence zealously on the other side of life—to make the spiritual ideals prevail. They

need to see to it that their graduates use well the material resources which through their intellectual training they gather. That is the process going on in our own country on a scale hitherto unknown. Through their education, educated men become rich; and then through institutions of education they, in these days, greatly serve the republic. They must do so to justify their own privileges. We have lately read that it is impossible for the Southern States to educate their own ignorant classes,—impossible through poverty,—not through lack of good will, but through poverty. It is for the educated men and women throughout our country to go to the rescue of that large region with money, service, and sympathy. Bishop Hendrix is right. It is ignorance, prejudice, and injustice which imperil free institutions.

Your toast-master intimated that our founder at Harvard was but a shadowy figure, and that he has only an ideal representation on the college grounds; whereas your leader was a vigorous, unique character that played a great part in the world. Well, here is a wide difference between John Harvard and John Wesley. John Harvard was a consumptive youth who died at thirty-three, having performed one act of great public spirit. Wesley lived long, travelled far, had a large experience and strong personal influence, and left behind him an enduring name founded on great activities. What a contrast! I suppose, however, that no man ever lived who has a more superb single monument than John Harvard. But behind this external dissimilitude lies an immense likeness in the influence of these two men, and in the type of character and of professional service which they represented. John Harvard was a Congregational minister. John Wesley was the father of Methodism. Is there no kinship between these two great bodies? Have they not one and the same ideal — freedom? Have they not both stood for civil and religious liberty? Those are the great ideals, and those the great public services of these two religious denominations. Their common work has now been going on for centuries, and is to go on for centuries to come; and in these two religious bodies will be found an ever-growing consanguinity and an ever-increasing likeness, and at the bottom lies the principle that Bishop Hendrix so eloquently set forth — non-conformist catholicity.

We are persuaded that it is to public education, universal, free, catholic, that free institutions must look for their perpetuation. We are persuaded that through education alone can come the

continuous triumph over human ills and woes. Why is it that we see in these days such enormous benefactions to medicine? We have received at Harvard University within two years more than three millions of dollars to be spent in developing a new medical establishment for research and instruction. I have never seen such readiness to give. What is the motive for these great gifts and many like them? It is the hope of doing some perpetual good in the world, of contributing to the victory over hideous woes and evils. It is the sight of the great things already done for the relief of human misery and disease which prompts these gifts. It is hope springing eternally in the human breast, the hope of victory over poverty, misery, and vice.

Such, ladies and gentlemen, is to be the beneficent future of Wesleyan University, and of all her sister colleges and universities—a future prophesied by the past and the present. She will always be doing some perpetual good, and, in doing that good, she will confirm and strengthen all the institutions of learning, liberty, and religion.

TUESDAY EVENING

WOODROW WILSON

ADDRESS

By President Woodrow Wilson

John Wesley's Place in History

JOHN WESLEY lived and wrought while the Georges reigned. He was born but a year after Anne became queen, a year before the battle of Blenheim was fought; while England was still caught in the toils of the wars into which her great constitutional revolution had drawn her; when Marlborough was in the field, and the armies afoot which were to make the ancient realm free to go her own way without dictation from any prince in Europe. But when he came to manhood, and to the days in which his work was to begin, all things had fallen quiet again. Wars were over and the pipes of peace breathed soothing strains. The day of change had passed and gone, and bluff Sir Robert Walpole ruled the land, holding it quiet, aloof from excitement, to the steady humdrum course of business, in which questions of the treasury and of the routine of administration were talked about, not questions of constitutional right or any matter of deep conviction. The first of the dull Georges had come suitably into the play at the centre of the slow plot, bringing with him the vulgar airs of the provincial court of obscure Hanover, and views that put statesmanship out of the question.

The real eighteenth century had set in, whose annals even its own historians have pronounced to be tedious, unheroic, without noble or moving plot, though they would fain make what they can of the story. They have found it dull because it lacked dramatic unity. Its wars were fought for mere political advantage,—because politicians had intrigued and thrones fallen vacant; for the adjustment of the balance of power or the aggrandizement of dynasties; and represented neither the growth of empires nor the progress of political ideals. All religion, they say, had cooled and philanthropy had not been born. The thinkers of the day had as

little elevation of thought as the statesmen, the preachers as little ardor as the atheistical wits, whose unbelief they scarcely troubled themselves to challenge. The poor were unspeakably degraded and the rich had flung morals to the winds. There was no adventure of mind or conscience that seemed worth risking a fall for.

But the historians who paint this sombre picture look too little upon individuals, upon details, upon the life that plays outside the field of politics and of philosophical thinking. They are in search of policies, movements, great and serious combinations of men, events that alter the course of history, or letters that cry a challenge to the spirits. Forget statecraft, forego seeking the materials for systematic narrative, and look upon the eighteenth century as you would look upon your own day, as a period of human life whose details are its real substance, and you will find enough and to spare of human interest. The literary annals of a time, when Swift and Addison and Berkeley and Butler and Pope and Gray and Defoe and Richardson and Fielding and Smollett and Sterne and Samuel Johnson and Goldsmith and Burke and Hume and Gibbon and Cowper and Burns wrote, and in which Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats were born, cannot be called barren or without spiritual significance.

No doubt the wits of Queen Anne's time courted a muse too prim, too precise, too much without passion to seem to us worthy to stand with the great spirit of letters that speaks in the noble poetry with which the next century was ushered in; but there was here a very sweet relief from the ungoverned passions of the Restoration, the licentious force of men who knew the restraints neither of purity nor of taste; and he must need strong spices in his food who finds Swift insipid. No doubt Fielding is coarse, and Richardson prolix and sentimental, Sterne prurient and without true tonic for the mind, but the world which these men uncovered will always stand real and vivid before our eyes. It is a crowded and lively stage with living persons upon it; the eighteenth century can never seem a time vague and distant after we have read those pages of intimate revelation. No doubt Dr. Johnson failed to speak any vital philosophy of life and uttered only common sense, and the talk at the Turk's Head Tavern ran upon preserving the English Constitution rather than upon improving it; but it is noteworthy that Mr. Goldsmith, who was of that company, was born of the same century that produced Laurence Sterne, and that "She Stoops to Conquer" and the "Vicar

of Wakefield," with their sweet savor of purity and modesty and grace, no less than "Tristram Shandy" and "Tom Jones," with their pungent odor, blossomed in the unweeded garden of that careless age. Burns sang with clear throat and an unschooled rapture at the North, and the bards were born who were to bring the next age in with strains that rule our spirits still.

A deep pulse beat in that uneventful century. All things were making ready for a great change. When the century began it was the morrow of a great struggle, from whose passionate endeavors men rested with a certain lassitude, with a great weariness and longing for peace. The travail of the civil wars had not ended with the mastery of Cromwell, the Restoration of Charles, and the ousting of James; it had ended only with the constitutional revolution which followed 1688, and with the triumphs of the Prince of Orange. It had been compounded of every element that can excite or subdue the spirits of men. Questions of politics had sprung out of questions of religion, and men had found their souls staked upon the issue. The wits of the Restoration tried to laugh the ardor off, but it burned persistent until its work was done and the liberties of England spread to every field of thought or action.

No wonder the days of Queen Anne seemed dull and thought less after such an age; and yet no wonder there was a sharp reaction. No wonder questions of religion were avoided, minor questions of reform postponed. No wonder Sir Robert sought to cool the body politic and calm men's minds for business. But other forces were gathering head as hot as those which had but just subsided. This long age of apparent reaction was in fact an age of preparation also; was not merely the morrow of one revolution, but was also the eve of another, more tremendous still, which was to shake the whole fabric of society. England had no direct part in bringing the French Revolution on, but she drank with the rest of the wine of the age which produced it, and before it came had had her own rude awakening in the revolt of her American colonies.

Great industrial changes were in progress, too. This century, so dull to the political historian, was the century in which the world of our own day was born, the century of that industrial revolution which made political ambition thenceforth an instrument of material achievement, of commerce and manufacture. These were the days in which canals began to be built in England, to open her inland markets to the world and shorten and multi-

ply her routes of trade; when the spinning jenny was invented and the steam engine and the spinning machine and the weaver's mule; when cities which had slept since the middle ages waked of a sudden to new life and new cities sprang up where only hamlets had been. Peasants crowded into the towns for work; the countrysides saw their life upset, unsettled; idlers thronged the highways and the marts, their old life at the plow or in the village given up, no settled new life found; there were not police enough to check or hinder vagrancy, and sturdy beggars were all too ready to turn their hands to crime and riot. The old order was breaking up, and men did not readily find their places in the new.

The new age found its philosophy in Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," the philosophy of self-interest, and men thought too constantly upon these things to think deeply on any others. An industrial age, an age of industrial beginnings, offers new adventures to the mind, and men turn their energies into the channels of material power. It is no time for speculations concerning another world; the immediate task is to fill this world with wealth and fortune and all the enginery of material success. It is no time to regard men as living souls; they must be thought of rather as tools, as workmen, as producers of wealth, the builders of industry, and the captains of soldiers of fortune. Men must talk of fiscal problems, of the laws of commerce, of the raw materials and the processes of manufacture, of the facilitation of exchange. Politics centres in the budget, and the freedom men think of is rather the freedom of the market than the freedom of the hustings or of the voting booth.

And yet there are here great energies let loose which have not wrought their full effect upon the minds of men in the mere doing of their daily tasks or the mere planning of their fortunes. Men must think and long as well as toil; the wider the world upon which they spend themselves the wider the sweep of their thoughts, the restless, unceasing excursions of their hope. The mind of England did not lie quiet through those unquiet days. All things were making and to be made, new thoughts of life as well as new ways of living. Masters and laborers alike were sharing in the new birth of society. And in the midst of these scenes, this shifting of the forces of the world, this passing of old things and birth of new, stood John Wesley, the child, the contemporary, the spiritual protagonist of the eighteenth century. Born before Blenheim had been fought, he lived until the fires of the French Revo-

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JOHN WESLEY

After the portrait by Romney (1789) in the possession of Mr. W. R. Cassels

See p. 494, August, 1903, Century

lution were ablaze. He was as much the child of his age as Bolingbroke was, or Robert Burns. We ought long ago to have perceived that no century yields a single type. There are countrysides the land over which know nothing of London town. The Vicar of Wakefield rules his parish as no rollicking, free-thinking fellow can who sups with Laurence Sterne. Sir Roger de Coverley is as truly a gentleman of his age as Squire Western. Quiet homes breed their own sons. The Scots country at the North has its own free race of poets and thinkers, men, some of them, as stern as puritans in the midst of the loose age. Many a quiet village church in England hears preaching which has no likeness at all to the cool rationalistic discourse of vicars and curates whom the spiritual blight of the age has touched, and witnesses in its vicarage a life as simple, as grave, as elevated above the vain pursuits of the world as any household of puritan days had seen. England was steadied in that day, as always, by her great pervasive middle class, whose affections did not veer amidst the heady gusts even of that time of change, when the world was in transformation; whose life held to the same standards, whose thoughts travelled old accustomed ways. The indifference of the church did not destroy their religion. They did not lose their prepossessions for the orderly manners and morals that kept life pure.

It was no anomaly, therefore, that the son of Samuel and Susanna Wesley should come from the Epworth rectory to preach forth righteousness and judgment to come to the men of the eighteenth century. Epworth, in quiet Lincolnshire, was typical English land and lay remote from the follies and fashions of the age. There was sober thinking and plain living,—there where low monotonous levels ran flat to the spreading Humber and the coasts of the sea. The children of that vicarage, swarming a little host about its hearth, were bred in love and fear, love of rectitude and fear of sin, their imagination filled with the ancient sanctions of the religion of the prophets and the martyrs, their lives drilled to right action and the studious service of God. Some things in the intercourse and discipline of that household strike us with a sort of awe, some with repulsion. Those children lived too much in the presence of things unseen; the inflexible consciences of the parents who ruled them brought them under a rigid discipline which disturbed their spirits as much as it enlightened them. But, though gaiety and lightness of heart were there shut out, love was not, nor sweetness. No one can read Susanna Wesley's rules for the instruction and development of her children without see-

ing the tender heart of the true woman, whose children were the light of her eyes. This mother was a true counsellor and her children resorted to her as to a sort of providence, feeling safe when she approved. For the stronger spirits among them the regime of that household was a keen and wholesome tonic.

And John Wesley was certainly one of the stronger spirits. He came out of the hands of his mother with the temper of a piece of fine steel. All that was executive and fit for mastery in the discipline of belief seemed to come to perfection in him. He dealt with the spirits of other men with the unerring capacity of a man of affairs,—a sort of spiritual statesman, a politician of God, speaking the policy of a kingdom unseen, but real and destined to prevail over all kingdoms else.

He did not deem himself a reformer; he deemed himself merely a minister and servant of the church and the faith in which he had been bred, and meant that no man should avoid him upon his errand though it were necessary to search the by-ways and beat the hedges to find those whom he sought. He did not spring to his mission like a man who had seen a vision and conceived the plan of his life beforehand, whole, and with its goal marked upon it as upon a map. He learned what it was to be from day to day, as other men do. He did not halt or hesitate, not because his vision went forward to the end, but because his will was sound, unfailing, sure of its immediate purpose. His "Journal" is as notable a record of common sense and sound practical judgment as Benjamin Franklin's "Autobiography" or the letters of Washington. It is his clear knowledge of his duty and mission from day to day that is remarkable, and the efficiency with which he moved from purpose to purpose. It was a very simple thing that he did, taking it in its main outlines and conceptions. Conceiving religion vitally, as it had been conceived in his own home, he preached it with a vigor, an explicitness, a directness of phrase and particularity of application which shocked the sober decorum of his fellow ministers of the church so much that he was more and more shut out from their pulpits. He got no church of his own; probably no single parish would have satisfied his ardor had a living been found for him. He would not sit still. The conviction of the truth was upon him; he was a messenger of God, and if he could not preach in the churches, where it seemed to him the duty of every man who loved the order and dignity of divine service to stand if he would deliver the word of God, he must, as God's man of affairs,

stand in the fields as Mr. Whitefield did and proclaim it to all who could come within the sound of his voice.

And so he made the whole kingdom his parish, took horse like a courier and carried his news along every highway. Slowly, with no premeditated plan, going now here, now there, as some call of counsel or opportunity directed him, he moved as if from stage to stage of a journey; and as he went did his errand as if instinctively. No stranger at an inn, no traveller met upon the road left him without hearing of his business. Those he could not come to a natural parley with he waylaid. The language of his "Journal" is sometimes almost that of the highwayman. "At Gerard's Cross," he says, "I plainly declared to those whom God gave into my hands the faith as it is in Jesus: as I did the next day to a young man I overtook on the road." The sober passion of the task grew upon him as it unfolded itself under his hand from month to month, from year to year. He was more and more upon the highways; his journeys lengthened, carried him into regions where preachers had never gone before, to the collieries, to the tin mines, to the fishing villages of the coast, and made him familiar with every countryside of the kingdom, his slight and sturdy figure and shrewd, kind face known everywhere. It was not long before he was in the saddle from year's end to year's end, always going forward as if upon an enterprise, but never hurried, always ready to stop and talk upon the one thing that absorbed him, making conversation and discourse his business, seizing upon a handful of listeners no less eagerly than upon a multitude.

The news got carried abroad as he travelled that he was coming, and he was expected with a sort of excitement. Some feared him. His kind had never been known in England since the wandering friars of the middle ages fell quiet and were gone. And no friar had ever spoken as this man spoke. He was not like Mr. Whitefield; his errand seemed hardly the same. Mr. Whitefield swayed men with a power known time out of mind, the power of the consummate orator whose words possess the mind and rule the spirit while he speaks. There was no magic of oratory in Mr. Wesley's tone or presence. There was something more singular, more intimate, more searching. He commanded so quietly, wore so subtle an air of gentle majesty, attached men to himself so like a party leader, whose coming draws together a company of partisans, and whose going leaves an organized band of adherents, that cautious men were uneasy

and suspicious concerning him. He seemed a sort of revolutionist, left no community as he found it, set men by the ears. It was hard to believe that he had no covert errand, that he meant nothing more than to preach the peaceable riches of Christ. "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord,"—this had been the text from which he preached his first sermon by the highway, standing upon a little eminence just outside the town of Bristol. It described his mission,—but not to his enemies. The churches had been shut against him, not because he preached, but because he preached with so disturbing a force and directness, as if he had come to take the peace of the church away and stir men to a great spiritual revolution; and uneasy questionings arose about him. Why was he so busy? Why did he confer so often with an intimate group of friends, as if upon some deep plan, appoint rendezvous with them, and seem to know always which way he must turn next, and when? Why was he so restless, so indomitably eager to make the next move in his mysterious journey? Why did he push on through any weather and look to his mount like a trooper on campaign? Did he mean to upset the country? Men had seen the government of England disturbed before that by fanatics who talked only of religion and of judgment to come. The puritan and the roundhead had been men of this kind, and the Scottish covenanters. Was it not possible that John Wesley was the emissary of a party or of some pretender, or even of the sinister church of Rome?

He lived such calumnies down. No mobs dogged his steps after men had once come to know him and perceived the real quality he was of. Indeed, from the very first men had surrendered their suspicions upon sight of him. It was impossible, it would seem, not to trust him when once you had looked into his calm gray eyes. He was so friendly, so simple, so open, so ready to meet your challenge with temperate and reasonable reply, that it was impossible to deem him subtle, politic, covert, a man to preach one thing and plan another. There was something, too, in his speech and in the way he bore himself which discovered the heart of every man he dealt with. Men would raise their hands to strike him in the mob and, having caught the look in his still eye, bring them down to stroke his hair. Something issued forth from him

which penetrated and subdued them,— some suggestion of purity, some intimation of love, some sign of innocence and nobility,— some power at once of rebuke and attraction which he must have caught from his Master. And so there came a day when prejudice stood abashed before him, and men everywhere hailed his coming as the coming of a friend and pastor. He became not only the best known man in the kingdom,— that of course, because he went everywhere,— but also the best loved and the most welcome.

And yet the first judgment of him had not been wholly wrong. A sort of revolution followed him, after all. It was not merely that he came and went so constantly and moved every countryside with his preaching. Something remained after he was gone: the touch of the statesman men had at first taken him to be. He was a minister of the Church of England. He loved her practices and had not willingly broken with them. It had been with the keenest reluctance that he consented to preach in the fields, outside the sacred precincts of a church, "having been all my life," as he said, "so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church." He never broke with the communion he loved. But his work in the wide parish of a whole kingdom could not be done alone, and not many men bred to the orders of the church could be found to assist him; he was forced by sheer drift of circumstances to establish a sort of lay society, a sort of salvation army, to till the fields he had plowed. He was a born leader of men. The conferences he held with the friends he loved and trusted were councils of campaign, and did hold long plans in view, as his enemies suspected. They have a high and honorable place in the history of the statesmanship of salvation. It was a chief part of Wesley's singular power that everything he touched took shape as if with a sort of institutional life. He was not so great a preacher as Whitefield or so moving a poet as his brother Charles; men counseled him who were more expert and profound theologians than he and more subtle reasoners upon the processes of salvation. But in him all things seemed combined; no one power seemed more excellent than another, and every power expressed itself in action under the certain operation of his planning will. He almost unwittingly left a church behind him.

It is this statesmanship in the man that gives him precedence in the annals of his day. Men's spirits were not dead; they are

never dead; but they sometimes stand confused, daunted, or amazed as they did amidst the shifting scenes of the eighteenth century, and wait to be commanded. This man commanded them, and kept his command over them, not only by the way he held the eye of the whole nation in his incessant tireless journeys, his presence everywhere, his winning power of address, but also by setting up deputies, classes, societies, where he himself could not be, with their places of meeting, their organizations and efficient way of action. He was as practical and attentive to details as a master of industry, and as keen to keep hold of the business he had set afoot. It was a happy gibe that dubbed the men of his way *Methodists*. It was the method of his evangelization that gave it permanance and historical significance. He would in any case have been a notable figure, a moving force in the history of his age. His mere preaching, his striking personality, his mere presence everywhere in the story of the time, his mere vagrancy and indomitable charm, would have drawn every historian to speak of him and make much of his picturesque part in the motley drama of the century; but as it is they have been constrained to put him among statesmen as well as in their catalogues of saints and missionaries.

History is inexorable with men who isolate themselves. They are suffered oftentimes to find a place in literature, but never in the story of events or in any serious reckoning of cause and effect. They may be interesting, but they are not important. The mere revolutionist looks small enough when his day is passed; the mere agitator struts but a little while and without applause amidst the scenes and events which men remember. It is the men who make as well as destroy who really serve their race, and it is noteworthy how action predominated in Wesley from the first. The little coterie at Oxford, to which we look back as to the first associates in the movement which John Wesley dominated, were as fervent in their prayers, in their musings upon the Scripture, in their visits to the poor and outcast, before John Wesley joined them as afterward. Their zeal had its roots in the divine pity which must lie at the heart of every evangelistic movement,—pity for those to whom the gospel is not preached, whom no light of Christian guidance had reached, the men in the jails and in the purlieus of the towns whom the church does not seek or touch; but he gave them leadership and the spirit of achievement. His genius for action touched everything he was associated with; every enterprise took from him an impulse of efficiency.

Unquestionably this man altered and in his day governed the spiritual history of England and the English-speaking race on both sides of the sea; and we ask what was ready at his hand, what did he bring into being of the things he seemed to create? The originative power of the individual in affairs must always remain a mystery, a theme more full of questions than of answers. What would the eighteenth century in England have produced of spiritual betterment without John Wesley? What did he give it which it could not have got without him? These are questions which no man can answer. But one thing is plain: Wesley did not create life, he only summoned it to consciousness. The eighteenth century was not dead; it was not even asleep; it was only confused, unorganized, without authoritative leadership in matters of faith and doctrine, uncertain of its direction.

Wesley's own Journal affords us an authentic picture of the time, mixed, as always, of good and bad. He fared well or ill upon his journeys as England was itself made up. The self-government of England in that day was a thing uncentred and unsystematic in a degree it is nowadays difficult for us to imagine. The country gentlemen, who were magistrates, ruled as they pleased in the countrysides, whether in matters of justice or administration, without dictation or suggestion from London; and yet ruled rather as representatives than as masters. They were neighbors the year around to the people they ruled; their interests were not divorced from the interests of the rest. Local pride and a public spirit traditional amongst them held them generally to a just and upright course. But the process of justice with them was a process of opinion as much as of law. It was an inquest of the neighborhood, and each neighborhood dealt with visitors and vagrants as it would. There was everywhere the free touch of individuality. The roads were not policed; the towns were not patrolled,—good men and bad had almost equal leave to live as they pleased. If things went wrong the nearest magistrate must be looked up at his home or stopped in his carriage as he passed along the highway and asked to pass judgment as chief neighbor and arbiter of the place. And so Mr. Wesley dealt with individuals,—it was the English way. His safety lay in the love and admiration he won or in the sense of fair play to which his frank and open methods appealed; his peril, in the passions of the crowds or of the individuals who pressed about him full of hatred and evil thoughts.

The noteworthy thing was how many good men he found along these highways where Tom Jones had travelled, how many were

glad to listen to him and rejoiced at the message he brought, how many were just and thoughtful and compassionate, and waited for the gospel with an open heart. This man, as I have said, was no engaging orator, whom it would have been a pleasure to hear upon any theme. He spoke very searching words, sharper than any two-edged sword, cutting the conscience to the quick. It was no pastime to hear him. It was the more singular, therefore, the more significant, the more pitiful, how eagerly he was sought out, as if by men who knew their sore need and would fain hear some word of help, though it were a word also of stern rebuke and of fearful portent to those who went astray. The spiritual hunger of men was manifest, their need of the church, their instinct to be saved. The time was ready and cried out for a spiritual revival.

The church was dead and Wesley awakened it; the poor were neglected and Wesley sought them out; the gospel was shrunken into formulas and Wesley flung it fresh upon the air once more in the speech of common men; the air was stagnant and fetid; he cleared and purified it by speaking always and everywhere the word of God; and men's spirits responded, leaped at the message, and were made wholesome as they comprehended it. It was a voice for which they had waited, though they knew it not. It would not have been heard had it come untimely. It was the voice of the century's longing heard in the mouth of this one man more perfectly, more potently, than in the mouth of any other,—and this man a master of other men, a leader who left his hearers wiser than he found them in the practical means of salvation.

And so everything that made for the regeneration of the times seemed to link itself with Methodism. The great impulse of humane feeling which marked the closing years of the century seemed in no small measure to spring from it: the reform of prisons, the agitation for the abolition of slavery, the establishment of missionary societies and Bible societies, the introduction into life, and even into law, of pity for the poor, compassion for those who must suffer. The noble philanthropies and reforms which brighten the annals of the nineteenth century had their spiritual birth in the eighteenth. Wesley had carried Christianity to the masses of the people, had renewed the mission of Christ himself, and all things began to take color from what he had done. Men to whom Methodism meant nothing, yet, in fact, followed this man to whom Methodism owed its establishment.

No doubt he played no small part in saving England from the madness which fell upon France ere the century ended. The English poor bore no such intolerable burdens as the poor of France had to endure. There was no such insensate preservation of old abuses in England as maddened the unhappy country across the Channel. But society was in sharp transition in England; one industrial age was giving place to another, and the poor particularly were sadly at a loss to find their places in the new. Work was hard to get, and the new work of pent-up towns was harder to understand and to do than the old familiar work in the field or in the village shops. There were sharper contrasts now than before between rich and poor, and the rich were no longer always settled neighbors in some countryside, but often upstart merchants in the towns, innovating manufacturers who seemed bent upon making society over to suit their own interests. It might have gone hard with order and government in a nation so upset, transformed, distracted, had not the hopeful lessons of religion been taught broadcast and the people made to feel that once more pity and salvation had sought them out.

There is a deep fascination in this mystery of what one man may do to change the face of his age. John Wesley, we have had reason to say, planned no reform, premeditated no revivifica tion of society; his was simply the work of an efficient conviction. How far he was himself a product of the century which he revived it were a futile piece of metaphysic to inquire. That even his convictions were born of his age may go without saying: they are born in us also by a study of his age, and no century listens to a voice out of another,—least of all out of a century yet to come. What is important for us is the method and cause of John Wesley's success. His method was as simple as the object he had in view. He wanted to get at men, and he went directly to them, not so much like a priest as like a fellow man standing in a like need with themselves. And the cause of his success? Genius, no doubt, and the gifts of a leader of men, but also something less singular, though perhaps not less individual,—a clear conviction of revealed truth and of its power to save. Neither men nor society can be saved by opinions; nothing has power to prevail but the conviction which commands, not the mind merely, but the will and the whole spirit as well. It is this and this only that makes one spirit the master of others, and no man need fear to use his conviction in any age. It will not fail of its power. Its magic has no sorcery of words, no trick of per-

sonal magnetism. It concentrates personality as if into a single element of sheer force, and transforms conduct into a life.

John Wesley's place in history is the place of the evangelist who is also a master of affairs. The evangelization of the world will always be the road to fame and power, but only to those who take it seeking, not these things, but the kingdom of God; and if the evangelist be what John Wesley was, a man poised in spirit, deeply conversant with the natures of his fellow-men, studious of the truth, sober to think, prompt and yet not rash to act, apt to speak without excitement and yet with a keen power of conviction, he can do for another age what John Wesley did for the eighteenth century. His age was singular in its need, as he was singular in his gifts and power. The eighteenth century cried out for deliverance and light, and God had prepared this man to show again the might and the blessing of his salvation.

WEDNESDAY

JULY 1

COMMENCEMENT DAY

CHAUNCEY BUNCE BREWSTER

ADDRESS

By Bishop Chauncey Bunce Brewster

IT is counted by me a privilege to accept the courteous invitation of this university to participate in the commemoration of a movement that began in the University of Oxford nearly two hundred years ago. Personal matters apart, it is perhaps not unfitting that there should on this occasion be some such recognition of that church whereof Wesley, in the last year of his life, professed that he lived and died a member. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." Certainly in the entire firmament of the Church of England shines no brighter star. Among her greatest there is no greater name, if we measure magnitude by results wrought upon the destinies of men, than John Wesley. They did not take his idea for a hundred years. Bishops make many a blunder. But never was there a blunder bigger in result than that of the bishops in Wesley's time. The Church of England never lost Wesley; but she did lose the greatest opportunity she has had in three centuries.

The English-speaking world on both sides of the water well may honor the memory of Wesley. In him and his was a large part of the salt that saved England in the eighteenth century. It was an age of industrial transition and of political ferment. Methodism drew the lower middle class together, but drew them with the bands of love. It was at once an organizing and a refining influence. The intellect of the working-man was aroused, and in the chapel and class-meeting trained for higher things. It was a distinct and the most potent factor in the training of a democracy. And when the hour of crisis struck, the training stood the test.

It was my misfortune not to hear, last evening, the eminent historian who presides over Princeton University. Doubtless he called attention to all this. In the days of the Revolution in France, that the volcanic eruption there was not accompanied by some like disturbance in England, as Mount St. Vincent responded

to Pelée, was because England had had John Wesley and his labor of love. Discontent had been taught to recognize where and what were the deepest evils; instead of "liberty" and "fraternity" as watchwords of sometimes demoniac frenzy, had been taught a better and a more universal brotherhood and the genuine freedom for which Christ set men free.

The eighteenth century found English religion in a state of lethargy. Its general condition was hard and cold. Not only dogmatic theology, but also, to a great extent, religious life, was locked in the fast embrace of that glacial epoch; which had brought with it in its slow movement detached boulders of truth, but had frozen out of religion most of its vitality. God was generally thought of as far away. Naturally there was little consciousness of any divine touch of inspiration and quickening life. It was an age that shunned enthusiasm like the plague. It relied upon rational methods and processes, and had largely turned its attention from spiritual interests to political and material things.

After that spiritual lethargy came a great awakening. Men having no hope and without God in the world were aroused to a sense of God's nearness, and to a joyous hope of salvation. Instead of a theology of dry intellectual processes, Methodism brought a religion of intuitions and vital experience, the gospel of a Saviour and an indwelling Spirit. It is interesting to note that Wesley's last sermon before the university, his famous sermon at St. Mary's, Oxford, August 24, 1744, had for a text, "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost." It might have served as a motto to express the hope and purpose of his preaching — the Holy Spirit of love and power, also the possibility and hope for all men. He appealed to all men with a universal gospel.

A lesson we well may learn is not to be afraid of enthusiasm. The word "enthusiasm" I use not in the sense in which Locke distinguished it from both reason and revelation. Two centuries ago enthusiasm conveyed an idea of some irrational and false extravagance. From this taint the word even in the eighteenth century began to be redeemed, so that Alexander Hamilton could write of "a certain enthusiasm in liberty, that makes human nature rise above itself in acts of bravery and heroism." By enthusiasm here I mean a certain something in religion which Wesley found that made his nature rise above itself in acts of bravery and heroism. I mean a certain something in religion

which differs from inspiration only in that it refers to a resultant state whereof inspiration is the cause. I mean that principle in religion which emphasizes spirit rather than intellect alone. What is the very meaning of enthusiasm? It means, literally, God within. And *God within* means the Holy Spirit in the inward man.

Thus genuine enthusiasm is no irrational and frenzied ecstasy. It is far more than weak emotionalism. In John Wesley there were no hysterics. Even in that momentous hour in Aldersgate Street he felt his heart strangely warm, but says there was no joy. His soul was warmed by fire whence came energy of motive power, even the power of the Spirit. From Wesley, I say, we may learn to welcome genuine enthusiasm, and its witness of the Spirit with the spirits of the children of God. And we may learn to appeal to the whole of man, heart, soul, spirit, as well as head.

This same year brings also the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of one who was perhaps the greatest genius of that century, a man whom this commonwealth may claim, who was born on the banks of this same river. It were interesting to mark the contrast between John Wesley and Jonathan Edwards. The man of the Old World came out to the New, and later sent forth hither a potent and multiplying influence. The man of the New World lived his life within narrow limits, at Windsor, New Haven and Wethersfield, Northampton and Stockbridge. Wesley looked upon all the world as his parish; Edwards made his contracted field of labor his world. Content with remote retirement, withdrawn from the crowd and absorbed in abstract study, he lived in thought. Wesley was everywhere, an incessant traveller, untiring in manifold activities. The one was a thinker, a metaphysician. The other was an organizer, a practical man, who proceeded by experiment, and from expedient to expedient. Both were great preachers. Edwards's preaching in its terrible clinch upon men was dogmatic and theological. Wesley held heart and life in the grasp of everlasting arms of love. Edwards built up a vast system of theology; Wesley led a new departure in the teaching of religion. The theology of Edwards was profoundly intellectual, metaphysical, Calvinistic, predestinarian; the mission of Wesley was to bring to all, whosoever will, salvation. He preached God's love for all men. Edwards towers above his age, a commanding, dominating, overshadowing name, like an Alpine summit rising in lonely eminence above the clouds,

cold and still, austere, sublime. The influence of Wesley may be compared to the broad ocean, never still, but in its restless motion and the unceasing rhythm of its tides generating life-giving influences, generous to all shores, pervasive, universal.

This contrast may suggest something further which we may observe. The theology of Edwards left man largely out of the account. Wesley was characterized by an enthusiasm of humanity. In his recognition of the social element in religion he was a long distance in advance of his time. Early had found lodgment in his soul a seed thought: "You must find companions or make them. The Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." It was seed that in his life brought forth fruit a hundred hundredfold. In his conviction: "Ourselves and others can never be put asunder," he anticipated some of the best thought of our day. Autocratic he may have been, but selfish his religion never was. His heart burned within him with the fire the Son of God came to bring. Enkindled there by the breath of the Spirit of God, it never ceased to burn in flames of love to men and of indignation against inhumanity. His last letter was to Wilberforce expressing sympathy with his crusade against slavery.

Wesley had had his forerunner a century before in George Fox, who taught the inner light of the Spirit and who was the apostle of the new philanthropy. Fox, however, left out of view the possibilities in Christian society, the Spirit in the body, the Church as organized humanity; and so far forth Fox failed. Wesley made no such mistake. He saw that Christianity was essentially social. His vision discerned the possibilities in associated humanity, in "joining together," to use his own phrase, "those that are awakened." He had a very genius for organization, as was shown in his societies and class-meetings.

Moreover, his purpose for this associated effort was social service. His class-meeting was formed on the idea of responsibility for one another. He broke away from the anti-social quietism of the Moravians. His religion meant energy of labor on behalf of men. He anticipated a later age in his schools, his own indefatigable labor at teaching, his visiting of prisons, his interest in anti-slavery agitation. In regard to many social problems he inaugurated a new era. As organized by him, Methodism was a potent social force for the regeneration of society.

Nor was Wesley's social organization at all mechanical. With all his imperious temper of mind and rule over men, he did not

ignore the spiritual and personal. Social regeneration by per sonal piety was his aim. Men and women of every class and condition were souls. It was a revival of personal religion that through its associated effort became contagious and swept over the land, until before he died spiritual vitality had been in the old Church quickened.

Certain great lessons here stand out which it behooves us to heed to-day. *First:* the value of associated effort. In the trades-unions and other combinations of to-day there are vast possibilities of good. In the Christian Church there is immeasurable latent social energy waiting to be directed and utilized.

Second: the responsibility for social service involved in Christian discipleship. "This commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also." It is not a mere sentiment. It is the principle of brotherhood. There is demanded a social righteousness. The problem of character is necessarily more than individualistic. Christ's test for the day of judgment was not a merely individual but a social test. It is not the religion of Christ when one holds himself aloof from contact with one's fellow-beings, except those that are in comfortable circumstances and are cultivated and congenial, and is deaf to

> The still, sad music of humanity,

with no pity or sympathy to spare, no enthusiasm of humanity to thrill the pulse and stir the soul. There is what may be called a Christian socialism. Being Christian, it must recognize and cherish the liberty of each to live his own life. It means, also, moral energy not wholly spending itself in narrow individual channels, but recognizing the general welfare and seeking a common good to all, turning from the petty and the partial to the great and universal whole.

Third: the importance of the personal tissue whereof society is composed. Behind the machinery of organization is the man. In the last analysis you come to the individual personal life. Personal is only another name for spiritual. The evils of his time Wesley attacked along the line, and by the methods, of personal salvation and sanctification through the Spirit.

We shall do well to heed the lesson. The social problems of our time have their spiritual side. They are correlated with moral and spiritual questions. And in that direction lies the hope of their final solution. From economics we are led inevitably on into ethics. It is a question of raising not wages and the

standard of living merely, but also characters and the tone of life. There are involved not only economic laws, but also spiritual qualities: sympathy, generosity, patience, self-control and self-sacrifice, truth and trust, faith, hope, and love. Through the economic mechanism must work spiritual motive power. There are spiritual forces to be applied. The Spirit of God is brooding over the seeming chaos and waiting to bring order through His influence on the spirits of men.

Finally, let me speak of Wesley in relation to Christian unity. With him the *odium theologicum* found no encouragement. To what lengths pious men could in those days be inspired by theological rancor we may see in the choice epithets flung by the author of "Rock of Ages" at John Wesley. Far other was Wesley's attitude. In him there was appreciation, and from him there was recognition, of good in one and another who differed widely from him.

In another respect Wesley was in advance of his day. He broke with no man for his opinions. He did not insist that others should hold this or that opinion. He was a herald of that principle of discrimination which distinguishes between faith in its simplicity and the wide range of possible opinions and views, which, maintaining for faith the things which belong to faith, claims also for freedom the things which belong to freedom.

I need not tell this audience that Wesley's intention was far from contemplating the great separation that ensued between the Methodists and the Church of England, nor quote the language in which he urgently advised against such separation. He seems to have conceived of great organizations within the organism of the one body of all the baptized. Greater than any organization or particular church is the whole multitude of that spiritual commonwealth. "Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel?"

The outlook of our age is bright with a promise that did not illume the eighteenth century, but which would have rejoiced Wesley's heart could he have beheld it even from afar. The spirit of our age is synthetic. Electricity and the march of events are bringing men together. It is an age of national and imperial unification and of international approaches. Men's minds are turned to great unities of thought, of political and commercial, of social, and of religious life. Parts of Christendom, separated by distance and division, have been thrilled by common currents of catholic thought. Many influences conspire to beget a general

desire for unity, and to create an atmosphere more favorable to it than for some centuries past.

There is a vision of faith to the uplift and the outlook whereof we are borne as we hear that prayer, "that they may all be one; . . . that they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and thou in me, that they may be perfected into one; that the world may know." Let us rise to the height of that great prayer. Let us contemplate something more vital than either mechanical union or dead uniformity, even a unity living and free, embracing distinctions, differences in administration, opinion, and mode of worship, but all made concordant, because taken up into the large harmony of the whole in the one key of a common faith and the common life of the one Spirit in one Body. Present differences, it is true, may not be ignored or minimized beyond truth. Let us trust, however, beneath differences to find a deeper and more fundamental agreement among all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Christians to-day, as they sing the same hymns and pray in that same blessed Name, insensibly come to be more and more at one. I have heard that in the great Civil War, one night, as the hostile armies lay encamped on opposite banks of a stream, a home-sick lad began to sing "Home, Sweet Home!" Other voices took up the strain, at length the whole regiment, the brigade, the division. Then the boys across the stream joined in and soon both those armies, gathered for the deadly strife of that cruel war, were singing the same song. War and its hate were forgotten while thoughts were far away with the loved at home. So sectarian strife is stilled in the strains of common song and common thoughts of our best Friend and our common home with Him. Those who have crossed the river and gone to be with Christ, which is far better, what divides them from each other now, in that blessed presence? So even here, as we draw more closely to the Lord, we are closer to each other. The secret lies in that which Wesley had found, in love to our Lord Jesus Christ and in His Spirit of life, in that vital touch of Christ that makes the whole world kin. The one Church will realize her oneness in proportion as her members live in that life that pulses from the heart of Jesus Christ, and more and more apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge.

ADDRESS

By Bishop Edward Gayer Andrews

The Decisive Year 1725

WITHIN the precincts of Christ Church College, Oxford, in the year of our Lord, 1725, occurred a transaction worthy, for many reasons, of careful study. The preparations for it had been various and long continued; its influence on the life of man and the kingdom of God on earth has passed beyond our measurement. Yet it was an inconspicuous affair; the chief actor in it was unknown to fame, and the process itself was largely in the invisible realm of the soul.

A young man, twenty-two years of age, having reached his baccalaureate in 1724, is still studying in the ancient University.

He had been a fortunate youth. The law of heredity had served him well. His lineage was in the middle class of English life, to which the Empire owes so much for its achievements in peace and war. Some remote ancestors had borne titles. Their younger sons may have carried to the commonalty, with which by English law they were commingled, true knightly qualities. For several later generations they had been noted for intelligence, public spirit, leadership in the Church, and a courage that could both dare and suffer.

What his mother was in intellect and heart, how wisely she trained her many children, and how she remained their revered counsellor till the day that, obeying her injunction, they sang a hymn of praise around her lifeless body,—this has been fully recited by her biographers, and the record is attested by her extraordinary letters. Her virtues, however, should not obscure from view the high qualities of the father, his learning, his ministerial fidelity, his loyalty to conviction, his eager and unwearied devotion to the welfare of his sons. In the Epworth rectory there were poverty, debt, suffering; but there were also inflexible prin-

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ciple, intellectual energy, household love, and young life abundant in vivacity, wit, and the indescribable ferment of growing souls.

After the home came the Charterhouse for six years; and then, at the age of seventeen, Christ Church College, and at twenty-one the Bachelor's degree.

It does not surprise us that a youth of such ancestry, of such home inspiration and training, and of such opportunity at school and university should attain high rank in the things for which Oxford stood. He is known as a young man of the finest classical attainments and taste; as a discriminating student of current philosophy; as a most skilful logician; as master of a clear, idiomatic, and forceful English; as a resourceful, apt, and witty conversationalist, and as a gentleman eminently tactful and gracious. It is in proof of his standing that at twenty-three years of age he was unanimously elected Fellow of Lincoln College and made Greek Lecturer and Moderator of the Classes. Obviously his future is rich in promise.

What lacked he yet? Not a certain outward religiousness, nor yet a certain languid sincerity. He had not renounced or lost the faith of his fathers. He had not fallen into scandalous sin. He retained the habits of his childhood, Bible-reading, prayer, and church attendance. Thrice a year, as required by the University statutes, he received the Holy Sacrament. He deemed himself a Christian. But is his manhood complete? Does he stand four-square to life, to duty, to God?

Mr. Darwin describes in striking terms his own gradual loss of power to appreciate music and poetry. Shakespeare and Beethoven, once enjoyed, had become insipid and distasteful. The scientific faculty had overgrown and choked the æsthetic. Had an analagous process had place with our Oxford youth? There was intellectual fulness and force. There were scholarly habits, a trained taste, and social skill. But what of the spiritual faculty, the faculty which apprehends and lives in the world of invisible and imperishable realities, the faculty which claims absolute supremacy over man, and brooks no divided empire?

Certainly it was not extinct, nor yet paralyzed, nor altogether dormant. But it moved feebly and fitfully. Faith did not make real to him the living God, Lord of Being and Master of destinies. Conscience, God's most intimate presence in the soul, did not hold undisputed sway. A Christlike charity had not expelled the native selfishness. The moral will was neither ruled by a divine authority, nor empowered by a divine inspiration.

The man made for God and righteousness and humanity, lacked due relation to them all.

But not for long. A change is at hand. Our young man must at length confront, as do other young men, the difficult question of his life-work. He had studied hitherto without definite aim. Probably his predilections had been toward the ministry. This had been for three generations the profession of his ancestors. It would provide him a livelihood. It was unquestionably useful. In its middle and higher ranges it was even at that time eminently respectable. It would give opportunity for delightful study and authorship. It might lead to high preferment.

But at first no imperative conviction urged to this career; no voice cried within him, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." Other pursuits beckoned him. They offered large rewards of gain and fame and power. From the walls of the great Hall of his college there daily looked down on him the faces of men, once students like himself, who had become renowned as statesmen, warriors, philosophers. Would their laurels suffer him to sleep?

It was out of this question of a particular profession that Mr. Wesley reached a question vaster and more disquieting, the question of the whole intent, and law, and outcome of life. Here we enter a region of mystery. Can any one truly explain a spiritual awakening? What mystic touch is it that quickens the dead soul? What word, inaudible to others, recalls with new interpretation and new emphasis the lessons once heard from parental lips? The wind bloweth,— but whence and whither? But we know the issue. The still small voice of duty began to be heard. Conscience awoke and became inexorable. Life put on solemnity and even awfulness. The conflict of the ages was on once more. Another soul was at its crisis.

Had the young Wesley foreseen the eminent career to which his decision would introduce him, the decision might have been more easy.

But he could not foresee that after a few years Great Britain would be profoundly stirred and uplifted by the ministry of himself and his associates.

He could not foresee that he would found a Church which, besides its great work in the British Isles, would become a potent factor in the spiritual life of the New World, of Australia,— the Island Continent,— and of the vast modern missionary movement.

He could not foresee that after a half-century of incessant toil, attended by much contempt, obloquy, and brutal violence,

he would attain a beautiful and serene old age full of honor and love, and after that the triumphant note of his dying hour, "The best of all is, God is with us."

He could not foresee that the venerable Church, in which he had been reared, and which he loved through all the ostracism and bitter denunciation which it inflicted upon him, which he still loved even when his understanding rejected its exclusive assumptions, and the necessities of his great work compelled him so to disobey its fundamental canons that, being himself only a presbyter, he both ordained ministers for England and Scotland, and gave a complete Church Constitution to his Societies in America, advising them that since by the Revolution, to use his own words, "They had been totally disentangled from the State and the English hierarchy . . . they should stand fast in the liberty wherewith God had so strangely made them free,"—he could not foresee that this Church would become eager to reclaim her erring son, and enroll him among her saints.

He could not foresee that future historians would rank him in character and influence above his contemporaries, above Frederick, and Pitt, and Clive, and Samuel Johnson, and Lord Mansfield.

Such visions were kindly withheld from the slender youth, pinched with poverty, and uncertain of the future, who paced in anxious thought the quadrangles and the Broad Walk of Christ Church College, or sought light and strength within its noble Cathedral Chapel. Outside and afar, statesmen are busy with wars, alliances, parliamentary votes; courts, with feverish rivalries and intrigues; the great world, with its traffic, literature, loves, and amusements. But here is one human soul face to face with God, with its irrevocable past, with the deep meaning of life, with the limitless future. The question he must decide is, for himself at least, the question of questions, and possibly for the world a question more important than any which were vexing the cabinets of kings.

Carlyle, in "Sartor Resartus," reciting the passage of Herr Teufelsdröckh from the "Everlasting Nay" to the "Everlasting Yea," makes books the chief factor in the change, and exclaims, "O thou who art able to write a book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they call city-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror or City-burner. Thou too art a Conqueror and Victor, but of the true sort, namely, over the Devil. Thou,

too, hast built what will outlast all marble and metal and be a wonder-bringing city of the mind, a Temple, and Sanctuary, and prophetic Mount, whereto all the kindreds of the earth will pilgrim."

Did the rugged Scotsman have our Oxford student in mind as one of these pilgrims? Possibly. For it is writ large how authors, separated by centuries of time, and even more by diverse conditions, ministered to the questioning soul.

Thomas à Kempis, from monastic cell in the fifteenth century, issues "The Imitation of Christ"; and the young reader in 1725 says: "I saw that simplicity of intention, and purity of affection . . . are indeed the wings of the soul without which she cannot ascend to God." Jeremy Taylor, beautiful in person and courtly in manner, high in station, with rare music of language and opulence of imagination, in 1650 writes "The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living," and his reader in 1725 says, "In reading several parts of this book I was exceedingly affected." And the great declaration followed: "I resolved," he says, "to devote all my life to God, all my thoughts and words and actions, being thoroughly conscious that there was no medium, but that every part of my life, not some only, must be a sacrifice either to God, or to myself, that is, in effect, to the Devil."

It is the supreme hour. The innermost sanctuary of religion has been reached. This day and act determine a career of sixty-six years of loyalty to God and service to man unapproached in these later centuries. The world is a changed world because of it. The young man little understood all that was implicit in his resolve—the self-denial, obloquy, toil, and hardship of the next thirteen years, until he should return from his mission to Georgia colonists, negroes, and Indians; his dissatisfaction on his return with others, but much more with himself, despite his unfaltering consecration; and then his emergence into the light and life of a realized salvation; and still beyond, a half-century of buoyant, unintermitted and ever-triumphant ministerial service. But all this, the solemn compact made in Christ Church College held in its closed hand.

Every age and every land have witnessed counterparts of this sublime act and of its results. Passing by the misguided but sincere Buddha by the Ganges, the irrevocable choice of Moses by the Nile, and the surrender on the plain of Damascus of Saul of Tarsus to his Lord newly revealed from Heaven, we come to later parallels.

In the year 1505, in the University of Erfurt, at that time chief of the schools of Germany, was a young Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, twenty-two years of age, a candidate for the bar, able, genial, vital in every part. Music and verse and social joy interspaced severe studies in scholastic authors and the masterpieces of antiquity. The University admired him; life lay fair before him. But a Vulgate Bible was discovered in the library and was read with intense surprise and delight. Alarms by sickness and the sudden death of young friends aided in awakening his conscience. Mysterious spiritual impulsions fell on him,—and all these marshal him to the supreme test. He, too, is not disobedient to the heavenly vision. He takes the unalterable resolution. No one knows the solemn act. It is between himself, his conscience, and his God. He calls his University friends to a frugal but cheerful supper. There is gay and witty conversation; there is serious disputation; there is music; there is rising exhilaration of spirit. Then stands up the young Luther and to the astonished company declares the purpose which severs his past life with all its aims and hopes from the life which is to be. Remonstrance and persuasion cannot move him. He bids his friends adieu; and that night betakes himself to the Augustinian convent, and to a career, then undiscerned, which was to change the face of the world, as well as the destiny of innumerable souls.

A student in another English University, on his twenty-second birth-night puts on record a like experience. It is Charles Kingsley who writes: "My birth-night. I have been for the last hour on the seashore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and strongly, and forming determinations which are to affect my destiny through time and through eternity. Before the sleeping earth, and the sleepless sea and stars, I have devoted myself to God, a vow never (if He gives me the faith I pray for) to be recalled."

Do such transactions belong only to Oriental lands, or European universities? Let a neighboring university answer. In 1831, Horace Bushnell, though ready for the bar, and having no ordinary ambition for its prizes, is tutor in Yale College. His religious profession was little more than a decorous morality. But in the midst of a great religious awakening, he too must face the supreme question. A silent, painful struggle ensued. At length he gave answer, and with a definiteness and positiveness sufficiently indicated by the test which he unhesitatingly applied to himself. In a style prophetic of that of his later years,

he says: "Have I ever consented to be, and am I really now, in the right, as in principle and supreme law; to live for it; to make any sacrifice it will cost me; to believe everything it will bring me to see; to be a confessor of Christ as it appears to be enjoined on me; to go on a mission to the world's end if due conviction sends me; to change my occupation for good conscience' sake; to repair whatever wrong I have done to another; to be humbled, if I should, before my worst enemy; to do complete justice to God, and, if I could, to all worlds,—in a word to be in wholly right intent, and have no mind but this forever."

But we need not travel so far, even as New Haven, for illustration. On yonder hill reposes all that is mortal of two men eminent in the early history of this University, its first and third presidents. Both were born under the shadow of the Green Mountains. Both grew in homes that were intelligent, respected, and influential. Both saw in these homes the vigor of Christian principle and the beauty of the Christian spirit. Both labored for years on rugged New England farms. The first, however, was found unequal to such tasks, and turned to study. The other, endowed with a massive frame, bore into college life a stalwart strength which only failed because subjected for a while to extraordinary exactions and neglects. The physical difference thus indicated was the index of differing mental constitutions and temperaments. The one was gentle, graceful, orderly, persuasive, with an eloquence clear, tender, often melting in its pathos. The other was massive in argument, forceful, impassioned, cogent in appeal, overwhelming, a very Niagara of irresistible speech. Their portraits in the University Library indicate these contrasts. Both did their life-work under the limitations of ill health. Both graduated, the one at Brown University, the other at Middlebury College, with high honors, but without religious purpose. Both turned toward the legal profession. Both taught for a while, the one in Maryland, the other in South Carolina.

But God is everywhere; all human souls are made for him, and cannot rest without him; far and wide the Shepherd seeks his wandering sheep. And so Fisk, broken by sickness, returned to his loved Vermont, there to meet and settle at once the question of questions, and at once to begin a ministry in the pulpit and the school, continually growing more beautiful and beneficent. Those who heard his last sermons, delivered as he sat, because of weakness, in the pulpit of the former Methodist Episcopal Church in this city, were wont to speak of the lucidity and richness of

their thought, of their suasiveness, of the atmosphere of heaven which pervaded them. Because he chose aright, he lives in the institutions he aided to found and in the souls which he aided to fashion.

Of the time and the circumstances in which Olin came to the great decision I will not speak, nor of the immediate change which it wrought in his professional plans. Both are set forth in his "Life and Letters." Rather let me recall, as some few others here present may be able to do, that most impressive baccalaureate sermon which he preached before the class of 1845, on the text which sums up the address I have made,—"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof."

Few that heard it would attempt to describe the wide vision, the lofty passion, the force, the majesty, the divine inspiration of that deliverance. Few that heard it could evade the sweep and authority of some of its later sentences. Let these close this address:

"Even in common life, we do not hesitate to pronounce the most unfavorable auguries of an educated young man, who, in his plans of life makes an over-careful provision for self-indulgence and an exemption from severe toils and trials. If he will not push from the shore till he has taken pledges for a smooth sea and a favorable breeze—if he must, at all events, have sumptuous fare, and fine linen, and houses of cedar, he insists on conditions which neither Heaven nor earth will grant, and which are wholly incompatible with the performance of great actions, or the formation of great characters. In religion, this timid, selfish spirit, to whatever extent it may exist, is in itself a mortal sin. We may not inquire too anxiously what Christ will demand of us in return for the blood he has shed and the heaven he has prepared for us; but we know he will have nothing less than entire consecration; and that we are to be ever ready 'not only to be bound, but also to die, for the name of the Lord Jesus.'"

ADDRESS

By President William Jewett Tucker

THE benefactors of the race through education are chiefly of three types: first, those who give permanency and scope to education by endowments; second, those who enlarge the sphere of truth by discovery or by fearless thinking, and who make it more accessible through their power to communicate; third, those who create mind, usually by uplifting some considerable area of human life into the region of mental aspiration. Among benefactors of the last type I put John Wesley, and the place which I believe should be assigned to him there is a very high place.

A single contrast will illustrate my meaning. The inventions of the eighteenth century gave, as we well know, a new population to England, and, ultimately, a vast increase to the Anglo-Saxon race. Probably no one secondary cause ever contributed so clearly to the increase of population as the factory system. But if the breath of spiritual life had not blown upon this mass with its recreative power the era of popular intelligence would have been delayed, and, if too long delayed, made impossible. I know of nothing more timely in the interest of popular or of the higher education than the arrival of John Wesley on the field at the same time with the master minds who were to create modern industry. The numerical expansion of a race must have some well-defined and far-reaching cause, but its mental elevation belongs to another order and realm of power. And if a man who is born and bred to tend a machine is to become a thinking being, and his children after him are to rise to the same plane, both he and they must come under the operation of this higher power. Of course the immediate effect of the Wesleyan revival was not intellectual. It was not Wesley's first intention to make scholars or thinkers, but renewed and sanctified men and women. But the long result of the movement was a vast accession of mental power to the Anglo-Saxon race, no inconsiderable part of which

WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER

is expressed in the terms of education. Your own University and all kindred schools were hidden in the creative energy of Wesley, as truly as Harvard and Yale lay in the loins of Puritanism.

I recall this indirect but specific contribution of John Wesley to education because it gives us, as it seems to me, a much-needed reminder of the true relationship of spiritual to intellectual power.

The function of the spiritual is to create, sometimes directly, more frequently through those conditions which ensure mental development and progress. The spiritual is the only power which has enough propulsion in it to force the unused mind into action. It is thus possible to cause people to think on the greatest subjects who have never been able to think on lesser subjects. This is the common experience of a religious awakening. To quote a definition of preaching, given by a disciple of Wesley, whom I have not been able to locate otherwise, "Preaching is *making* men think, and feel in proportion to their thinking." Results of this kind from this source are individual and phenomenal, but the plain fact is that whenever the spiritual gets into a race or into a stock the result is mental growth, and with mental growth there come all those great demands which are in themselves so large a part of modern civilization. The first generation which feels the sudden application of spiritual power makes answer through phenomena often startling, as in the days of Wesley, but the second generation and those which follow show the effect in the steadiness and momentum of intellectual strength, provided, of course, the spiritual is not afraid of its own creation. The spiritual is at its best when it works in creative freedom; it is at its worst when it attempts to regulate, restrict, or hinder the human mind. If the spiritual becomes cowardly in the presence of the intellect which it has aroused, and seeks to deny or ignore its action, the end has come. No spiritual movement can long abide such inconsistency. I find one of the chief signs of the abiding strength of Wesleyanism in the fact that it has shown on the whole less cowardice than any faith of like expansion, in the midst of the overwhelming mental activities of our present civilization.

Keeping in mind the part which the spiritual takes in the creation of mind there are, as it seems to me, two respects in which we need to reëstablish the relation of the spiritual to the intellectual in our educational work. We need the support of

the spiritual at the two extremes of education, the lowest and the highest. At the lowest stages of education our greatest difficulty is to create an atmosphere of faith in which we may work with constant efficiency. We have gotten pretty far away from the eighteenth-century conception of human nature with its theory of inborn rights, if we have not fully accepted in its place the theory of human rights as won only, as Professor Royce has said, "in the tragic struggle for existence." We find our interests centring in those who win or in those who are likely to win. Nothing is too good for the boy or girl who is able to show that his or her education is a paying investment. But the individual who can show this, if not the exception, does not represent the majority. Now, the tremendous distinction of the work of John Wesley lay in his power to vivify the commonplace. We are not doing this. We do not seem to have the power to do this. The power is spiritual, not intellectual alone. It means more than good systems of education, more than good teaching. It means that quickening of intelligence which is akin to creative force. It means the realization of that fine old conception of master and scholar which has at last been taken out of the margin and incorporated into the text of our Bibles—"him that awaketh and him that answereth." Here lies the task in the education of a democracy. We may train the elect, but that is not educating a democracy. We educate a democracy only as we have power to vivify the commonplace.

At the other extreme our greatest difficulty is to furnish men with the sufficient motive. If it be asked, what are sufficient motives for the highest educational training, I answer the love of truth, the love of man, or the love of those causes and interests in which both man and truth are concerned. Of these motives the love of truth in the form of scientific research is now most conspicuous. It is the distinguishing glory of the higher scholarship of the present generation. It is at once the path and the incentive through which we are able to enter the region of the ideal in education. As for the other motives, they are relatively inactive. They exist, and at times flame out in individual careers, but they have not the same power as at some other times. The abstract terms which fascinate the mind of the scholar are not such terms as justice and freedom, nor does the embodiment of these and like terms in the State make them more alluring. The alluring, the fascinating word in modern scholarship is originality. It is a brave as well as an alluring word, and puts heart

into many a toiler, but it must be confessed that it belongs only on the higher ranges of scholarship. The average scholar—I am not speaking of the average student—the average scholar is not original. And when he strains after originality his mind shows the same effects of strain which are always to be seen when the end is unattainable. One deplores the absence of certain motives, which, if alive and active, would fit the mind of the average scholar and give it enlargement and power. It is growing harder to hold the present-day scholar to the breadth and humanity of his calling, just as it is growing harder to hold the trained and educated man anywhere to the breadth and humanity of his calling. For the influences which give openness of mind, the forces which actually enlarge the mind and give it the great dimensions are spiritual, not merely intellectual. Education, viewed as a system of intellectual forces, is not able to get itself into motion, and it is not able unaided to reach the height of its own proper ambition. It is the spiritual within us which sends us to school, and once there, it is the same power which gives us the full and free advantage of our minds.

It is good for us therefore, in the midst of the various academic functions which close the year, to listen to a voice which speaks to us from another century with a somewhat different tone, but with the unmistakable accent of reality. It is the voice of a man who has earned the right to be heard not only in the church but in the school, the college, the university. And the message of John Wesley to those of us who are in the business of education, as I interpret it, is this: as educators of a democracy learn to vivify the commonplace; as educators of the elect make sure that as you keep the mind open to truth you keep the heart open to humanity.

APPENDIX

COMMITTEES

Committees.

General Committee.

(*Trustees.*)	(*Academic Council.*)
George G. Reynolds.	William N. Rice.
Bradford P. Raymond.	Wilbur O. Atwater.
Henry C. M. Ingraham.	Caleb T. Winchester.
William E. Sessions.	Morris B. Crawford.
John H. Coleman.	Herbert W. Conn.

(*Alumni.*)

David G. Downey.
William V. Kelley.
F. Mason North.
Frank D. Beattys.
George W. Davison.

Committee on Programme.

William N. Rice.	Bradford P. Raymond.
Caleb T. Winchester.	William V. Kelley.

Committee on Invitations.

William N. Rice.	John M. Van Vleck.
Caleb T. Winchester.	A. Campbell Armstrong.

Frank W. Nicolson.

Committee on Entertainment.

William J. James.	Wilbur O. Atwater.
Herbert W. Conn.	Walter P. Bradley.

Frederick W. Marvel.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]

Undergraduates.

[illegible] George T. Ayer.
[illegible] Alfred A. Gustafson.
[illegible] William S. Jackson.
[illegible] Robert B. Lewis.

Committee on Procession, Seating, etc.

William N. Rice, Caleb T. Winchester.
Morris B. Crawford, Walter P. Bradley.
Frank W. Nicolson.

Marshals.

Morris B. Crawford, Walter P. Bradley.

FORMS OF INVITATION, CIRCULARS, ANNOUNCEMENTS

[*Invitation to Other Institutions.*]

The Trustees and Faculty of

Wesleyan University

have the honor to invite

[*Name of the Institution*]

to be represented by a delegate

at the Celebration of the
Two hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of

John Wesley

to be held in

Middletown, Connecticut

June twenty-eighth to July first

nineteen hundred and three

[*Invitation to Specially Invited Guests.*]

The Trustees and Faculty of

Wesleyan University

have the honor to invite you to be present

at the Celebration of the
Two hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of

John Wesley

to be held in

Middletown, Connecticut

June twenty-eighth to July first

nineteen hundred and three

[*Card accompanying Invitations to other Institutions and Specially Invited Guests.*]

Entertainment will be provided for guests who send notice of acceptance of this invitation to Professor Frank W. Nicolson, Secretary of the Faculty. They are earnestly requested to inform the Secretary as early as possible when they may be expected to arrive. A circular of information regarding railroad rates will be sent to all who send notice of acceptance.

The Commencement Exercises will be held in the Middlesex; the Luncheon, in the Fayerweather Gymnasium; the President's Reception, at his residence; the other exercises, in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

At the Baccalaureate Sermon on Sunday morning, and at Commencement on Wednesday morning, academic costume may be worn.

[*Invitation to Alumni.*]

Wesleyan University

will celebrate this year during Commencement Week
the Two hundredth Anniversary of the

Birth of John Wesley

You are cordially invited to be present

Bradford P. Raymond
President.

[*Circular sent to Alumni.*]

Wesleyan University.

Committee
on the entertainment of
Commencement Visitors.

Middletown, May 12, 1903.

My dear Sir:

The Committee on Entertainment desires to make as satisfactory arrangements as possible for the accommodation of Commencement visitors. This can be done only in so far as the alumni coöperate by promptly sending information as to their intentions.

Will you kindly aid the Committee by signifying on the enclosed card whether or not you intend to be present at the Bicentennial exercises? If you have already arranged for accommodations, please give the location of your room, as the cards when returned are to be filed and used as a directory.

A small number of rooms will be available in the hotels of the city. For those who may apply, the Committee can secure a limited number of rooms in private houses. The rent of rooms accommodating two persons will vary from $1.00 *to* $2.00 *a day, the latter rate being the general one. Assignments to rooms will be made in the order of application. It is important, therefore, that applications should be made at an early date and it is suggested that, as far as possible, two persons arrange to occupy a room together. It is requested that those who secure rooms through the Committee will settle directly with the persons from whom they are rented, as the Committee cannot undertake any financial responsibility in the matter.*

Excellent hotel accommodations may be secured in the Russwin, New Britain, and in the following Hartford hotels: Allyn House, Hotel Hartford, and Hotel Heublein. Rooms in these hotels may be secured by direct application. The last train to New Britain and Hartford leaves Middletown on week days at 9:50 *P. M., although, if there is sufficient demand, a special train may be run Monday and Tuesday evenings, leaving Middletown at a later hour.*

The eating clubs of the seven college fraternities will supply meals at reasonable rates to their own alumni. The College Commons will furnish meals to visitors as far as accommodations permit. Meals will be supplied at Webb Hall to women graduates and their

friends. The rates charged at the College Commons and at Webb Hall will be $1.00 *a day. The hotels and restaurants and a few private families will also furnish board at rates varying from* 80 *cents to* $1.50 *a day. In filling out the enclosed card please indicate the place where you wish to take your meals.*

At your earliest convenience after your arrival in Middletown you are requested to register at the Library, where the Committee will establish a Bureau of Information.

The Commencement Luncheon will be open this year to alumni and to officially invited guests only, each alumnus being entitled to one ticket. The accommodations are limited and tickets will be assigned in order of application. Order a ticket now by means of the enclosed card and it will be reserved for you until 9 *A. M., Tuesday, June* 30. *After that hour it will be subject to reassignment. Tickets must be called for in person at the Library.*

Your especial attention is called to the enclosed programme of exercises and the circular concerning railroad rates.

Fill out the enclosed postal card in full and mail it NOW.

W. J. James,
W. O. Atwater,
H. W. Conn,
W. P. Bradley,
F. W. Marvel.

[*Private Mailing Card sent with above Circular.*]

I do.....expect to be present during Commencement week, 1903, *reaching Middletown on June..... , and remaining for.....days. I shall be accompanied by.....*

Please reserve.....room for me and secure board for me at ..... [*I have already secured a room at .....Street.*] *Please do.....reserve a luncheon ticket for me until* 9 *a.m., Tuesday, June* 30.

Name,.....Class,

Address,.....

The Committee will endeavor to secure rooms and board, but cannot guarantee either.

[*Marshal's Notice.*]

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

WESLEY BICENTENNIAL

MARSHAL'S NOTICE

SUNDAY, JUNE 28TH, BACCALAUREATE SERVICE.

The Trustees, Faculty, Representatives of other Institutions and other Specially Invited Guests, with the Graduating Class, will meet in the Chapel of the Methodist Church at 10 A. M., and pass thence in procession into the church.

Academic costume will be worn by the Faculty and Graduating Class, and will be appropriate for Invited Guests.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1ST, COMMENCEMENT.

1. If the weather permit, the Commencement procession will form on the Campus. For this purpose the Trustees, Faculty, Representatives of other Institutions and other Specially Invited Guests, the Graduating Class, and, in addition, ALL ALUMNI will meet at 9:30 A. M., in the following places, viz.:

THE TRUSTEES, FACULTY, REPRESENTATIVES OF OTHER INSTITUTIONS, AND OTHER INVITED GUESTS, IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY;

THE ALUMNI IN THE LOWER CHAPEL;

THE MEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS IN 12 SOUTH COLLEGE.

☞ WOMEN REPRESENTING OTHER INSTITUTIONS, ALUMNÆ OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, AND THE WOMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS, WILL JOIN THE PROCESSION AT THE MIDDLESEX, MEETING THERE FOR THIS PURPOSE, NOT LATER THAN 10 O'CLOCK, IN ROOMS 4 AND 6 ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

2. IN CASE OF RAIN the procession will be formed at the Middlesex. The signal announcing this change of plan will be the tolling of the college bell at 9 : 30 A. M. In this case, those who would otherwise form in procession on the Campus, will assemble *not later than* 10 *o'clock*, at the Middlesex, the Trustees, Faculty, and Invited Guests meeting in the Pythian Hall, and the Alumni and the Men of the Graduating Class in Orpheus Hall, on the third floor of the Middlesex building. Women will meet as indicated under (1).

Academic costume will be worn at Commencement.

Order of Commencement Procession.

GRADUATING CLASS.

ALUMNI, Classes 1876–1902, in order of Graduation, OLDER Classes leading.

ALUMNÆ.

ALUMNI, Classes 1833–1875 in order of Graduation, YOUNGER Classes leading.

INVITED GUESTS not representing other Universities, Colleges, or Professional Schools.

REPRESENTATIVES of other Universities, Colleges, and Professional Schools.

FACULTY OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, present and former members.

TRUSTEES OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

SPEAKERS of the day.

GUESTS specially designated.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

PRESIDENT OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

LIST OF VISITORS

Representatives of Other Institutions

Amherst College,
Professor LEVI HENRY ELWELL.

Bates College,
Professor ARTHUR NEWTON LEONARD.

Berkeley Divinity School,
Dean JOHN BINNEY,
Vice-Dean SAMUEL HART.

Boston University,
Acting President WILLIAM EDWARDS HUNTINGTON.

Boston University, School of Theology,
Professor JOHN MARSHALL BARKER.

Brown University,
Professor FRANCIS GREENLEAF ALLINSON.

Columbia University,
Professor SAMUEL TRAIN DUTTON.

Cornell University,
Professor GEORGE WILLIAM JONES.

Dartmouth College,
President WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER,
Professor FRED PARKER EMERY.

Denver University,
Professor AMMI BRADFORD HYDE.

Dickinson College,
President GEORGE EDWARD REED.

Drew Theological Seminary,
President HENRY ANSON BUTTZ.

Garrett Biblical Institute,
Professor CHARLES MACAULAY STUART.

Hartford Theological Seminary,
Acting President MELANCTHON WILLIAMS JACOBUS.

Harvard University,
President CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT.

Harvard University, Divinity School,
Professor WILLIAM WALLACE FENN.

Hobart College,
Professor NORMAN EVERETT GILBERT.

Johns Hopkins University,
President IRA REMSEN.

University of Maine,
Professor KARL POMEROY HARRINGTON.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology,
Professor WILLIAM HARMON NILES.

University of Michigan,
Professor HENRY SMITH CARHART.

Middlebury College,
Professor WILLIAM WESLEY MCGILTON.

The University of Mt. Allison College,
President DAVID ALLISON.

Mt. Holyoke College,
President MARY EMMA WOOLLEY.

New York University,
Professor ISAAC FRANKLIN RUSSELL.

Northwestern University,
Professor CHARLES MACAULAY STUART.

Oberlin College,
Professor JOHN FISHER PECK.

Ohio Wesleyan University,
President JAMES WHITFORD BASHFORD.

Princeton University,
President WOODROW WILSON,
Professor HENRY VAN DYKE.

Randolph-Macon College,
President ROBERT EMORY BLACKWELL.

Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in America at New Brunswick, N. J.
President JOHN PRESTON SEARLE.

Smith College,
President LAURENUS CLARK SEELYE.

Trinity College,
President GEORGE WILLIAMSON SMITH.

Union Theological Seminary,
Professor GEORGE WILLIAM KNOX.

Union University,
Dean BENJAMIN H. RIPTON.

Vassar College,
Professor AARON LOUIS TREADWELL.

University of Vermont,
President MATTHEW HENRY BUCKHAM.

Wellesley College,
Miss EDNA VIRGINIA MOFFETT.

Wells College,
Dean HELEN FAIRCHILD SMITH.

Williams College,
Professor HENRY DANIEL WILD.

Yale University,
Reverend FRANK KNIGHT SANDERS, Dean of the Divinity School.
Professor WILLIAM HENRY BREWER.

Centenary Collegiate Institute, Hackettstown, N. J.,
Principal EUGENE ALLEN NOBLE.

Middletown High School, Middletown, Conn.,
Principal WALTER BIXBY FERGUSON.

New Hampshire Conference Seminary, Tilton, N. H.,
Principal GEORGE LINCOLN PLIMPTON.

Springfield High School, Springfield, Mass.,
Principal WILLIAM ORR.

Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Mass.,
Principal WILLIAM RICE NEWHALL.

Other Specially Invited Guests

His Excellency ABIRAM CHAMBERLAIN,
Governor of the State of Connecticut.

His Excellency JOHN LEWIS BATES,
Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Honorable LESLIE MORTIER SHAW,
Secretary of the Treasury of the United States.

Honorable OWEN VINCENT COFFIN,
Ex-Governor of the State of Connecticut.

Honorable NEHEMIAH DAY SPERRY,
United States Representative from the Second District of Connecticut.

Honorable CHARLES GREEN RICH VINAL,
Secretary of the State of Connecticut.

Right Reverend CHAUNCEY BUNCE BREWSTER,
Bishop of the Diocese of Connecticut.

Reverend EUGENE RUSSELL HENDRIX,
Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER,
Editor of "The Century Magazine."

Reverend GEORGE JACKSON,
Superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Reverend WILLARD MARTIN RICE,
Recording Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

Reverend WILLIAM FRASER MCDOWELL,
Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Reverend GEORGE PRESTON MAINS,
Publishing Agent, Methodist Book Concern.

Reverend THOMAS BENJAMIN NEELEY,
Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday School Union and of the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Professor FRANCIS HENRY SMITH,
University of Virginia.

Professor FRANK SARGENT HOFFMAN,
Union University.

CHARLES SCOTT, JR.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. ELIZA M. BEACH,
Middletown, Ct.

Mrs. KATHARINE R. HILL,
Newport, R. I.

Mrs. ELIZABETH B. PRENTICE,
New York, N. Y.

Mrs. MARY M. VAN BENSCHOTEN,
Bloomfield, N. J.

RESIDENTS OF MIDDLETOWN

His Honor LYMAN DELOSS MILLS, Mayor.

Reverend EDWARD CAMPION ACHESON.

Reverend CARL BLECHER.

Reverend FRANCIS THEODORE BROWN.

SAMUEL HUBBARD CLARKE.

ALBERT RANDOLPH CRITTENDEN.

Reverend RICHMOND FISK.

Reverend GEORGE BLODGETT GILBERT.

Reverend FREDERICK WILLIAM GREENE.

ELIJAH KENT HUBBARD.

Reverend ALBERT AUGUSTUS LATHBURY.

Reverend WILLIAM FRANKLIN ROWLEY.

Reverend JOHN TOWNSEND.

WILLIAM WALTER WILCOX.

CONFERENCE VISITORS

Reverend JACOB AUGUSTUS COLE
Newark Conference.

Reverend SAUL OBER CURTICE,
New York East Conference.

Reverend ERNEST PIERCE HERRICK,
New England Conference.

GEORGE BUSH MACCOMBER,
Northern New York Conference.

Reverend JAMES AQUILA MACMILLAN,
New York East Conference.

Reverend JOSEPH WILLIAM NARAMORE,
New York Conference.

Reverend DEWITT BURTON THOMPSON,
New York Conference.

Reverend ISAAC LEMUEL WOOD,
Financial Secretary of Wesleyan University.

Alumni

[This list includes non-graduates, their names being printed with a ‡]

1833

DANIEL H. CHASE.

1837

WILLARD M. RICE.

1839

HIRAM WILLEY.

1840

JOHN W. LINDSAY.

1841

GEORGE G. REYNOLDS.
RICHARD S. RUST.

1846

AMMI B. HYDE.

1847

EDWARD G. ANDREWS.
JOSEPH E. KING.
SILAS W. ROBBINS.

1850

‡FRANCIS H. SMITH.
JOHN M. VAN VLECK.

1852

THOMPSON H. LANDON.

1854

CALVIN B. FORD.
CYRUS D. FOSS.
WILLIAM T. HILL.

1855

JOB GARDNER.
CHARLES C. SKILTON.

1856

ARTHUR W. BACON.
SAMUEL F. UPHAM.

1857

WILLIAM T. ELMER.
ALGERNON K. JOHNSTON.
W. HENRY SUTTON.
ALVERD E. WINCHELL.

1858

AMHERST W. KELLOGG.
DANIEL C. KNOWLES.
‡CHARLES H. STOCKING.

1859

C. COLLARD ADAMS.
DAVID ALLISON.
FREDERIC S. BARNUM.
‡HENRY B. BROWN.
STEPHEN B. DAVIS.
SILAS E. QUIMBY.
WATSON C. SQUIRE.

1860

‡JAMES M. BUCKLEY.
HERBERT F. FISK.
JOHN B. LAPHAM.
SAMUEL M. STILES.
WEBSTER R. WALKLEY.

1861

WILLIAM D. BRIDGE.
ROSWELL S. DOUGLASS.
FRANCIS D. EDGERTON.
CHARLES G. R. VINAL.
NATHAN W. WILDER.

1862

James M. King.

1863

George R. Adams.
W. Dempster Chase.
George W. Cook.
George L. Edwards.
Richard H. Gidman.
Charles D. Hills.
William P. Hubbard.
Augustus W. Kingsley.
George A. Newcomb.
John C. Rand.
Moses L. Scudder.
Isaac E. Smith.
Winfield S. Smyth.
Freeman P. Tower.
Alfred A. Wright.

1864

Jedediah D. Beeman.
George S. Bennett.
Charles H. Buck.
Charles W. Church.
George Forsyth.
Jesse L. Hurlbut.
Henry C. M. Ingraham.
George N. Phelps.
John J. Reed.
George L. Thompson.
Albert H. Wyatt.

1865

Wilbur O. Atwater.
Edward Cutts.
George A. Graves.
William V. Kelley.
Joseph H. Mansfield.
Israel A. Newhall.
William North Rice.
Elias B. Sanford.

1866

Stephen H. Olin.
George C. Round.

1867

Edward Cunningham.
Eugene R. Hendrix.
‡Robert Lauder.
Charles W. Millard.

1868

George B. Dusinberre.
Martin A. Knapp.
D. Ward Northrop.
Frank Reynolds.

1869

Henry S. Carhart.
Charles P. Croft.
David E. Miller.
Alfred Noon.
George E. Reed.
Caleb T. Winchester.

1870

Darius Baker.
Benjamin Gill.
William A. Johnston.
George P. Mains.
William H. Peters.
William J. Smith.

1871

Eldon B. Birdsey.
Byron A. Brooks.
Robert W. Jones.
Albert P. Palmer.
Norman J. Squires.
William F. Whitcher.

1872

Edwin A. Blake.
Almon E. Hall.
‡Leverett M. Hubbard.
Silas W. Kent.
F. Mason North.
Watson L. Phillips.
Charles F. Rice.
Arthur B. Sanford.

1873

Joseph A. Adlington.
Herbert H. Coston.
Benjamin E. Gerst.
Delmar R. Lowell.
Hinckley G. Mitchell.
Wilbur M. Palmer.
Joel O. Sherburn.
Marcus L. Taft.

1874

Forrest E. Barker.
‡Robert A. Carrington.
Morris B. Crawford.
George H. Hardy.
Charles F. Merrill.
Francis H. Parker.
Wesley U. Pearne.
Charles W. Smiley.
Albert M. Tallmadge.

1875

Leonard L. Beeman.
Edward O. Thayer.
Clarence A. Waldo.

1876

‡Daniel J. Clark.
George S. Coleman.
Charles E. Davis.
‡Timothy P. Frost.
Henry D. Simonds.
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1877

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1878

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1879

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1881

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Clara Van Vleck.

1882

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Brace M. Gallien.
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Karl P. Harrington.
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1883

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1884

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1887

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Addie F. Sweet.
Isabel M. Walbridge.

1899

Addis B. Albro.
Marcellus C. Avery.

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EDWARD S. BELDEN.
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MONROE BUCKLEY.
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ROLLIN H. BURR.
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H. LORANUS DAVIS.
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GAYLORD W. DOUGLASS.
ELLIOTT M. ELDREDGE.
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ISAAC C. SUTTON.
WINTHROP TIRRELL.
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FLOYD SWALLOW LEACH.
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HERBERT COOPER WARD, Ph.B., 1901.

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